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Martha Sherman

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

A

MEMOIR

OF

Martha Tucker
MRS. SHERMAN,

OF SURREY CHAPEL.

BY HER HUSBAND.

James Sherman

SECOND EDITION.



PHILADELPHIA :
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT E. PETERSON
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P R E F A C E .

IT is a difficult duty for one tenderly related to a beloved saint, to draw the faithful lineaments of her character, and present a portrait easily recognized by those who were favored by her friendship. Ardent affection may overlook defects, which others would record, and fear of exaggeration omit excellencies, which deserve to be prominently exhibited. A looker-on sees more of the battle, and can better describe the respective qualities of the parties engaged in the conflict, than the combatants themselves; for, however each might be disposed to do justice to the valor manifested by his fellow-soldier, the very nearness of contact, and limited range of view, incapacitate them from describing the whole operation in the field of vision, which a spectator enjoys. And it would have been hailed as a great blessing if some friend, who had known the dear departed from early life, could have been found to present her living likeness to those who have earnestly solicited some memorials

of one whom they so ardently loved, and whose faith they desire to follow. The materials for a Memoir, though scantily preserved, would have been quite sufficient in a practiced and skillful hand, to make many sincere hearts long to be like her, and to bring great glory to the Lord, for the abundant grace bestowed on his devoted child.

Yet some advantages are possessed by a near relation over others. If the spectator of a battle can describe better the general operations of an army, the man who stands next to his comrade, and fights with him, can more minutely recite his valiant deeds, his patience and victory. So in the case of this precious saint—her husband knew her best—had far greater opportunities than any of her friends of observing her steady walk with God—her loving and Christ-like spirit—her amiable deportment to all her circle of friends or dependents—and her self-denying and useful efforts to win souls to her Savior. Therefore, though deeply sensible that the sketch of her life here given will be rough and unfinished, and in no degree worthy of its subject, he believes it will possess greater advantages than if written by a less intimate acquaintance. His hope—his ardent prayer to God is, that He will give it His rich blessing, and cause many to follow her, as she followed Christ her Lord.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER CONVERSION.

THE beloved subject of this Memoir was born at Kentish Town, on September 14th, 1806. Her father, Benjamin Tucker, Esq., long known as the friend to ministers of Christ's holy gospel, of all denominations, and to the establishment of his kingdom on earth, had retired from active business, and devoted himself chiefly to aid and carry on the worship of God in the vicinity in which he lived. Her mother was the daughter of Joseph Page, Esq., to whose munificence the poor of the town of Basingstoke are much indebted for the erection and endowment of some alms-houses for pious aged women.

Her parents had two daughters, Mary, who died at the age of twenty-two, and Martha, whose history we now record. It was her privilege to have a mother, to whose piety and personal superintendence she was much indebted for the formation of habits which enriched her character, and rendered her so useful and acceptable to the Church of Christ. Although it is a fact unquestioned by all who revere the word of truth, that the most efficient maternal guidance cannot change the heart, and re-

new the nature for God, without the gracious influence of his Spirit; yet, where a mother unites piety, wisdom, and perseverance, in the training of her children, she seldom fails to draw down that influence on her interesting charge.

Education, especially in the formation of character, does not consist merely in conveying to the mind ethical maxims, useful knowledge and the higher branches of gospel lore, but in the living exhibition of personal graces—a rigid love of truth—a spirit of prayer—a dependence on divine aid—a delicate sense of purity—and an indomitable perseverance in aiming to win the heart to Christ.

These qualities eminently belonged to Mrs. Tucker. She was a woman of quiet but fervent piety; her regularity in retiring for private devotion at stated times, notwithstanding great personal indisposition, was sustained till within a few days of her decease; her love of punctuality, neatness, and order, prevailed throughout every engagement for the Church, or for her family; her attention and liberality to the poor were proverbial; the delicacy of holiness was maintained in her conversation and habits; and her constancy in training her children for God, had its reward in their early consecration to his service. Beyond this, she was remarkable for her practical good sense, which, while it did not reject the ornamental part of education, was generally directed to the promotion of some useful object of life.

The value of such a mother is not always seen at the time. She may not be showy and attractive in her talents, or ensure the approbation of the theorist, but the patient labor of a few years, spent in the cultivation of her infant charge, passes not away unobserved by those who watch for examples

of educational power, and certainly not unrecompensed by the God of the families of the Earth. Let not mothers, conscious of many defects in the education of their children, fear the result, if they commit their way often to the Lord, and strive to exhibit the practical influence of godliness before them. Days will speak of the effects of such training.

Perhaps few sisters, so nearly of an age, so seldom separated, and so closely united in affection, have exhibited so complete a contrast in natural disposition, and intellectual character, as Mary and Martha Tucker. In early childhood, Mary was less engaging than her sister, and when she felt the importance of self-discipline, had more difficulties to contend with, being naturally of a less yielding temper; consequently, their temptations and pleasures, their pursuits and amusements, were almost entirely different. Abstruse reading and the acquisition of knowledge, were Mary's favorite pursuits; while to please and be pleased, to be happy herself, and to promote the happiness of others, was Martha's highest aim, or rather the spontaneous result of her light and buoyant spirit. It must be confessed, that her love of play sometimes prevented her from applying with sufficient diligence to her various studies, but while the masters who attended them, found their gravity sometimes overcome by the irresistible and fascinating playfulness of their younger pupil, to which they were either willingly yielding, or in vain attempting to subdue; the elder undisturbed, was steadily pursuing her studies, in the acquisition of which, she needed rather a rein than a spur.

Mary's natural reserve, and, perhaps, conscious superiority of intellect, made her at times appear

distant to strangers, though to her chosen friends, her affection was warm, strong, and lasting. Martha could repel none; an extended hand could never be refused, or a smile unreturned by her. "I love every body, and every body loves me," seemed to be the language of her confiding, happy temper. The tremulous frame alone, would betray the inward agitation from which Mary was at any time suffering; while Martha would pour forth her childish sorrows, into the first sympathizing bosom that presented itself. An act of condescension performed by Mary, was the result of principle—her first impulse being to receive, rather than bestow homage—while a pin dropped by an inferior would be immediately picked up by Martha, who seemed impelled intuitively to pay attention to another, neither asking nor expecting a return.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that the one was unamiable, or the other frivolous; whatever tendency there might be in either to such dispositions, was effectually checked by their judicious training, and as they traveled on side by side in their singularly happy and joyous course, it would have been difficult to say which was most loved or most admired, since though the instruments upon which they played were so different, no jarring sound was heard, but tones of harmony and love, which cheered and delighted a large circle of admiring friends. Their difference of character produced on Martha's lowly mind that effect which difference of years alone usually produces; and she looked up to her sister, only twenty months older than herself, with as much deference, as if she had been her senior, by so many years.

In childhood and early youth, Martha (or as she was always called Patty) Tucker was not exempt

from many of the usual faults and foibles of that age, or free from that "foolishness," which Scripture and experience show, "is bound up in the heart of every child," and, perhaps, did not materially differ from her young companions, except in a more than usual volatility of spirits, and in a remarkable sweetness of temper. Her countenance was *never* disfigured by the pout of ill-humor, or the scowl of discontent, but was always smooth and serene, as the placid temper of which it was the faithful index. Those beautiful lines of Cowper, might with strict propriety be applied to her—

"Thy constant flow of love, which knew no fall;
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
Which humor interposed too often makes."

So completely and constantly was her smooth and open brow thus unruffled, that she has been asked playfully to frown, to show whether such an expression was possible. Whenever her eye met the eye of another, it was invariably lighted up by a smile, and it was often said, "I dare not look at Patty in a place of worship, for she is sure to smile, look at her when and where you may." Nor was this the smile of mere placidity or indifference. Her good humor was an active principle; she was ever the first to assist or do a kind office, ever the first to yield precedence to another. Well can one who knew her from childhood remember, how she was at all times ready and willing, literally to be "the last of all, and the servant of all." Many instances might be mentioned, trifling indeed in themselves, yet it is the large aggregate of such little things, that makes up half the happiness of domestic life.

Being one of a party assembled for the purpose

of seeing several Exhibitions, while all were eagerly pressing forward, anxious to obtain the best place, and the best view, Patty might always be seen behind, as they passed from room to room, trying to get a peep when and how she could, and showing by her patient but persevering efforts, that she was not in the back ground from indifference to the pleasure the sight afforded, but from her readiness to yield to the equally eager, but more selfish anxiety of her companions. Another trait of her childhood should not be omitted—her natural politeness. While few have exceeded, or, perhaps, equalled her, in her fondness for play and sports of every kind, yet even in her most playful days, a stranger calling, or a guest staying at her father's hospitable house, was sure of receiving the most minute attentions from little Patty,—at the same time these were the attentions of a child; as far removed from the womanly forwardness of some, as from the awkward shyness of others. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, happening to call one day, when Patty, then a very little child, was alone in the dining-room, she placed a chair for him, took his hat, and persuaded him to take some refreshment, engaging him in conversation till her mamma's return. When Mrs. Tucker came in, the old gentleman told her how much he had been indebted to the kind attentions of her little daughter, adding, as he patted her on the shoulder, "You are the first young lady, that has taken a fancy to my old face."

When she had attained thirteen years of age, her parents determined to send her from home for education, and she was placed with a friend at Hackney for a short time. It was thought that mixing with young ladies of various dispositions and habits, would tend to improve her character, and test her

temper; while she would gain such a knowledge of her fellow-probationers for another world, as it was impossible to attain under her father's roof. Her simple manners and amiable spirit, gained her the universal love of all her school-fellows. Some of the more selfish and less thoughtful, would experiment upon her generosity, by asking her to do something for them which they did not really require, in order to see if she could possibly refuse; but at whatever sacrifice of comfort or convenience, if it was represented as an act that would save them trouble, or afford them pleasure, she was never known in a single instance to deny their request. It will easily be conceived that, with an engaging person and manners which led to her being always introduced on the arrival of company, with spirits buoyant and untiring, and with a temper so yielding and kind, school was not the most likely place to forward her education. The discovery was made, that whatever knowledge she might gain in associating with larger numbers of her own age and station, a loss was sustained of general information, which a mother's watchful attentions could alone supply, and even they seemed insufficient to fix so playful a mind upon useful and important lessons. It was feared, and often occasioned much grief to her mother, that all the labor of education would be lost upon her—nothing seemed to remain in the memory, and as to the correct repetition of a task, carelessness and playfulness seemed to render it a thing utterly impossible. Latter years, however, proved that the seed sown was not lost—the substance of all that was taught her was preserved, and the memory, which was thought to be so defective, became by exercise one of the most retentive her husband ever knew. Parents must not

allow themselves to grieve if their children do not excel in such branches of education as they fondly dream may best adapt them for life. The playfulness and buoyancy which are so difficult to control and fix on important subjects, may be the necessary qualifications for sustaining difficulties and performing duties which God has designed for them in after life—a part of the discipline and preparation of an All-wise mind who foresees and foreknows all they shall be and suffer. Rather let them be most anxious about their moral and spiritual training, to root in their hearts gospel maxims, and form their characters after the model of Jesus Christ, and in due season they shall reap, if they faint not.

Considerable musical talent developed itself in Martha from her childhood. When not able to reach the keys of the piano without standing on her toes, she picked out, untaught, the tunes she heard in the streets, and often interested her parents and friends by her constant readiness to amuse them with her little stock of musical knowledge. By tuition and practice she became a great proficient, both in taste and execution. Her musical memory was prodigious; after once learning a composition she never used notes, and retained it with accuracy as long as her fingers were able to move the keys. O! how has she calmed the troubled spirit of her husband, when pressed with duty and care, by the plaintive and joyous notes of her graceful hand, the very remembrance of which occasions a thrill of pleasure. Her sister Mary, who did not possess a correct ear, by remarkable perseverance and submission to the instructions of Martha, attained such correctness and taste in singing, as to charm her hearers.

In addition to other peculiarities, Martha could

assume almost any character, so naturally, as to avoid detection by her most intimate friends. Hearing that one of them (a neighbor, who had said it was impossible she could ever be deceived in Martha's face and person) wanted a servant, she went to her in that capacity, and after referring to several persons whom they both equally knew, for her character, was dismissed, the lady telling her, that she feared, from her countenance, she was not good tempered, but would inquire more about her. She did so that day, and found, to her astonishment, that her young friend with the merry face had over-matched all her discriminating powers.

Her voice too was wholly under her control; she could adapt it to the cry of the infant, or sing the deep-toned bass of a man, while she laid under contribution, to introduce at pleasure, the peculiar cries of animals and songs of birds, so that it was difficult even to believe they were not present. Her innocent and sparkling wit, and powers of comparison, which seemed to present themselves without effort, enlivened her conversation, and never permitted a gloomy countenance long to remain in her presence. Yet the universal testimony of all who knew her in her youth and beauty would be, that a modest and retiring demeanor was her special grace. Though adorned with personal and mental attractions which few possess, nothing was obtruded, or permitted to appear, that would not minister pleasure to all her associates.

With two such daughters, of equal stature and beautiful figure, of varied talents and engaging manners, the home of the parents was light with joy and gladness, and the promise of years of future felicity. Perhaps, no two young persons, without the manifestations of decided piety, ever

contributed more to the comfort of home and the gratification of a select and valued circle of friends. Grave theological professors, as well as youthful admirers, found the moments delightfully glide away, while listening to the dulcet notes and warbling voices of these sweet sisters, and have left the peaceful habitation after a well-spent evening, the more refreshed and fitted for severer studies. O! what is like an English home, where intelligence, piety, cheerfulness, and hospitality, combine to render it an earthly Paradise.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER CONVERSION TO HER UNION WITH THE
CHURCH OF CHRIST.

It would be difficult for a person blest with such advantages, to trace the time when serious impressions of eternal things first took their rise in her mind. Habituated to a reverence for God's word, to the observance of prayer, and to regular attendance on a gospel ministry, she generally felt that pious persons were right, and that to be among them would be her happiness; but carelessness, rather than opposition, nurtured indifference, and a direct acceptance of Christ was deferred to a more convenient opportunity. A regard for heavenly things was evidently cherished, and the society of good men preferred to those of a worldly character, even in her days of indecision; still her heart was a stranger to that vital piety which makes Christ the centre of happiness, and communion with Him the highest pleasure. Yet He who designed her to hold a distinguished place in his church, so ordered his Providence, that several events concurred to make her conversion to himself singularly interesting. The first cloud that darkened the hitherto happy home of these two lovely sisters, was a serious illness which befell Mary, in the year 1826. A picnic party, of which Mary was one, spent the day in the neighborhood of Totteridge, where they then resided. It was a day of uninterrupted pleasure, and all returned to their houses, delighted

with the innocent recreation they had enjoyed, little thinking that Death had cast his dart securely into the lungs of one of their number. The next morning Mary awoke with an entire loss of voice, which was attributed to a slight cold, from sitting on the grass the previous evening, though the weather was warm and unusually fine ; and which, it was hoped, a little care and medicine would soon remove. But the symptoms became every day more alarming ; all the aids of the first medical advice, with change of air and scene, were tried in vain ; she never recovered her voice ; and early in 1827, at the age of twenty-two, she sunk under the influence of the same insidious disease which, twenty-one years afterwards, took her sister, then a matured Christian, to the world of bliss, into which she so early entered.

Mary's timid and retiring character had deterred her from making a public profession, by union with a Christian church, which before her death she much regretted, but she had long "adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour," by her consistent, though hidden walk, in the family and private circle, and died "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life ;" and now the sisters are reunited, and are singing together, in far sweeter strains than those by which they so often charmed their listening friends on earth, the praises of "Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his blood."

The death of Mary was the first link in the chain of events, to bring Martha's heart under the dominion of Christ. It will easily be believed how tenderly she watched her sister during her long illness, how hopefully she cherished every symptom of amendment, and how acute was her sorrow when

her precious companion was taken from her; but He who dried up the chief source of her earthly comfort, turned her affections into a new channel, which ran towards the heaven into which her sister had entered. Her enlightened judgment saw the vanity of health, pleasure, and talent—the utter insufficiency of all human aid and comfort in the article of death—and the absolute necessity of a conscious interest in Christ, as the best preparation for a useful life and a happy eternity. Her impressions, however, went no further, and it was reserved for another event to deepen and mature them.

The daughter of an old and valued friend, about her own age, to whom she was warmly attached, came on a visit to her parents. Martha, though not valuing prayer as a spiritual exercise, maintained with great punctuality and order the hour of retirement for reading the scriptures and devotion, to which she had been accustomed by her mother from her childhood, and to which the recent death of her sister had given a new impulse. Her young friend observed that this time was always kept sacred for the purpose, and as she did not think it absolutely necessary, manifested an indifference to the same scrupulous watchfulness. Martha entreated that she would retire for the same objects at the same time. She consented, and not many months elapsed before she began to feel the value of her soul and the importance of its salvation—her reading and prayer attained a vitality and energy which Martha had never reached, and this duty became one of the most exquisite pleasures. She saw, felt, and enjoyed the blessedness of the man whom God causes to approach unto him. And now her deepest concern was that her friend, who

had urged her to practice this heavenly exercise, might enjoy its spiritual as well as formal observance. In her turn she became a pleader with Martha to seek Christ earnestly, and her salvation immediately; and with God for her, that she might taste the blessing she had instrumentally imparted to her friend. This Martha felt to be the one thing needful, and the peace and comfort she witnessed in her friend gave energy to her petitions that she might fully possess the precious gift of justification. He who hears the sighing of the prisoner did not disdain her prayer.

Behold another link in the chain of events, which led to her conversion and decision for God. A District Visiting Society was formed about this time in Enfield, to supply the temporal wants of the poor. One of the districts was assigned to Martha, and at her mother's request she began her responsible duty of visitation. Before she undertook it, she felt her utter incapacity to direct others to that fountain of life, of which she had not yet herself tasted, and often and earnestly entreated God to give her light and wisdom.

Little did she think how God was about literally to answer that sincere desire. In the district assigned her, lived a poor woman of the name of Taylor, nearly ninety years of age, exceedingly ignorant and prejudiced. She had never entered a place of worship, except to be baptized, married, and churched, but, like Martha, was now earnestly desirous of understanding and enjoying the way of salvation, and proposed numerous questions to her young and interesting visitor about the atonement, and especially how she could become interested in it. Her enquiries were made with such evident sincerity and anxiety, as to send Martha home

ejaculating, "Oh, that I could show this poor woman the salvation of Jesus Christ! Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes!" and resolving that she would search the Bible and other religious books, till she could understand this great doctrine herself, and explain it to her aged pupil. For two months her visits were repeated nearly every day; she became more and more interested in the increased anxiety of the old woman for explanations, which, though through her reading they were given with theological accuracy, were not tasted, and handled, and felt by herself as the word of life. One morning after earnest prayer to God to prepare her for her intended visit, she remembered, when living at Hackney, to have heard Dr. Burder deliver a series of lectures on the "Essentials of Religion," in which she was much interested. As she possessed them in a printed form, she took up the book, hoping to find some elucidation of the way of salvation, to assist her in her conversation that day with Mrs. Taylor. While reading, a flood of heavenly light seemed poured upon her mind, the complete and finished atonement of the Saviour—the justification of a sinner by the righteousness of Christ imputed to him—the fullness and freeness of divine grace in the universal call to come and partake of the gospel feast appeared so clear, so explicit, and so glorious, that she embraced them by faith, and had literally the joy and peace of believing. Now her emancipated spirit became a new creature, and revelled in the sunshine of divine love. New views of truth, new principles of action, new motives to serve Christ, new joys and pleasures, new attachments to her Lord, and new hopes of celestial glory, now found a place in that heart, where dimness and doubt,

anxiety and fear, only existed before; and she knelt down to bedew with tears of joy the spot where a broken heart had pleaded for mercy, and to offer sacrifices of praise to her gracious Lord.

Better instructed now, she visited her charge with renewed diligence, and carried with her a precious balm—the finished and glorious work of the Lord Jesus, the value and blessedness of which she had realized; commending and opening it to the eager mind of the aged inquirer, with a zeal and love proportionate to her own sense of its importance, and to the brief time her pupil had to live. Twice a week for four years, except when interrupted by sickness or absence from home, poor Mrs. Taylor saw her lovely young friend, and heard her fascinating and cheerful voice proclaim the glad tidings of salvation. Her mind gradually opened to receive them, and she became a truly converted woman.

A few weeks before Mrs. Sherman died she remarked, “I never think of Heaven without an assurance that I shall meet Mrs. Taylor there. She did, indeed, receive the word of God as a little child. Though she expressed herself ignorantly, yet her enjoyment of the preciousness of Christ exceeded any thing I had ever seen. Her faith ripened into calm and settled assurance. The influence on her temper and habits was so remarkable that, though her ignorant children could not understand what had produced the change, yet they observed to a friend who accompanied me, that they were very glad of Miss Tucker’s visits, as they had made their mother so kind and good-tempered, and so thankful for every thing done for her. A short time before she died she grasped my hand, while the tears flowed down her furrowed cheeks,

and thanked God that she had ever seen me, and heard of the way of salvation from my lips, concluding her speech, which she had made with great effort, with these words, "*There is hope for me, Miss,*" and in a few minutes entered into bliss, at the advanced age of ninety-three."

It is not a little remarkable, that two precious souls should be given her, one before and another soon after her conversion, as the reward of effort to serve God, and do good to those who came within her reach. To these instances she often referred, as reasons why she should sow in all waters, and in the morning and evening, because she could not tell how or which of her efforts would prosper. Happy they who begin to work for God early, and form the habit of aiming to win souls before senseless etiquette has quenched their first love, or the business and cares of life have deprived them of opportunities which the "unmarried" have of pleasing Christ. During the continuance of her visits to Mrs. Taylor, and while the freshness of her joy in her Savior lasted, she resolved to consecrate herself to his service more publicly, by uniting with the Church of Christ, assembling at Chase Side, Enfield, then under the care of the Rev. S. A. Davies. One of the most anxious periods of a young Christian's life, is that on which duty and privilege alike urge a public avowal of faith in the atonement of Christ, love to his people, and separation from the world. Such it was to Martha. That after all she had experienced, she might be deluded, that in a short time she would make shipwreck of faith, and disgrace her profession, and that her talents and piety were so mean that the church could not be benefited by her accession to its members, were suggestions which Satan urged to her

great discouragement; but the temptations were overruled for good. In consequence of them the step was preceded by long and careful self-examination, much prayer to God, and consultation with her parents and Christian friends, who greatly encouraged her to more direct association with the friends of the Redeemer—the result of which was the following interesting letter to her pastor:

“*Clay Hill*, July 28th, 1829.

“REVEREND SIR,

“In venturing to offer myself as a candidate for admission into the visible Church of Christ, under your care, I trust I am influenced by a deep conviction of sin, and an abandonment of all hope of salvation, on any other ground than the all-sufficient sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer, who died the just for the unjust, to reconcile us to God; and as an adequate return for such infinite love is wholly impossible, all I can do is to give myself to Him as my rightful owner. I therefore solemnly dedicate myself to him, resolving that whatever others do, I will serve the Lord; I renounce the world and its proffered joys, and will seek my happiness in Him alone—by his help and the influences of his Holy Spirit, I resolve to forsake all sin, to do his will, and strive after conformity to his precepts and example. On his promises I rely, firmly convinced that not one of them can fail, for He is faithful that hath promised,

‘ Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.’

“To his faithful hand I commit my immortal

soul, to be saved in his own appointed way, and though it may be by severe trials, I trust I shall be enabled to say 'Thy will be done.' By obedience to the divine command, and partaking of the symbols of the body and blood of Christ, broken and shed for the remission of sins, I hope to keep up a memorial deeply humbling, of his dying love, to feed upon it for my spiritual nourishment and growth in grace, holiness, and resemblance to him who first loved me. I hereby declare my entire dependence on the merits of his death and righteousness for my acceptance with God—my desire to participate of his fullness—that I am not ashamed to fight under his banner, and I trust the blessings resulting from a closer union to Christ, will be mine. I expect to be assailed by many temptations, but though I hope they will deeply humble and purify me, yet trusting to the great Captain of my salvation alone, I shall finally overcome—it is written, 'He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape.' 'We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are.'

'The desert his temptations knew,
His conflict and his victory too.'

Though blest from a child with every advantage from the pious instruction, example, and affectionate prayers of my beloved parents, it was not until death visited our family, in the removal of my dear and only sister, that I felt the emptiness of all wordly things, and their inability to console and support in affliction. To the free and unmerited grace of God, I am indebted, that I was thus led to

seek Him, in whom alone true happiness is found; weak and cold as are my faith and love, (if, indeed, I have any) I would not part with that cheering hope of immortality which He has inspired in me, for all this world can promise. Oh! may each day witness in me a growth in grace, and in the knowledge of God, an increasing relish for spiritual things, greater love to the word, ordinances, day, and people of God; and, above all, to Him who has washed my soul in the fountain of his own precious blood. His be all the glory of my salvation, and if, indeed, it be my honor and felicity, to reach that blessed world where He is, with what joy shall I cast my crown at his feet, ascribing all my deliverance to his matchless love.

“I am, Rev. Sir,

“Yours respectfully,

“MARTHA TUCKER.”

It will not create surprise that she was welcomed with joy by the pastor to the participation of Christian privileges, but it does not say much for the liveliness or spirituality of that church, that no one member of it, took any notice of the event, or gave her a word of encouragement, to pursue the course she had begun. This possibly arose, not from want of interest in her, or from indifference about the prosperity of Christ's kingdom, but from a cold carelessness, and looking at the event more as a matter of course, than as one in which the whole hierarchy of heaven rejoice. The members of a Christian Church cannot divine, what blessings God may give them, through the addition of a youthful member to their society: it may be one of the means of eliciting talent, and engaging prayer on behalf of that church, to give such a youth the

impression that they are interested in his growth, piety, and the employment of his energies for their Lord. A kind word for Christ, and a friendly shake of the hand, cost nothing to the giver, but often impart unspeakable encouragement to the receiver, and awake the best feelings of his heart.

In the visitation of her district, and communion with Christian friends, Martha continued her unostentatious course of usefulness, amidst many mental conflicts and disappointments. Some who have removed to various parts of the country, remember her visits and efforts with great affection, and attribute their first impressions of love to the Savior, or their more steadfast walk in his paths, to her interesting conversations.

A new and heavy trial now awaited her. In the year 1833, her young friend, to whom she had been useful, by directing her attention to punctual visits at the throne of grace, was seized with fever while on a visit to Clay Hill, and was obliged to be removed home, where in a few days its malignity terminated her life, and ushered her into the presence of her Lord, with whom she had learned to hold sweet communion on earth.

Martha was now not only deprived of a friend, whose piety and devotedness were likely to be helpful to her in her Christian course, but from having slept with her she caught the infectious disease, and for some length of time her life hung on a very slender thread. Many have had cause to bless God for a sick chamber, and it proved to Martha a school in which she attained an enlarged experience of God's love, and afforded a trial of those graces, which the Spirit of God had planted and nurtured. Her patience and love amid great suffering, were the admiration of all who saw her, or

had the privilege of ministering to her necessities. In the course of a few months she recovered, and, by the blessing of God, enjoyed renewed health and increased devotedness to her best Friend, who, as other friends were removed, became more precious to her redeemed and sanctified spirit.

CHAPTER III.

HER MARRIAGE AND RESIDENCE AT READING.

WITH a lovely person, a cultivated mind, an amiable temper, fascinating manners, and fervent piety, it is wonderful that Martha remained single till her 29th year. It will readily be supposed this was not because her heart and hand had been unsolicited. Numbers had sought that privilege of herself and of her father, but something had always occurred to prevent the acceptance of any offer, or the winning of so susceptible and tender a heart. How can her now mourning widower sufficiently admire and adore the kindness of that Providence which led his steps as a stranger to her habitation, and made him, who had fewer pretensions than many who had previously sought her favor, the man of her preference and of her confidence. If a "prudent wife is from the Lord," surely he must see the divine hand most remarkably in this precious gift; for in his deliberate judgment, and making all abatement for affectionate remembrance, and the superior estimation in which relatives and friends who are removed from us by death are held, there could scarcely be in this sinful world a being nearer perfection. And he believes that he stands not alone in this judgment; but that it is the sober conviction of all who knew her most intimately, and who at particular seasons have spontaneously borne similar testimony.

She must have known, in accepting a widower

with three children, and commencing life as a wife and a mother, that she burthened herself with responsible cares and duties, from which she had the opportunity, had she so determined, of being free; but the sphere of usefulness in a large, united and flourishing congregation, situated in a lovely country town, and among a people where vital religion abounded, no doubt had great influence on her decision. God had respect to that decision, and honored it by making her extensively useful to souls, which satisfied and delighted her, more than if wealth and titles had been added to her name. Her epistolary correspondence preparatory to her marriage, would for its piety and prudence be suited to meet any eye, and be a pattern for many young persons; for while the warm affection of the heart to him who had gained it, was not wanting, the aspirations after spiritual blessings, and earnest desires for qualifications suitable to the important sphere she was about to occupy, formed the chief subjects of her letters. The following extract is given as a specimen only.

“I have often thought of your remark the other day, on the importance of deep personal piety, and its habitual manifestation at home, in order to usefulness abroad; it completely coincides with my views, while it magnifies my feeling of unfitness for so lovely a situation as it must be when its duties are indeed performed. But my very own dear friend, who ‘honors God and whom God has honored,’ has no strength in himself; all is imparted, and even holy Paul, when declaring that he could ‘do all things,’ was equally obliged to add, ‘through Christ who strengtheneth me.’ And may not your helpless Patty hope for the much needed aid of Him who surely has led her into so responsible a post?

When heaven's windows are opened for your supply, will she be passed by whose necessities are so much greater, and when his name would be peculiarly glorified, as the Divine hand would be most distinctly to be seen! Oh, for the entire unreserved surrender of our all to the service of our God! May our mutual affection be as oil to the wheels of devotion and obedience! I am certain that our happiness must depend on our devotedness to God, and we would not have a happiness, falsely so called, which could exist without a life of communion with our Redeeming God. May but the promised Spirit be shed abundantly upon us, and then we have nothing to fear."

On the 3rd of March, 1835, the happy union was solemnized at Enfield Church. Two of the wedding party beside herself—and one of them the most unlikely of the whole group, from his youth, health, and promise of long life—are now in eternity; so uncertain are the brightest prospects this world can give. Like all days of pleasure on earth, the cheerfulness of this day was occasionally interrupted by the tears of parents, who were confiding and resigning their only child—and of a dutiful and affectionate daughter, who was separating herself from the special care of those who had tenderly loved her, and watched her interest with unfailing kindness. Amidst the hearty wishes and prayers of her friends, she left the parental roof, and after a tour in the north, arrived at her house in Reading.

First impressions of any place are allowed to have great influence on our content and comfort. Let her describe them herself.

"I have now arrived at my apparently happy home. It is just what a minister's should be; neat, genteel, and cheerful. The house stands on a rising

ground, commanding delightful views over the valley of the Kennet, and is very dry and healthy, and, as you would expect, very nicely furnished. Think of your poor Patty becoming a mother without any suffering, and sitting down with three sweet children, of ages to understand and appreciate affection. I cannot tell what love a mother feels to those she has borne, but I think it impossible that I could love any children of my own more than these whom I have adopted. May I have grace given to train them all for God, that if I should be removed from them, as their dear mother has been, they may follow her useful life and enter into her unspeakable joy. It is too early to say much about our mutual love, but it will comfort you to hear, what I believe you never questioned, that I find in my precious husband a devoted, sympathizing, forbearing heart. Much has he to overlook in my ignorance and want of tact, but by his persevering tuition I hope to be somewhat qualified for the important station I now fill. I can scarcely believe that I had the temerity to venture upon such an untried life, and did I not know the fullness of grace in my all-compassionate Savior, and that he is fully acquainted with the desires of my heart, however feebly expressed to Him, to be the humble and honored instrument of winning souls to himself, I must despair.

“Every one of the congregation whom I have seen, cheers me with hope, and I esteem this especially kind, as I am the successor of one, who lives in their hearts and memories, and by her prudence, piety and superintendence, has won golden opinions from this interesting circle. O! how unworthy do I feel of such an honor, and how incapable of treading in her steps. Several of the members of the

church are persons of exalted piety, such as I have longed to see, but never yet had intercourse with; particularly Mr. F. He seems more like Enoch, than any other person to whom I can compare him—walking with God—never meeting you without a heart like a fountain, pouring out streams of love to Christ, and desires that all might know and love Him. The church is all activity; must have something to do, and hearts to do it. In the villages around Reading, my dear husband has built five chapels, and taken two others under his charge. As objects in the landscape, they are exceedingly picturesque, being built of Bath stone, with towers or steeples, and placed in commanding situations. So that at home and abroad there is plenty to do. Pity your poor ignorant friend, who has every thing to learn, and is very slow in receiving instruction, and pray for her, that the Holy Spirit may qualify her to pursue the glorious enterprise which presents itself to her eye; that Christ may be magnified in her, whether it be by life or by death.”

It is very difficult for persons of courageous spirits, or for those whose lengthened labors in spiritual services have rendered them almost a habit, to understand the timidity and struggles which a delicate and hitherto untrained mind experiences, in its first effort in any public work for God. They forget their former difficulties, or if the work became natural to them from the first, they cannot sympathize with any, whose efforts have been useful, but quite of another kind from those in which they have been so long engaged. Hence, in their zeal, instead of leading the timid, step by step, they often deter and distress them, by exclamations of astonishment at their backwardness or unfitness. Females, especially those of re-

finer habits and superior education, require the most tender treatment to induce them to employ their talents in any public manner, and have far more difficulties to overcome, than those of inferior knowledge and station. O! what would many of them give for a kind and sympathizing friend, who has been in similar circumstances before her activity for Christ commenced, and who would lead them on gently as they were able to bear it. Such was Mrs. Sherman's difficulty in her new station. On the first Sunday after her entrance into Reading, she went to the Sunday-School, to see if she could be useful by taking a class of children to instruct. Circumstances had not permitted her to undertake this duty at Enfield, and the labor was therefore, wholly new to her. A lady who had generally superintended the female school, and who united in her character, piety, zeal, and perseverance, very heartily welcomed her, and expressed her joy in finding the minister's wife willing to assist in training the children for heaven. Immediately in a great bustle, she introduced the female teachers to her, one after another, and assured them that now the minister's wife was come to their help, the school must prosper. "I fear you miscalculate my feeble help and influence," meekly replied Mrs. Sherman, heaving a deep sigh. Before the teachers dispersed to their classes, the zealous superintendent brought the books, and described the modes of registering their names, marking their attendance, and giving rewards. "You see, by these books, we have not been so orderly as we ought, but now you are come amongst us, every thing will be set to rights; and I merely show you these, in order that you may speak to the teachers on the necessity of punctuality and regularity, in their attend-

ance and records of the school. You do not know what good you may do."

With a heart palpitating from conscious ignorance of these plans, and giving the assurance that she could introduce no improvement, she ventured to say, "It is all new to me, and I shall have to learn of you; I have never taught in a Sunday-School before." "Indeed!" was the answer, with a very significant "*hem*," which conveyed more than it expressed. At this moment a small bell rang for the opening of the school. "You will, of course, open the school with prayer for us," said the lady. "No, I am sorry that I cannot possibly undertake that service; I have only prayed in private, with a female, and should be quite confounded in the attempt to pray before so many," was the answer. The blush rose in her cheeks, and her spirit became well-nigh overwhelmed at the evidences of her incapacity, but she proceeded: "You will be kind enough to conduct the school as usual, and I will take a few children as a class, and try to help you." "O, no," said this zealous friend, "I cannot pray before you; we thought all our difficulties would be at an end when you came. We heard of your usefulness and zeal, and expect you to be a great blessing among us." Concealing her feelings as much as possible, and using her entreaties, Mrs. S. at last won over the superintendent to open the school, after which she took a class. At its conclusion, she returned home with a broken heart, and gave vent to her sorrow in a flood of tears, (an unusual thing with her, though of so tender a nature,) and relating the circumstances of the afternoon, expressed her fear that her husband had made a wretched choice, in introducing one so utterly unqualified to lead as she was; that every one

was disappointed in her, and her Savior's cause would suffer from her inexperience. This was not the effect of mortified pride at the rough manner in which she had been treated, not a complaint of which escaped her lips—although no one felt more acutely the want of courtesy and delicacy in a female, whenever they were manifested—but a deep sense of her deficiency in those qualifications which she thought the cause of Christ required from a minister's wife. Now, this lady was a talented, useful, devoted person, but lacked the tact required to draw out talent in another, and to treat with a delicate mind. Her sentiments were uttered with all honesty and zeal for her Master, and for the success of the school, yet they had a repellent, rather than an attractive power to a timid but willing mind, which, instead of receiving the encouragement that was so peculiarly needed, was thus made to feel more painfully helpless. O how much wisdom, as well as zeal, is required in dealing with souls!

A band, however, of holy women, used influence of another and a better kind, more adapted to her difficulties and timidity. A Maternal Society had for some time been formed at Reading; the object of which was, by prayer, reading, and conversation, to awaken in the minds of mothers, a proper sense of their duties and responsibilities, and to inform and direct them in their performance. These pious and educated mothers were representatives from all denominations of Christians in the town, and were like working-bees, bringing the honey they gathered from every source, and making it the common property of the whole association. Here social prayer was presented month after month, suggestions were offered, and she obtained the benefit of their more

enlarged experience in training the young immortals, she had so lovingly and so prayerfully taken under her wing.

In giving her opinion of these meetings a little before her death, she said, "Although some who assembled on those occasions were a little too fast for me, I can never sufficiently thank God for the benefit I derived from the prayers and conversation of those holy women. Though for a long time I could not be prevailed upon to pray before them, my mind was wonderfully awakened to more serious reflection on maternal responsibility, and led to attempt in maternal discipline, what, without these conversations, I should have deemed impracticable. Of what little advantage my precious children have derived from my imperfect endeavors for their salvation, much must be attributed to this heavenly intercourse; and to my latest day, I shall remember with gratitude, the patience, sympathy, and affection of that group of mothers, for one so inexperienced."

While these meetings were in progress, and a general desire prevailed for a revival in religion, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Codman, from America, visited Reading, and by their conversations tended greatly to increase the impressions of its necessity and attainableness. After dinner one day, when Mrs. Codman and Mrs. Sherman had retired, the latter entreated the former, as a parting kindness, to pray with her, that this revival, which had been the subject of conversation, might come to her, her children, her husband, and the Church of Christ over which he presided; to which she readily consented, and after pouring out her heart in fervent supplication, which deeply affected Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Codman, before they rose from their knees, turned

to her timid friend and said, "Can you allow me to go to America without asking God to bless me and mine? Come thou blessed of the Lord, let God and me hear your voice!" The appeal was so well timed, so reasonable, so affectionately uttered, and took her so entirely by surprise, that she had not time to summon her fears; and with a sigh for help, which reached the Divine ear, she began, and in a strain of heavenly fervency and devotional power, poured out such petitions for her friend and her family, as completely surprised and delighted her spirit.

Observing Mrs. Codman much affected, her husband asked the Doctor if any thing had troubled her. "Oh! no," said he, "your precious wife has been praying with her, and she says she has never heard a prayer like it for power and gracious effect on the heart: she is sure that no person can pray in that manner, who is not in the habit of very intimate communion with God." This was a great encouragement to her ever afterwards, and though she shunned the engagement, yet when pressed upon her by duty, she felt the difficulty far less than before. Thus does God, by his providence, often appear for us, eliciting hidden talent, and giving power to the faint among his disciples, for future efforts in his church.

In all towns there is usually a special locality where the poorest and most wretched of the inhabitants dwell. This locality in Reading was Hanover Square, in Coley Lane, very unlike the spot in London from which its aristocratic name was taken—for its houses were very filthy, and its residents the worst of the population of that otherwise clean and respectable town. Here, however, Mrs. Sherman commenced a systematic and regular

weekly visitation of the families, instructing the poor ignorant mothers in the training of their children, and in the way to make domestic life happy, as well as in the more important lessons of evangelical truth. At first she was coldly received, but after a few visits became such a favorite that the children would run to welcome her, and every door in the district was thrown open to receive their "friend," which was the name by which they were accustomed to designate their benefactress. In twelve months' labor the locality assumed an air of greater cleanliness and comfort, many of its inhabitants attended the preaching of the gospel—every child capable of leaving home was sent to a Sunday-School, and some few instances of hopeful conversion, were the high reward of this disinterested labor of love. And, generally speaking, wherever the effort is made in a right spirit to help and comfort the poor, and elevate their condition, without attempting to interfere with their independence, and make them slaves by charity, similar results will follow.

During her eighteen months' residence in Reading, it pleased God to spare her life twice by great deliverances. In the month of July succeeding her marriage, her husband was driving her and a Christian friend in a phaeton to Henley, when, about half the distance from that town, by some extraordinary neglect the linch-pin of the fore-wheel came out, and let the carriage down on one end of the fore-axle—the friend who sat behind was thrown out first, her husband next, and herself last; but in falling out, her foot became entangled in the rein, which bound itself tightly round her ancle: the horse took fright and ran a distance of above one hundred yards, with Mrs. Sherman dragging by the

side of the wheel. Never can the sensations of that moment be forgotten. Death in one of its horrid forms seemed inevitable. In an agony, strengthened by despair of help from man, for no creature was near at the moment, her husband screamed to the horse to stop, and God made the animal obedient—for though running at an immense pace, the moment he heard his master's voice, he stood stone still till he came up to him and released his precious treasure, whom he received again as alive from the dead. O! none can tell the intense suffering of such a moment to the spectator, but such as have experienced it, and it is hoped their number is small. Except her clothes being torn from her person, and some few lacerations of the skin, Mrs. Sherman had sustained little injury, and after a few days was as well as usual. This accident happened on a Friday evening, the regular evening on which the weekly concert for prayer was held, and arriving in Reading just at the time of their assembling, an opportunity was afforded for her husband to inspire the people to unite with him in thanksgivings to God for so signal a deliverance.

The other affliction to which allusion has been made, was an illness which at an early stage was considered light, but which after a short time assumed a very formidable character, and threatened fatal consequences if not speedily checked. That which peculiarly aggravated her trial, was her husband's affliction at the same time. He was engaged to preach at the opening of a new chapel in the month of January, and preparatory to preaching, as the only place of retirement that could be had, he was put into an unfinished vestry, the plaster of which was streaming with water. It was a bitter, frosty night, and as he sat warming himself by a

fire made of wood, in a grate formed by a few bricks, he soon felt alternately shivering with cold and burning with heat. After the service, he mentioned to a friend, who drove him a distance of about fifteen miles in a gig, to London, his fears that a severe cold would be the result, the symptoms of which clearly enough developed themselves soon after his arrival in Reading. In a few days brain fever began to appear—the head was shaved—ice was applied, and copious bleeding resorted to, and at length, though the symptoms were subdued, fears were expressed that the system would not rally. God, however, graciously heard prayer, and restored him to convalescence; but the first time of going out to the house of God, fresh cold was taken. The symptoms returned in an aggravated form, and for three weeks very slight hopes were entertained by the medical attendant of ultimate restoration. After another month of severe distress, improvement began to manifest itself, and again he was permitted to sing in the sanctuary, “I was brought low, and he helped me.”

To be herself a prisoner during the greater portion of her husband's affliction, and to be unable to minister to him, was to that tender heart an aggravation of suffering, which required all the courageous efforts of faith and patience to bear meekly. And why was it sent? Not to awaken love—in that she abounded—but to make affection appear in an ingenious method of ministration, which tended much to calm the slightly disturbed intellect of her fellow-sufferer. She wrote sentiments and portions of Scripture many times during the day, and sent them to be read as he could bear them. And truly they were like drops of dew on the parched flower. Long conversations, or reading, or prayers, a head

weakened by suffering cannot endure ; but a golden sentence, selected for you from the book of God, when you cannot think for yourself, and sent unexpectedly, when you most need help, is a boon which a gracious heart appreciates.

When health was again mercifully vouchsafed to her, the work of the Lord was her chief delight. Though a dear lover of Nature, and with a refined taste capable of relishing its beauties, all her drives round the country were made subservient to the welfare of souls, and were sure to have associated with them errands of mercy to the villagers. It will surprise none that she took the deepest interest in the beautiful little fabrics which had been erected, and still more in the congregations which assembled within them, to listen to the glad tidings of salvation.

The circumstances attending the building of one of those houses of prayer, gave an opportunity for the display of her energy and zeal on its behalf, and laid the villagers under lasting obligations. A small estate descended by will to a person at W——, with these provisions, namely, that if at any time the legatee should dispose of the land for erecting a place of worship thereon, it should descend to another person. But a blast seemed to rest upon the property, and it was obliged to be sold. The committee of the Village Stations bought it, and erected a neat and commodious chapel on the very site which had been thus interdicted. It was thought, that as the congregations of Reading were much interested in the movement, a sale of useful and fancy articles would greatly assist in liquidating the debt incurred, and into this effort Mrs. Sherman threw all her energies. She wrote letters to friends in all parts of the country, and obtained contribu-

tions from many fair and Christian hands. A large tent, ordinarily used for anniversary occasions in the villages, was pitched in a field in the Oxford Road, close to the town of Reading. Decorated with flowers and fruits, with drawings and prints, with needle-work and ornaments—it presented certainly one of the most pleasing exhibitions ordinarily witnessed, and drew from those who cared little about the object of the sale, admiration and wonder at the number and quality of the articles shown.

Inspired by her example and Christian love, many of her female friends, with great personal sacrifices, joined in the effort, and for two days labored in their vocation with modesty and fidelity. The summit of her hopes was to raise £50; but the numerous gifts, the zeal of the friends, and the willingness to purchase, gave satisfactory promise of a much larger amount, and in the evening, as her husband returned from preaching at one of these Stations, she, with a countenance beaming with benevolence and joy—he thinks he sees it now—laid before him a bag containing £97, as the produce of the first day's sale. The second day yielded above £100, and a benevolent lady, as a reward for her diligence, added another hundred, so that £300, which nearly liquidated the whole debt, were realized by her efforts in those two days. Much has been said against these sales for religious objects, but conducted and superintended as this sale was, the most scrupulous would have been silenced. It was begun with invoking by prayer the blessing and favor of God, and concluded with praise to him for his mercies, which tended greatly to keep every one selling, seriously cheerful; and during the whole time, no circumstance occurred to wound piety, or defeat the excellent design.

Some short time previous to her marriage, her husband had received a pressing invitation to become the successor of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel; but as evangelical religion did not flourish in the Church of England at Reading, and the claims of the people of his charge upon his affections and labors were pre-eminent; after conference and prayer with the elders of the Church, he believed it to be his duty to decline the honorable and important post. In the spring of 1836, the invitation was renewed, accompanied by a letter from the church and congregation at Surrey Chapel, signed by above 1200 persons.

A great alteration had, during the interval, taken place in the town of Reading. The pulpit of every church but one was occupied by an evangelical clergyman; several of the principal persons in the congregation, who were attached members of the Church of England, had wholly left, to worship with those of their own communion, or were in the habit of only partially attending at Castle Street Chapel, and the consequence was, that the interest such persons had previously felt in the pastor, and the Church of Christ which he served, was divided, and it was difficult to maintain the same communion with them, or carry out the same designs of usefulness, in which formerly they had mutually taken such deep interest. And although many "clave unto him," yet it seemed plain to his judgment, and to that of his wife, that now the Lord said in his providence, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest;" which was confirmed by conference with ministerial brethren, who knew the claims of both congregations, and who gave their unanimous verdict in favor of a removal to Surrey Chapel.

The following letter, on the receipt of a reticule beautifully wrought by a dear friend in London, and sent for the purpose of holding her tracts for Hanover Square, will show her feelings in leaving, as she ever called it, "dear Reading."

"April 8th, 1836.

"I think, my sweet friend, you must have been surprised at not having received from me, before this time, some acknowledgment of your very elegant and useful present; doubly useful, as containing two beautiful little volumes. Many, many thanks for your great kindness to so unworthy an individual; I think it, at present, too delicate to be appropriated as you intended; the filthy tracts I usually receive from Hanover Square, would soon decide the fate of the reticule: when it has moved for a season in a higher sphere, and its beauty begins to fade, it will probably be applied as you propose; but if I can divine at all that will not be in dear Reading. How true is the old adage, 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.' I see charms in Hanover Square, notwithstanding the wretchedness of its inhabitants, which I never saw before, when I think of what the poor of London must be. But I would forget my comforts, which, in case of our removal, must be parted with, and lose my own will in that of Him who, I firmly believe, will be our Guide. What would we live for, but to glorify God? and what are outward comforts when compared with the honor—the luxury of working for God. I sometimes look with selfish pleasure on my pretty house and prospect, and grieve to exchange it for smoke and confined air, &c.; but it is not always that self so frightfully predominates. If we may but be made instruments of greater usefulness,

and of extending the kingdom of Christ, nothing of an earthly loss or sacrifice will be thought of in comparison."

After sixteen years of labor among a devoted and affectionate people, it is no easy thing for a minister to bid them farewell, especially if they be the first sixteen years of pastoral effort, when zeal is most fervent, when the affections are warmest, and friendships are most easily formed. Oh! the pangs occasioned by tearing asunder the bands of union between his converts and him who had begotten them in the gospel; by leaving the frequented walk, and the study, where the voice of prayer had secretly ascended in fervent and constant supplications, for the Spirit of God to fill their hearts and his house; by turning away from the spot where his children had been reared, and the precious dust of one who had shared his early joys and trials, was deposited, and by sacrificing promised wealth and independence, to obey what he believed to be the will of God!

In all these sensations the subject of this Memoir largely shared, and cheered her husband with many gladdening hopes of bright days, of glorious conversions to Christ amid an abundant population, and of causes of more errands to God's throne together, by reason of more oppressive duties. Happy the man who, in such circumstances, has such "a help meet for him."

CHAPTER IV.

HER REMOVAL TO SURREY CHAPEL, AND LABORS
AMONG THE YOUNG.

ON Sabbath day, August 27th, 1836, her husband preached his last sermon at Castle Street Chapel, Reading, to a vast and deeply-affected congregation; and on the Tuesday following, she bade farewell to those who had so kindly and so tenderly assisted her, in her new and responsible duties. Crowds gathered round the carriage to have the last shake of the hand, and a smile from that loving countenance which conveyed such inexpressible sweetness; while mutual good wishes and prayers were exchanged amid many tears. After three days' sojourn at Enfield with her parents, she took up her residence at the parsonage adjoining Surrey Chapel, built by Mr. Hill, and in which he had lived for above fifty years.

It may not be uninteresting, and seems almost necessary, in order to estimate her labors and devotedness, to give a brief sketch of the origin of Surrey Chapel, and the state of the church and congregation there, at the time she arrived.

About the middle of the eighteenth century spiritual darkness prevailed over England, and especially over the metropolis, to an extent of which at present we have but little conception. All denominations of Christians were sunk into a state of lukewarmness, and almost entirely neglected the claims of a perishing population. Vice and immorality abounded among all classes of the community, the

Sabbath day was awfully profaned, very few of the clergy knew or preached the gospel, but substituted a cold, heartless system of morality for its soul-saving doctrines; and the few dissenting ministers who did preach it, delivered its truths in a formal, precise, unimpressive manner; so that the number of places of worship was comparatively small, and most were ill attended.

At this period, it pleased God to raise up a few individuals, who were as eminent for their godliness as for their zeal. Careless of the opinions of the world, and determined to exalt the kingdom of their Savior, they braved danger and endured persecution, in their efforts to awaken sinners to a concern for their eternal interests. The Revs. G. Whitfield, John and Charles Wesley, John Berridge, W. Romaine, John Newton, J. Jones, are names well known in this religious reformation; among the laity, the Countess of Huntingdon, Sir Richard Hill, and several of the nobility and gentry, stood nobly forward to help in the good work. To the honored names of these champions for Christ, must be added that of the Rev. Rowland Hill, who was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Baronet, of Hawkstone, Shropshire. He was educated at Eton, and after taking his degree at Cambridge, on Trinity Sunday, June 6th, 1773, received deacon's orders from Dr. Wills, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Yearning over the spiritual miseries of men, he could not confine himself to the more regular and established mode of preaching in a Church, but gladly engaged in that work wherever he could gather a congregation, whether in the market-place or in the cathedral, beneath the shade of a tree or in the dissenting meeting-house; his object being to win souls to Christ, and ally them to his spiritual

church, found in every visible congregation of his worshippers. After having for some years preached in most of the counties of England; in many of the churches, chapels, and streets of the metropolis; and in the fields and commons of its vicinity, to large and deeply-impressed audiences, he determined to erect a chapel in the Southern part of London.

A liberal subscription was commenced, to which he was the chief contributor. A site in St. George's Fields was obtained, and the first stone of Surrey Chapel was laid by its future minister, on June 24th, 1782. In the course of a year it was erected, and opened for Divine worship, June 8th, 1783; on which occasion its founder preached in the morning, from 1 Cor. i. 23, and the Rev. J. Piercy in the evening, from Psal. lxxiv. 22. The building is octagonal, and accommodates between two and three thousand persons.

Mr. Hill continued the pastor during a period of nearly fifty years, until his death, which happened on April 11th, 1833; and after that event, for three years and a half, the congregation was served by ministers from various parts of the country, till September 4th, 1836, on which Sabbath the present minister began his responsible labors by preaching from Psal. lxxi. 16. "I will go in the strength of the Lord God, I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only."

From the foundation of Surrey Chapel, Mr. Hill had collected around him a number of holy and liberal men, who by their labors and property were ever ready to second and carry out his designs of usefulness; so that the congregation took part in originating some, and in largely supporting most of the existing institutions for evangelizing the population, and for bettering their temporal condition.

It was therefore known, as a focus of liberality and activity, to which Mr. Hill by his munificence and devotedness set a noble example. All its original founders had finished their earthly course, but a band of Christians of similar devotedness, if not of equal wealth, had been raised up to succeed them. From the infirmities of Mr. Hill in the latter years of his life, he was not able to pay the same attention to its interests, as in his prime and energy; and a term of three years and a half without a pastor, was not likely to improve the order and interests of the church and congregation. Still, even then it might be called a flourishing church. It consisted of 550 members in actual attendance, above 2500 children were under Sabbath instruction by 300 teachers. The Benevolent, Missionary, Bible, Tract, and other Societies were prospering, and many believers valuing Christian privileges, were waiting until the appointment of a pastor, to be united to the church.

The wisdom required in the newly appointed minister and his wife, was, to keep this vast machinery in accelerated motion—to bring into use these already prepared materials—to confirm the members in their acts of piety and devotedness—and, though without the ample means of Mr. Hill, to set such an example of liberality as might advance, rather than check, the generosity of the congregation. For such purposes Mrs. Sherman was pre-eminently adapted, as her future course gave the most satisfactory evidence; and her husband, on looking back, cannot but attribute, under the Divine blessing, much of the harmony, piety and zeal evinced, to her prudence, love, example, and unceasing devotedness to the interests of the Church and its Institutions.

The first object to which she directed her attention, was the formation of a class of young females, too old to attend the Sunday-School, and too young and inexperienced to assist in teaching—with the hope that by preparatory instruction and discipline they might hereafter become intelligent and useful teachers in the various schools belonging to the congregation. The fact had often occasioned her considerable anxiety, that a very large proportion of our Sunday scholars, when they arrive at the age of fourteen or fifteen, commence a system of Sabbath profanation, are lost to the congregations who train them, and seldom attend a place of worship; and she determined, if possible, to arrest the evil, by giving the females an opportunity of still obtaining instruction without going into the school. The dining-room in the parsonage was appropriated to their use on the Sabbath afternoon, and she commenced her first effort with fifty-three scholars, on December 1st, 1836, having previously circulated the following rules printed on a card:—

RULES OF MRS. SHERMAN'S CLASS.

“1. That every member resolve to assist in Sabbath-School Instruction, unless providential circumstances interpose, and consider it her duty, therefore, to qualify herself for her work by diligent and prayerful study of the Word of God.

“2. That every Member in leaving the Class for this object, inform the Teacher of her intention on the previous Sabbath, and receive from her a note of recommendation to the Superintendent of the School with which she is to be associated.

“3. That every member be in her place at half-past Two, and on the *first* Sabbath in the Month at *Three* o'clock; and none be admitted after the conclusion of Prayer, unless a *satisfactory* reason be assigned; those *only* being considered Members whose attendance is *punctual* and *constant*.

“4. That the names of the Members be read at the conclusion of Prayer; and those who are absent during that exercise more than four times during the Quarter, without assigning a

suitable reason, be *erased* from the Books, to prevent the evil example and disturbance of late attendance.

"5. That the use of the Library be confined to the regular Members of the Class, and no volume be retained more than a Fortnight: the Librarian will renew the time, if more is required.

"6. That every Member leave the Library as soon as the Meeting is closed."

Her highest object was to awaken conviction of their sinful state; and by lovely exhibitions of Christ and his salvation, to bring them to decision for him. The subjects she chose were plain and full of the gospel; the plenitude of grace, and the beauty of holiness, were her favorite themes, illustrated with the biography of the ancient saints of holy writ, or of modern believers whose names and characters were familiar to the Christian world. She had a peculiarly happy art of interspersing hints on neatness in dress—on habits of domestic economy—on cleanliness, order, and punctuality—on submission to parents—which told with great effect on their minds; and many of the scholars, now mothers of families, recollect and repeat those monitions with gratitude and joy. It is remarkable how successful her efforts in this class were, with respect to the decision of the scholars—scarcely one who continued with her any length of time remained unconnected with the church; and though she had her disappointments and trials in some, by far the greater number were ornaments to their profession, and zealous for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

After nearly twelve months of successful tuition in this first class, the young ladies of the congregation desired that similar advantages might be extended to them, as the means of bringing them to God and his church: and, much to their honor,

they wrote an interesting letter of entreaty, that they might share the love and wisdom of her instructions, at such times as she might feel consistent with her increasing engagements.

The following is the answer sent to their solicitations :

“Surrey Parsonage, December 13th, 1837.

“Permit me, my dear young friends, to express the gratification which your request has afforded me, as it proves your desire after more intimate acquaintance with those precious truths which ‘are able to make us wise unto salvation.’ Happy should I be, indeed, if my own scriptural knowledge justified your flattering supposition that I can assist you; my ignorance is a source of daily, though I trust not quite idle lamentation; but while I am endeavoring to remove the evil I mourn, by reading and prayer, conscience tells me I shall decline one most effectual means of accomplishing my object, and also incur guilt, if I refuse compliance with the request to impart to others my little store, as I obtain it. If, therefore, my young friends will come, expecting very little from me, but much from that heavenly Teacher who will, I trust, ever come with them, it will delight me to do what I can—not to make them theologians—this is neither my ambition nor my province—but to aid them, by the scripture model alone, in the formation of that Christian character to which they aspire.

“You will allow me to make two stipulations—one, that perfect punctuality be invariably observed in meeting and separating;—it will always afford me pleasure to converse with any who may wish to see me, but *not* either before or after these meetings, the time so occupied being the utmost I can

spare; in addition to which, if God should deign to produce impression on the mind, conversation of *any* kind may remove it. Another stipulation is, that there be much prayer for the influences of the Spirit of truth, that he may 'teach us all things,' and smile upon the attempt from which I shrink, while I look at my own utter insufficiency;—but when my faith can rest upon the promise, 'my grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is perfected in weakness,' I can say with confidence—I welcome you; and I believe we shall together pluck of the fruits of the tree of life, on this side of the river, and eat, and live for ever.

"The first Tuesday in the month, at twelve o'clock, will suit my convenience; as our first meeting, Tuesday, January 2d, will necessarily be rather introductory, any alteration that is deemed desirable I will endeavor to make, if then proposed. Let us all be earnest in prayer, that we may be sanctified through the truth, and thus be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

"Believe me, my dear young friends,

"Yours in much affection,

"M. SHERMAN."

Her notes which are preserved show that preparations for these classes cost her much prayer and labor, in order to take to her young friends something suitable to their age, station, and circumstances. Each exercise was written twice over, once roughly, as thoughts occurred, and treasure was supplied by reading—then more correctly arranged and enlarged; and each class had its separate preparation, for she argued that as the pupils were dissimilar in station and education, they required to be addressed accordingly, and never

would use the exercises of one for the other. Her labor was, therefore, proportionately increased, but a freshness and unction was given to her addresses which could scarcely have been preserved by repetition. It was often a cause of astonishment to those who were with her, that with engagements incident to so large a congregation, which would have crushed an ordinary mind, and with an exceedingly extensive and voluminous correspondence, both foreign and domestic, which she kept up with remarkable order and spirit, she could find time for these well-digested preparations; yet she was never known to finish one on the morning on which she delivered it—it was ready generally two or three days before it was required, and never later than the previous evening. Scraps of time were so judiciously improved, that she seemed never to want it. Every place, too, she could make her study, and turn from one subject to another with the greatest facility.

In this manner she prepared, and afterwards delivered, a course of studies on the whole of the book of Genesis—on the Parables of our Lord—on the addresses to the Seven Churches of Asia—on the Types of Christ—on part of the Epistle to the Romans—and on the Person, Work and Graces of the Holy Spirit. In describing to one whom she loved, the nature of these preparations, she observed, “My responsibility often overwhelmed me, but it compelled me the more frequently to visit the throne of grace, and could any one know the precious, the indescribably precious communion I have had with God under the lime trees at Enfield, and in my chamber, they would envy me the spiritual luxury. So unskilled a mind as mine required more divine influence than others better taught, and my

Heavenly Father was gracious to his child, in stirring up my spirit to seek Him, and repaid the grace He gave, by granting, in answer to prayer, such assurance of his love and help, as made me renew the exercise with courage and hope, when most ready to faint. In studying the Scriptures, and the writings of holy men, to feed my classes, my own mind became nourished with the milk of the gospel. I saw the glory and grace of Christ more clearly, and was the more firmly assured of the things which I had previously believed. Oh! what a rich reward, and what encouragement to others, to use their talents in the service of God and his Church, for surely none could have greater discouragements in making the attempt than I experienced."

The monthly class of young ladies cost her more anxiety, in consequence of their superior training and advantages, and the greater backwardness which educated persons generally feel to reveal their religious impressions. She thus writes to a friend who proposed a certain day and hour for private prayer, in which they might each engage in their separate rooms, for a blessing on her labors in the class. "I should rejoice to meet you at our Father's throne on Saturday evening, if that time will suit you. I meet my beloved mother and others most dear to me at other times, and that is the time I devote to prayer for my dear class. I never suffered from despondency in any duty, as I did in my new class on Tuesday. I felt it a complete failure, and I believe the dear young people must have felt so too. But I know God can bless the attempt, and sometimes I feel almost certain that he will. Oh, my dear friend, do wrestle for me with God, that it may prove a great blessing. I want encouragement in it, and am ashamed of my own fears."

Her fears were removed, and similar results followed as in her Sabbath class.

The following letter, written at the close of the same year as the former, shows that God granted her heart's desire, and that few remained long under her tuition who were not induced to leave the world and join themselves to the Lord, and in some way serve his church by their labors.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“I return you the letter with many thanks, and regret that a violent cold prevents me from doing so personally. I am much interested in its contents, and I think it should excite us to prayer for that reviving influence which is promised. I am sometimes disposed to be much discouraged that no more fruit is produced in my class; but God invariably sends me some cheering news to disperse my gloom, and stimulate me to more simplicity in my faith and dependence on him.

“I was in one of my anxious moods yesterday, when the good American, Mr. Dawes, consented to take my class: he enquired how many had decided for Christ; I told him it was my distress that very day, to think that scarcely more than half a dozen, out of the thirty-eight, were members of the church. My dear husband doubted my statement, and we began to reckon, when, to my joy, I found that half the number at least are members, and all but one have joined since they entered it. This is great cause for gratitude, and I have thought, if we imitated the apostle in forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before, how much wiser we should be: we must look at what God has done, instead of looking at our own weakness, and *grumbling*. Oh! what an honor it

is to be permitted to tell of a Savior's love; how much more to have that love in our own hearts, where enmity once reigned! and then to have the sanction of heaven in our feeble efforts, by the Spirit's influences accompanying them, and rendering them successful; this is happiness indeed. What must heaven be, where we shall see Him of whom we love to tell, and where none but happy spirits can be. May we be there, and be permitted to have a long train of 'children' given to us, and cast our crowns at the feet of Him 'who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' May we swell the full choir of glorified ones in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

"Ever yours in the best bonds,

"M. SHERMAN."

The success did not, however, wholly arise from oral instruction; her letters were also a means of great usefulness. Most of the young persons had mementoes of her care for their souls in her own hand writing, and in not a few instances their decision was attributed to these utterances of her heart. The following specimens out of a very large number will be read with great interest. The first is to a young friend who had previously been deprived of her mother by death, and had now lost her eldest sister.

"Clay Hill, Enfield, October 25th, 1839.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"The intelligence of your dear sister's removal did not reach me till half an hour before the post left Enfield, or I should have written a few lines to you immediately, to express my sympathy with you in your very deep affliction. I think I may

truly say I sympathize with you, for when but a few years older than yourself, I was called to part with an only sister—one most tenderly beloved, and for whose superior piety and judgment I had the greatest reverence—we were indeed like Jonathan and David, and I thought it impossible to live without her. I can, therefore, feel for you, my beloved young friend, in the loss of her, who in some degree filled the place of your lamented mother, and whose counsel and care you can receive no more. But this is the dark side of the painful dispensation: there is a bright and glorious side, and happy, indeed, shall I be if we can sympathize with each other there. When my own Mary was taken from me, heaven, as the dwelling-place of God, had no attractions for me; my heart was unrenewed and unhumbled for sin; but when that heaven was the abode of her happy spirit, my thoughts were constantly there, and I longed to be with her—earth had lost its great attraction—nothing could fill the dreadful blank which her removal occasioned. It pleased God, at last, to convince me that it was sin which made me so desolate, and that place in my heart He could more than fill: this led me to seek that pardon which alone could unite me to Jesus, and that ‘holiness without which no man can see the Lord;’ and my earnest prayer was, that I might prove my love to her, not by fruitless repining at my loss, but by following in her steps, by consecrating myself wholly to the service of Him whom she had loved and humbly sought to glorify.

“I would not thus write about myself, dear, but to direct you to the same Source of comfort. To our finite minds it may seem mysterious that one so beloved and useful should be taken from us in early youth; but remember how little we know

what God designs by His providences. His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways, happily for us: if ever we reach yonder happy world, we shall understand why these painful dispensations were permitted; till then, ever bear in mind that 'God is love,' not only when He grants us that which delights us, but when he sends deep affliction, bereavement and pain: and God designs your good, and seeks your happiness in this trial; do not lose the blessing. There is one tie less to earth; think of that pure world, where her happy spirit is now rejoicing in her Savior's love: that Savior's precious blood purchased heaven for her, and that blood and that heaven He offers to you. Remember, dear, this world is but the passage to that bright world; keep that in sight, and beware of any thing that may shade it from your view—sin only can do this—this separates the soul from God. Oh! never rest until sin is pardoned through that precious 'blood which cleanseth from all sin,' and that righteousness which justifies the 'sinner that believes in Jesus.' Pant after holiness, that you may be fitted for that world where 'nothing can enter that defileth.' Take up your cross and follow Jesus: be satisfied with nothing short of the entire consecration of yourself to Him, who invited you to 'come unto Him that you may have life.' Think of the joy that will fill heaven, and the souls of your dear sainted mother and sister, to hear the tidings through some angelic messenger, that A—— had 'chosen that good part that shall never be taken from her.' And would there not be joy on earth too? think of the tender heart of your dear bereaved father; how would his grief be forgotten in the joy of witnessing your decision for Christ. And would not my heart rejoice to receive the

sweet answer to many a prayer in your conversion to Jesus? Be much in prayer, dear; you have need of much wisdom in your doubly responsible situation; seek it as a promised, as well as a desired blessing, and never lean to your own understanding. You have to comfort your beloved father's heart—to study his happiness—to strive to lessen his anxieties in every way—and, as far as possible, to fill the places of those who are gone. Let *love* be your motto in every thing—strive to make every one happier for your presence; this will draw your mind away from your individual sorrow, and stimulate you to extract advantages from this trial.

“It is really presumption in me to utter a word of advice to one so highly privileged as you; but as one of the members of my little humble Bible class, I feel a double interest in you, and my heartfelt prayer for you has long been, that you might ‘be blest and made a blessing.’ Mamma and papa, (whom you know only by name,) desire me to present to you and your dear papa, their kind regards and sympathy. Dear Selina feels much for you, and were she here, would unite in affectionate love with,

“My dear young friend,

“Yours most sincerely,

“M. SHERMAN.”

The following extract discovers her jealousy over their piety, and her anxiety that it should be of the most exalted kind.

“*Surrey Parsonage, Oct. 4th, 1839.*

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“I often look at you and your dear sister with intense interest, and long to know your progress in your heavenly way; for the truth and soundness of

our profession of devotedness to Christ, are tested by our 'growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' Is this the case with my dear young friend? Is your spirit more meek and humble, and self-denying, and Christ-like? Are you habitually 'striving against sin?' for remember, 'He that is born of God cannot sin:' it must be a struggle, therefore, with the old nature, till it is entirely brought into captivity, even every thought to the obedience of Christ. Do you shrink at the spirituality and extent of the law of God, or wish it less strict, and that it would allow more conformity to the world? or do you say with David, 'Oh! how love I thy law, it is my meditation all the day?' How important is this self-scrutiny! if we deceive ourselves in the affairs of the soul, the delusion may be fatal. If we are 'born again,' our will agrees with the will of God: what He commands, it is our delight to fulfill: let us ask ourselves, have we thus the spirit of Christ, without which we are none of his? I long for all the dear young people of my class to be patterns of holiness and devotedness; separated from the world both in its pleasures and spirit; but especially for those, who by their public profession of Christ, have the eyes of the world gazing at them, and have the vows of God upon them. Be much in prayer, in communion with God and your own heart, and in the prayerful study of your Bible, and make Christ your model for imitation, and you will 'grow in grace.' Pardon these few hasty thoughts from the heart of, my dear young friend,

"Yours most sincerely and affectionately,
"M. SHERMAN."

The next is to one who had expressed her wish

to become a teacher in the Surrey Chapel Sunday-Schools.

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“I saw Mr. H. yesterday, and named your wish to become a teacher; he says at present he has not a vacancy for a junior teacher, but he will remember you as a candidate; this will prevent the necessity of your leaving the class on Sunday. Should we be spared to the day when the privilege of Sunday-School teaching shall be yours, I may probably be able to receive you into the other class; at present, you had better remain as you are. But though this means of usefulness is for a time postponed, I hope it will not prevent your usefulness in some other way. We are born to be useful. God is always dispensing happiness around this great universe which He has created; and as man was created in the Divine likeness, he is to do likewise. The effect of sin is to destroy God’s image in the soul, and consequently its usefulness: when, by the work of redemption by Christ, and the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, that image begins to be restored, then we begin to be useful, and to seek the glory of God, and the promotion of His cause, as our chief delight. Be sure, my dear child, that this work of the Spirit is wrought in you. Do not mistake a preference for good things, for conversion to God; education may effect the one, but the Spirit of God must perform the other. Seek that this Spirit may be abundantly bestowed on you, and improve the interval before you join the church of Christ in self-examination—whether your character will bear the Scriptural test, and in seeking to know more of Christ and his salvation, strive to prepare yourself, by the prayerful and diligent

study of your Bible, to become a valuable Sabbath-School teacher. May God sweetly encourage and sanctify you, is the earnest prayer of

“Your very sincere friend,

“M. SHERMAN.”

“*Surrey Parsonage, May 8th, 1841.*”

A young lady had left her class for a situation in a school in the country, but distance or separation did not diminish the interest her teacher felt in her decision for Christ, as the following precious epistle to her will declare.

“*Clay Hill, Enfield, July 1st, 1841.*”

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“I have often had you in my thoughts since you left London, and have very often wished to write to you, to prove that I still feel a deep interest in you, and by no means less so now that you are out of sight. We are very apt to be too dependent on our senses, and to forget that which is unassociated with them. What we seldom hear, the friends we seldom see, and the sweets we seldom taste, are easily forgotten, unless there be something more than usually interesting in them in our estimation. This is the reason that you, dear, whom I have not seen for some months, and whom I have seldom talked with at all, are yet remembered by me with deep interest. I feel that you have a precious soul, capable of enjoying God, and powers of mind for which you are responsible; they were created for God's glory, and when sin directed them to dishonor and displease Him, He gave up his well-beloved Son to be your substitute, that a way might be opened for your restoration to the divine favor, by his obedience and atonement; and to the divine

likeness, by the purchase of the Holy Spirit to sanctify your soul. I believe you often desire that the blessings which Jesus has thus procured for those who will receive them, were yours; but I want you to come to a point, and resolve that you will not rest until you are a child of God. If there could be a middle state, in which you might be safe, still I could not be happy for you to remain there. I want you to share the *very highest* enjoyments of heaven, to be one of the brightest stars in glory, and to have 'an abundant entrance ministered to you into the everlasting kingdom' of Christ: and I could never be contented for any one just to enter heaven—just to be safe from hell; but if you are not the friend of God, you are his enemy—if you are not his child, you are Satan's. It seems very difficult to believe that an amiable character can be the enemy of any, but especially of God: but Christ himself says, 'He that is not with me is against me.' So if you are wavering and undecided for Him, you are among his enemies! Awful thought! My beloved child, do not hesitate another moment, but, in the retirement of your closet, seek that grace which shall enable you to give up your whole heart to Christ, and resolve in his strength that you will be His obedient child; that you will rest your whole salvation on His merits alone, and strive to be what He would have you. Let the desire to please Him be your ruling motive in every thought, word, and deed. In all your studies, pursue them with the view to make you a more valuable servant of Christ; and to fit you to dwell with Him in glory, and to enable you to bring others to glory. Make the Bible your constant, prayerful study; let it be 'hid' in your heart, that you 'sin not against' Him; and when tempted

to sin, remember that you will grieve His Holy Spirit if you do, and most ungratefully requite His boundless love to you.

“Oh! my dear child, if we could view our hearts as God sees them, how should we loathe ourselves, and blush that He should behold in us such deformity; but it is only when we see, by faith, the agonies which the Son of God has endured for us, to procure our deliverance from the curse, and power, and love of sin, that we are led to mourn over it as that abominable thing which God hates, and to repent in tears of bitter sorrow; this the Spirit of God alone can show us. For this Spirit pray continually, until the promise is fulfilled, and you are made indeed a child of God; and, if spared to return to school, try to be a little missionary there, and to increase the number of those happy beings who choose the pleasant path of wisdom—‘Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.’ Every effort for the good of others will bring blessings to yourself. Be much in prayer, and do not yield to the difficulties which school may present. Keep in mind the privilege as well as the necessity of prayer, and try to persuade your companions to the exercise; so you will be aiding to bring the answer to your own petition, ‘Thy kingdom come.’ We must all unite our energies to make others happy, and happiness is found only in obedience to the happy commands of our Father in heaven. Give joy in heaven and on earth, by the consecration of yourself wholly to his service, and believe me,

“Your very sincere and affectionate friend,
“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

Sometimes, to display God's sovereignty and

grace, one is selected and brought to himself, from a family wholly consisting of worldly minds, who discourage if they do not persecute and oppose. Her judicious advice to one of the class in such circumstances, will commend itself to every pious mind, and is worthy of special attention from any who are similarly placed.

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“My time has been much engaged since I have been here, or I should have written a few lines to you before this; but I have not forgotten you; indeed, you have been much in my thoughts. It is very difficult to exhibit the Christian character in any situation, surrounded and beset with snares as we are, from evil hearts of sin and unbelief within, and the world and Satan without, even when all around us delight in our decision for Christ. But what must it be to maintain it amidst opposition and ridicule? and what must be the anguish of that mind which witnesses the opposition in hearts most tenderly beloved, and from which it feels there must be eternal separation, unless a miracle of grace interfere. I deeply feel for you on this account, but He who placed you as a solitary Christian in your family, knows what a large measure of grace you need; ‘His strength is perfected in weakness,’ and He can make all grace to abound toward you. Your situation is one that demands much watchfulness and prayer; your eminent consistency of Christian character will do far more to convince the gainsayers than a thousand exhortations; not that I would advise you to neglect to warn them, for they can scarcely believe you think them in danger of eternal misery, if you make no visible effort to save them. But the judicious prayerful effort of a

Christian, whose character stands out from those around her for purity and benevolence of principle, self-denial for the glory of God, and the good of others, can scarcely fail of removing prejudice and producing a feeling in favor of religion itself; which is at least one impediment removed, and so far a preparation for their receiving the gospel. I am always more anxious for the development of eminent piety in those who are situated as you are, than in others, on this account; though I feel assured that what we call eminent piety, is only what piety ought in every instance to be, and I strongly question the genuineness of that piety which is satisfied with any thing short of the perfect likeness of Christ. Though we know we shall never be without sin, consequently, never perfectly like Christ, until we reach heaven, where, indeed, we shall be like Him, 'for we shall see him as he is;' yet our aim must be there; we must have some pattern for imitation, and none but a perfect one will avail: the most exalted Christian is defiled with sin, even in his best estate, therefore, he will not do for a pattern: no, we must press toward the mark, and lay aside every impediment to our progress, 'looking unto Jesus.' Keep your eye there, my dear friend, and never submit to lower motives or principles than those which actuated the Son of God; there is much to chill and damp your piety and zeal, when none sympathizes with you, but let this drive you nearer to the Sun of Righteousness, to gather faith, and love, and vigor, and every needed grace from the rich treasury which He has provided for all who apply to Him. It is in this way trials prove blessings—by driving us to Christ. When the creature-stream fails, we are driven to the Fountain, which can never be exhausted. Keep close

there, make your Bible your constant prayerful study. Seek to have your views of the truth and of the plan of salvation very clear; frequently study the grand doctrines of the gospel, and do not depend on the knowledge you have of them; an error here would be fatal; and on incorrect views, inconsistent conduct is continually based. There must be growth 'in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,' as well as 'in grace,' and let that knowledge be drawn immediately from the well-spring—the Bible. Search every word, with prayer for that spirit which alone can truly enlighten, and 'let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' Give God no rest, until every member of your family is converted to Christ. Why were you selected to be a recipient of His grace? Not for your own merits; then it must be of his free and sovereign grace, and you are bound to communicate to others what has been so freely granted to you. Home is your little garden, which you must diligently cultivate; you must seek to remove all the stones, which would check the progress of vegetation, all the impediments to the existence of piety; perhaps there may be many besides those in the heart, which are outward, in family arrangements, which your influence may be able to remove. If your piety is that which they cannot but approve, you have more influence on that account, and your wishes would probably be law to them. This is only the first step in the cultivation of your garden; you have to dig, to sow, to plant, to water, and to do every thing which the gardener who cares for his garden will attempt. And, oh! what weeds you have to destroy! Seek, my dear friend, that the moral desert around you may become as 'the

garden of the Lord, that He may be glorified.' I should be very glad to hear from you.

“Believe me, your very sincere,
and affectionate friend,
“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

July, 1841.

The inconsiderateness of friends, both young and old, requesting those filling important stations, and whose time is much occupied with paramount duties, to write to them at special seasons of their history, is judiciously treated and improved in the following extract:—

“Surrey Parsonage, August 10th, 1841.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I cannot refuse your request to give you a line of remembrance on, not your birth-day, but the day after. My dear friend must remember that such a step is a precedent which might occasion not a little difficulty. Many young friends ask for a letter on their birth-day, and if I could transmit my wishes to paper by a magic touch, I would never refuse; but if one has her request granted, all have a claim; and then, tell me, how can I meet such a demand from so many kind hearts, however quickly I may scrawl: for the quantity of writing which is unavoidable takes up so much time, that, contrary to my approval, I am obliged to scrawl. The time which such an additional correspondence would occupy, would require the neglect of many important duties; therefore, I write not on your birth-day, that the circumstance of writing to you may not be used as an argument with others. But why does my dear friend ask me to write to her? You have not to be urged to decision on the return of the day

which leads most young people to think a little seriously. Your heart was surrendered to Him who claims it, years before mine, and your Christian progress must, therefore, have so far outstripped mine, that I am too distant from you to urge you onward; unless, as you run your race, you occasionally look back in humility and self-abasement at the path you have trodden, and mark the zig-zag foot-marks, which tell you how often you would have gone aside, but for Him who directed and upheld you; and while thus reviewing the past, you hear a voice crying to you, 'Go forward:'—'Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'—'Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus.' Though far behind you, my cry for myself and for others is, 'Lord urge us on;' and perhaps you may overhear that cry. These are days which call for more than ordinary devotedness to Christ. The day is hastening when the Christian is to be sifted, and 'he that endureth to the end shall be saved.' That day will probably introduce the millennial glory, for which we must all labor; when every heart shall yield to 'Him whose right it is to reign.' Then the despised, rejected Jew shall be 'brought in with the fullness of the Gentiles,' and the blessing, according to His promise, be given to him that favors his Israel, 'Blessed is he that blesseth thee.' If God still loves his ancient people, shall we not love them too, and strive after the time when the curse shall be removed, and 'Israel shall turn to the Lord?' My heart is ill at ease on their account. I long to contribute towards the hastening of their return to the Lord, but the party who prominently take up their cause is so

exclusive, that little is left but prayer. I think I can respond to the Apostle's language, 'My heart's desire and prayer for Israel is, that they might be saved.' How glorious shall that 'day' be, when the veil shall be taken away, and thousands be born unto God. May I urge you to more persevering prayer on their behalf: you will reap the benefit as well as they. My heart rejoices in your usefulness, my dear friend; and I pray that you 'may abound therein more and more.' May your birthdays be many, many times renewed, and each one witness increasing devotedness to our blessed Redeemer, and more of his likeness too: more humility and spirituality of mind, with more entire consecration to his service.

"Forgive this hurried, ill-written epistle, which bears with it, though unexpressed, the fondest wishes of,

"My dear friend,

"Yours very affectionately,

"MARTHA SHERMAN."

It was very difficult to persuade her at any time that her labors had been useful, or could produce fruit to God; but when the evidence was complete and irresistible, her heart overflowed with angelic joy. To one of her class, she thus utters it, and shows that we do not answer the end of our existence, if our object and effort be not to save and bless our race.

"Clay Hill, Enfield, June 10th, 1841.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"If my inclinations were the guides of my conduct, how different would that conduct be from what it is! In some things, I fear, they would lead

me to much evil, though with an *intention* to do good: and in others, much benefit might result, and much pleasure be communicated by inclination having its way. My inclination told me to write to you as soon as I reached Enfield, and its sweet retirement; but my time is scarcely at my own disposal, and I feel that I must snatch opportunities like my sweet friend. Stolen moments often afford us the richest enjoyments, and we appreciate most that which has cost us some little difficulty to obtain, or to accomplish; and I do not think you will spurn the broken unconnected effusion of a heart that dearly loves you, because it does not bear the marks of study and arrangement. Friendship prizes intentions, and Christian friendship never suspects: and I trust there is a sacred bond uniting our hearts to each other, though our mutual circumstances prevent much exhibition of it. The love which springs from the Cross, unites every heart that has laid its burthen beneath it; the blood-sprinkled soul recognizes its fellow, and even Christian sympathy must unite them; but there is a still sweeter endearment when minds have been associated as ours; you, as a lamb in the flock over which my dear husband is the under-shepherd, and both of us as mingling our efforts to understand the Sacred Page. What joy and gratitude did you excite in my oft-discouraged heart, by telling me that my humble efforts had in any degree assisted you with your charge. How often does God 'lead the blind by a way they know not.' I have ever felt that if good in any form arose from these feeble attempts, the praise must be entirely His, whose blessing can give efficacy to the weakest instrumentality. The anxiety I have endured is amply repaid, if you are assisted in your explana-

tion of the Sacred Volume, and I trust I shall 'go forward,' with more simplicity of faith and dependence on that influence which must follow, as well as dictate these exercises. It may be that a soul may be saved one day by this instrumentality! I feel increasingly that we live only as we answer the design for which 'man became a living soul.' 'I have created him for my glory;' and if the end we have in view, and the objects we pursue are beneath this, we do not answer the end of our being—we had better never have been born. The soul was formed with the capability to enjoy God, and to glorify Him, and though it has sunk deep and low in degradation from its noble original, yet so much remains, that the soul refuses satisfaction with any thing but Himself—at first it seeks it every where rather than there—but when drawn there by the attractions of the Cross, oh! how full its satisfaction, how firm its ground of hope and rejoicing! And when the love of Christ has drawn us to Himself, what is so sweet, and so binding on us, as to draw other minds to the right source of enjoyment, peace with God, and reconciliation to Him 'through the blood of the Lamb.' While I miss you much, I cannot but rejoice in the double privileges you enjoy, of continually advancing in mental cultivation and spiritual knowledge under the instrumentality of your invaluable friend—and of imparting as continually to others, that you may win and direct them to Jesus. How prone the mind is to depend on its privileges, and how God sometimes deprives us of them for a season; to bring us back to dependence upon Him. We do not need prayer less because of our augmented privileges, but far more; responsibility increases with every such additional favor, and how can we meet that in our

own strength? No, our necessities must always be supplied from his fullness, and our opportunities profit us only as they draw us nearer to Him. So may you, dear, find it, and as you receive, put out to interest; let every fresh talent yield another at least—as you learn, apply and practice—this will be the best proof of gratitude to your Instructor, and to Him who gave him to you. We are bound for heaven, and we must take with us every creature whom we can reach, nor must we rest while one to whom our influence extends is bound to a different clime. May the thought of the value of an immortal soul, and the shortness of time, stimulate us to watchfulness and prayer, that we may leave no effort untried to win sinners to Christ; may we be so sanctified by the indwelling of the Spirit of God, that no stumbling-block may exist in us; but may our Christian character be so eminently like Christ, that we may glorify and exalt Him who made us, and remoulded us, after that likeness.

“I love appointments at the Throne of grace; half past eight is my time for evening retirement when here, and when evening engagements do not interpose, at Surrey too. Often there, however, I am compelled to defer the sacred hour of devotion till after supper; but it is always painful to me. I hope, however, to meet my dear friend in spirit then, where we may pour out our souls before Him; and where our poor prayers may find acceptance through the merits of our Great Intercessor, who ‘ever liveth to make intercession for us.’ We are expelled from Surrey for a season, and have found a very agreeable dwelling at Clay Hill; but I feel out of my element, and long to return. I trust the retirement of this sweet place will be beneficial both to my dearest husband and myself. Pray much for

us, dear, that the beloved flock may be benefited by our tarrying here. I have a little oratory in the garden, to which I love to retire—there I find a mercy-seat; and it is sweet to ‘come boldly,’ there. I hope every cloud has long since been dispersed from your mind, and that your faith can cleave to Christ.

“Believe me, my sweet friend,

“Ever yours most affectionately,

“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

The school-room adjoining Surrey Chapel, in which the first Sunday-School in London was established by Mr. Hill, had long been found inconveniently small. More children than could be accommodated were willing to receive instruction on the Sabbath, and the congregation required more commodious rooms for its devotional meetings, and for carrying on with effect its various institutions. In the year 1840, the sum of £3,500 was expended in general repairs and improvements of the Chapel, and in erecting suitable school and class-rooms. In the effort to raise this large sum, Mrs. Sherman took the deepest interest. She arranged and superintended a sale of useful and fancy work, on the opening day. Assisted by a committee of ladies, it was conducted with spirit and piety, and became a focus of love and liberality. The following note, one of many she wrote for this occasion, will show how wisely and graciously she made temporal transactions vehicles of religious instruction:—

“*February, 27th, 1841.*

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“Will you share in the pleasures and labors of our anticipated sale, and oblige me by taking a stall

with a companion of your own selection—*female*, of course? Will you also strive to gain purchasers by persuading every one to visit us and buy? Will you let me know your arrangements before next Friday, as I wish to present a correct list to the Committee, of the ladies who sell.

“There is one thing which God tells us to buy, and never to sell, ‘Buy the truth, and sell it not.’ If you part with it, nothing can be its equivalent. Secure that, whatever you lose, and may that truth be so ‘hid’ in your heart that you ‘may not sin against’ Him who gave it. May you habitually find the Savior’s prayer answered, ‘Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.’ Then will every energy of your mind be exerted in the service of your God, and it shall be your joy to see many brought to Him through your instrumentality. These are days which call for eminent piety and eminent usefulness—indeed, they usually are combined. May they be so in your experience, and your daily conduct and spirit prove, that you live to Him ‘who loved you, and gave himself for you.’ ”

By the exertions of herself, and of those associated with her, above £400 were raised at this sale, and they had the pleasure of seeing the noble building fully and almost daily occupied, and the entire amount of cost for its construction raised and paid within twelve months.

CHAPTER V.

FORMATION OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS, AND BIRTH
OF A DAUGHTER.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the formation of her Sabbath-Class, Mrs. Sherman commenced a Maternal Association, composed of mothers, whose education, piety, and station, gave them influence in the church and congregation. As these societies are much misunderstood, the following paper, drawn up, it is presumed, by Mrs. Sherman, will show their object and the duties of the members.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SURREY CHAPEL MATERNAL
ASSOCIATION, ADOPTED JANUARY 2ND, 1837.

“Deeply impressed with the great importance of bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we agree to associate for the purpose of devising and adopting such measures as may be best calculated to assist us in the right performance of this duty.

“With a view to this object we engage to observe the following rules:—

“1. This Association shall meet on the Monday succeeding the sacrament, at 12 o'clock.

“2. Every meeting shall be opened and closed with prayer.

“3. The time allotted for our meetings shall be spent in reading such works as relate to the great object for which we are associated, in conversation and prayer for a divine blessing on our efforts for

the immediate conversion of our children, and that God would glorify himself by rendering them eminently useful in his church.

“4. At the half-yearly meetings on the second Monday in January and July, the members shall be allowed to bring to the place of meeting such of their children as they shall deem proper. At these meetings the exercises shall be of such a nature as may be best calculated, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to instruct the minds and impress the feelings of the children that attend.

“5. Every member of this association shall consider herself as sacredly bound to pray daily for her children, and with them, if practicable, to accompany her prayers by reading the Scriptures, urging them to the duty of immediate repentance, and an unreserved consecration of themselves to the Lord.

“6. It shall be the indispensable duty of every member to qualify herself by prayer, by reading, and by all other appropriate means, for performing the arduous duties of a Christian mother, and to suggest to her sister members such hints as her own experience may furnish or circumstances render necessary.

“7. Every member shall consider herself obligated, by her baptismal covenant, in behalf of her children, prayerfully and perseveringly to restrain them from every course that would naturally lead to pride, vanity, or worldly-mindedness; and shall look upon herself as renewing this covenant at every meeting of the association.

“8. When any member is removed by death, it shall be the duty of the association to pay as particular attention to her children, in furnishing them with religious books, bringing them to the quar-

terly meetings, &c., as circumstances may render proper.

“9. A superintendent shall be appointed by the association to take a general supervision of its concerns, and to preside at the monthly meetings; also a secretary, whose duty it shall be to keep the minutes, and a register of the names of the mothers and their children; to make such selections for reading, and bring forward such subjects for conversation, as may be best calculated to excite the members to a faithful discharge of their arduous duties, and at each meeting to read aloud the record of the preceding one.

“10. The day of the half-yearly meeting shall be spent in prayer by the mothers on their own account, and in behalf of the children of the association.

“11. Any article or articles of this constitution may be amended by a majority of the members present at any annual meeting.

“12. Any mother who is prepared to subscribe to these articles may become a member, by sending her name, and those of all her children, to the recording secretary, and so continue until she unites with some other association, or withdraws her name from the register; and a member may be allowed to introduce a friend, who is a mother, to the meetings.

“It is recommended to every member to spend the anniversary of the birth of each of her children in fasting and prayer with that child. May He who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, ever preside in our meetings, and grant unto each of us a teachable, affectionate, and humble temper, that no root of bitterness spring up to prevent our improvement, or interrupt our devotions. ‘The promise is

to us and our children.'—Acts ii. 39. We have publicly given up our children to God; his Holy Name has been pronounced over them; let us see to it, that we do not cause this sacred name to be treated with contempt. May Christ put his own Spirit within us, so that our children may never have occasion to say, 'What do ye more than others?' It is recommended also, that those under our care, and in our employment, be particularly remembered at the Throne of Grace, at our meetings and in our closets."

An event of peculiar interest to herself and family took place in June, 1838—she became a mother. Besides those to whom she had so faithfully and lovingly sustained the maternal relation, she had now a child of her own, and with it all those peculiar feelings and cares which an infant brings; and if maternal associations appeared to have great advantage before, they would not be lessened when she could present among her coadjutors her own offspring, as an offering to the Lord.

Every one might suppose that pious mothers would instantly respond to such a meeting as that proposed, and that in a large church the difficulty would be to regulate the numbers willing to attend; no one would calculate on a refusal from any spiritual mind, where circumstances permitted the mother to enjoy the privilege; but alas! those who take the lead in inducing others to seek for spiritual blessings, will often be disappointed by the frivolous excuses which are made, and the difficulties which are invented. They must be content to begin with few, and pray and strive till others, from shame or conviction, unite with them.

The following letter, one out of many which she wrote at the same time, will exhibit the intense

anxiety Mrs. Sherman felt, that all the mothers in the church, especially such as had influence, should in their meetings strive together for those spiritual blessings, and that domestic bliss, which would make their families the garden of the Lord.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“As I find our Secretary, Mrs. Field, will not have returned by Monday, I think it will be better to defer the anticipated prayer-meeting until after our Maternal Association. My heart is much cast down to see the want of interest generally, in our little meeting. If we desire our families to grow up to labor for Christ, we must avail ourselves of every means to secure the blessing while they are young; and while I supremely desire to see multitudes of those dear laborers teeming forth from the numerous families attending Surrey, I can scarcely expect the blessing, while so little concern is manifested for an association which has this special object in view. Will my dear friend aid me by her special remembrance of it in her closet, and by striving to bring mothers to the meeting. We must not remain in our present lifeless state; there must be a revival, and I look to the very few who really feel the importance of these meetings, to seek it from His influence, which first ‘moved on the face of the waters,’ and brought light out of darkness. If the majority of mothers in the congregation think lightly of combined prayer, let us seek the blessing for them, nor rest till every family among us is consecrated to the work of the Lord, and rising up to fill our places in the church. I must see them thus consecrated, and therefore would implore that this blessing may be sought for all, by the praying few. Try to induce those to attend

over whom you have any influence, and you may be thus bringing blessings on many, and glorifying your heavenly Father, while you rejoice the heart of

“Your affectionate friend,

“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

“*Surrey Parsonage*, Sept. 23d, 1838.”

The difficulties, however, did not end in procuring the attendance of the mothers, for when they came, only a few could be prevailed upon to take part in the devotional exercises or conversation; and thus the chief burden was often thrown on the mind of the president, already too heavily pressed with anxiety for their welfare. Let her speak for herself.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . “The address to children, which Mr. Sherman delivered this morning, from Luke ii. 51, was very simple and practical. May a blessing indeed be given. Our last Maternal meeting disappointed me, as it was a subject requiring conversation; few works appear to me to touch that very important and common sin, equivocation; the ladies who usually speak (but few, alas!) were absent from London; and, with immense persuasion, Mrs. ——— concluded, by presenting our case to God. When I commenced in prayer, I was so excited by the prospect of no assistance, that it was a very distressing effort to myself, and must have been very unprofitable to others. However, Mrs. ——— engaged with so much propriety, that I hope I was forgotten, though I trust the few blessings I sought were not. I deeply lament the prevailing deficiency among us, and I really feel surprised that persons so capable as Mrs. ———, of whom there are. I

doubt not, many, do not see it a duty to help me, in this important engagement. I feel assured that this gift is not mine; but I think myself extremely culpable, that in the situation I occupy I do not try my best cheerfully, for example's sake. Ah! when the love of Christ, and the glory and honor of God, shall fill the soul, it will not be thus; and I am looking for this sweet evidence of growth in grace in myself, that whatever God brings before me as a duty, I shall undertake unhesitatingly, in dependence upon, and confident expectation of, his promised assistance. Sometimes I can do so; still, nothing but an habitual acting of obedience to the first indication of my Father's will, can satisfy me. How delightful it is to anticipate a state of perfect holiness, when, like the angel flying with the everlasting gospel, we too shall haste to fulfill his sweet commands. I never muse on the happy spirits in heaven, winging their way on various commissions, without panting almost for emancipation from the fetters of clay, and their attendant sin, and thinking when these are removed, I will try to exceed them in swiftness and in love; in the latter, surely the redeemed spirit must exceed; angels know comparatively little of the debt of love to Jesus. He preserved them in holiness; but to have lost holiness, heaven, and happiness, and to have them restored! Oh! how overpowering to think of it! But I must not trust myself on so dear a theme: we are one in heart here; may we be one with Christ and each other in yon bright world!

“Believe me, my very dear friend,

“Your ever affectionate and obliged friend,

“M. SHERMAN.”

“*July 14th, 1840.*”

Dear, indeed to every member of that association, was the subject of this Memoir. Her gentle rule, and willingness to take the lowest place, that all might be benefited—her graceful method of checking any thing irregular—and her humble, affectionate demeanor, gave her an influence which every heart felt, while her preparatory reading contributed to render the meetings profitable to all. What blessings those associations have conferred, can never be known till the secrets of life are published ; but it must be acknowledged, that among all the schemes which the Christian church has proposed, in order to augment the piety of its members, none are more efficient than those which aim to sanctify and direct the influence of mothers, for on their temper and habits depend principally the happiness of domestic life. The chief place in the training of children is necessarily given to the mother : how important then must it be to keep alive a sense of her responsibility, and to inform her mind on her duties, and the best method of performing them, which mutual reading, experience and conference suggest. Ah ! ‘the day will declare,’ that many families have been blessed with more comfort, and many children have had more prayer offered up for their eternal interests, and more care in their training, in consequence of these assemblies ! But if no results of the kind were to ensue, the peace of the mother’s own soul, and the mutual love and interest excited in meeting to pray for each other’s families, and learn the way to make them more happy, would be an ample reward for thus employing an occasional hour.

Mothers who have to gain their bread by labor, whose education has been deficient, or who have not been accustomed to attend worship, are a class which

should excite our liveliest sympathy. The chief difficulty consists in getting them to take sufficient interest in a meeting, where nothing but their moral and spiritual good is designed, and to attend it regularly. Yet perseverance will do wonders, and kindness is never ultimately thrown away upon the poor. They were not forgotten by Mrs. Sherman. She formed another association, consisting of the poor mothers of the congregation, and all whom they were disposed to bring with them; this might be called her favorite institution, for which she prepared with great delight. While they treated their president with great respect and affection, there was less reserve than etiquette imposes on a higher class of society, more freedom of conversation, and, consequently, more knowledge of the good effected. Often has she returned to her husband after meeting these poor mothers, with a countenance beaming with joy at the interesting communications they made—the simple and fervent prayers they offered, and the evident benefit their families derived from these conversational exercises. These good effects were soon visible among them; some of the roughest specimens of human nature became gentle as lambs, and the energy of their disposition was directed to the noblest end of life; others, naturally timid, were strengthened to serve God without fear—in several of their houses family prayer was adopted, and in not a few instances the conversion of the attending mother followed. Oh, it would have cheered any spirit to see her who went forth weeping, reaping her sheaves, receiving wages, and gathering fruit to life eternal.

In consequence of the success attending the effort among the poor at Surrey Chapel, she endeavored to interest several ladies to form and preside over

associations in connection with each of the Sabbath-Schools belonging to the congregation, and obtained their consent, at least, to make the effort. In order to awaken attention to the subject, she wrote an address, and enclosed it in the following note to a friend, which explains its origin and exhibits the spirit in which it was penned :

“ Surrey Parsonage, July 27th, 1841.

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“ One of the mothers of my Maternal replied to my remark the other day—I should never be satisfied till every mother in Surrey Chapel attended a Maternal Association—that she was sure they would if I sent them an invitation, and circulated it among the poor only of the congregation. Believing that, however unequal I feel to any proposed plan for benefiting others, my duty is not to let it go unheeded on that ground, but rather, like Hezekiah, to ‘spread it before the Lord,’ and expect strength if it be His will that it be attempted ; I have, with much fear and trembling, penned this little address, and solicit your candid opinion whether you think, if given to those who do attend to distribute among the non-attendants in their neighborhoods, any one mother would be likely to accept the invitation ? It is such a miserable thing that I have not had courage to submit it to you, but my dear husband wished it printed, at least, for my own Maternal to distribute ; but though I do not fear the criticism of the poor, I am afraid to encounter that of the ladies who conduct Maternals among us, and who, in receiving it for their poor to circulate, would be likely to read it themselves. Therefore, I have two requests to make—one, that you will, with Christian candor and friendship, tell me whether you

think it would answer the purpose or be suitable; and supposing so improbable a thing, how can it best be distributed? I really blush to lay it before you, but I have such confidence in your kindness that I feel I ought to submit it fearlessly, and expect an honest reply. My opinion is, that it is wholly inefficient, tame, and spiritless. Shall you be here on Friday morning? If so, let me have the privilege of speaking to you, and believe me,

“My very dear friend,

“Yours most affectionately,

“M. SHERMAN.”

It need not be told that her friend's judgment approved both of the effort and the production, and encouraged her timid mind to send it forth in hope.

TO THE MOTHERS ATTENDING AT SURREY CHAPEL.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,

“The great design of God in all his dispensations, is the happiness of his creatures: and the great business of the immortal beings, whom he has ‘created for his glory,’ is to promote that design in the world, and to follow the path which Christ trod when he assumed our nature, that he might accomplish our redemption.

“Our all-wise Creator has implanted in every mind a desire for its own happiness, and that of those whom it loves; and though the degree of that happiness in a great measure depends on the character of the mind in which it is seated, much depends also on the outward circumstances of life, and on those little things which we are apt to overlook as having *no* influence either for good or evil. But experience and observation teach us that the great events of life are made up of small and com-

paratively trivial ones: and the tendency of the greater is determined by the direction given to the smaller.

“The anxious desire of a wife and mother, is to see the circle, of which she forms the influential centre, happy, prosperous and useful; and when her wishes have been mournfully disappointed, and she finds herself surrounded with discontent, discord, and many other evil dispositions, how often has conscience told her, that *her neglect* to check the *first* dissension with her husband, and to seek his comfort by the removal of the occasions of complaint; *her neglect* to check the rising corruptions in the *infant* minds of her children, and to lead them habitually, by example and effort, to the only true source of peace; nor less *her neglect* to watch over her *own* spirit and temper, have brought these evils into the family, which, but for *neglect*, might have been a happy one.

“The origin of half these sorrows is inconsideration. Among the large class of those who literally eat their bread by the sweat of their brow, little time can be spared for reading and reflection. To meet this difficulty, Societies have been formed for reading and conversation on the subject of maternal responsibility, and for prayer: and as many mothers have never devoted one quarter of an hour to serious and prayerful enquiry, ‘How shall I make home the happy place it was designed to be? How shall I train my children to be blessings to their family and the world, and to be heirs of the heavenly inheritance?’ the employment of one leisure hour once a fortnight in conversation on the subject, and in endeavoring to discover the right means to the desired end, has been found by many mothers the source of great benefit, both to themselves and their

families; they have been led to the fountain of strength and wisdom for direction in their varied difficulties, and to their sympathizing Friend, who has said, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.'

"These meetings are designed by no means to draw mothers *from home*, but to make that home an object of more intelligent interest; and to prevent the temptation to *waste* time in complaining of domestic trials, by employing it in the effort to remove them by the aid of that Divine Spirit whose influence must bless as well as direct every plan.

"Several of these associations have been formed in connection with the Sabbath-Schools at Surrey Chapel. I now affectionately invite the attendance of every mother in the congregation at that one which is situated nearest to her own abode. And I would urge *regular* and punctual attendance, as much of the interest of the meetings will otherwise be lost. A little previous thought and arrangement will prevent serious inconvenience in leaving home for so short a time as one hour and a half: and the advantages to those who attend with a determination, as God shall help them, to *practice* as well as hear, will far outweigh the trifling personal sacrifice it may demand.

"Mothers, the precious souls of your beloved children are committed to your care, by Him who formed them for a *happy* immortality; the influence of your example they feel in every transaction of the day; your rule of action will be theirs; the end you keep in view will, more or less, be theirs. Shall *this* world engage their minds and yours, while *heaven* is offered, and the 'way of holiness,' which leads to it, is pointed out to you in the 'Word of Truth,' the 'Gospel of your salvation?' Shall the

blood-bought soul seek the gratification of *self* as the great end of life, when the glory of God, and the service of its Redeemer, are designed to occupy its powers and its affections? Will you be satisfied to *hear* of the happiness of the spirits which surround the throne, but never aspire to join the glorious company of the redeemed with every member of your family? I invite you to join the little band of mothers, who are resolved to seek union with that blest circle in heaven; and therefore bend their steps wherever they may obtain assistance in their way thither.

“The sacred volume abounds with encouragements and promises to praying mothers, and to those I urge your attention. ‘Come with us and we will do you good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel?’

“That every parent and child in this great congregation may find these ‘precious promises’ fulfilled to them, is the earnest prayer of

“Your affectionate friend,

“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

“*Surrey Parsonage, July 1st, 1841.*”

This address was accompanied with the following rules, less elaborate than those adopted by the Ladies’ Association, and better adapted to the persons to whom it was addressed.

“RULES FOR THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS IN CONNECTION WITH THE SURREY CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

“The object of these associations is the promotion of individual and domestic piety, by endeavoring to awaken in the consciences of its members a deeper sense of their responsibility as mothers, and

the great importance both by precept and example of training up their children in the way they should go. To accomplish these purposes, it is resolved :

“I. That these associations shall meet once a month, or oftener, as circumstances may allow, at the hours appointed by the directress of the meeting.

“II. Every meeting shall be opened and closed with prayer.

“III. The time allotted for the meetings shall be spent in conversation, and in reading the Scriptures and other books of suitable instruction, on subjects that may be considered best calculated to improve the minds of mothers in the Scriptural method of governing their children, and the most effectual means of sustaining order and harmony in their families.

“IV. That one or more superintendents shall conduct the meetings, and endeavor to keep up the interest of them by affectionate and urgent appeals to the hearts of mothers in the exercise of their parental duties.

“Every mother, by uniting herself with the Association, pledges herself—

“1. To seek the possession of personal piety as her great aim.

“2. To seek diligently the conversion of her children as a promised blessing; to pray with and for them, and to avail herself of every means in her power to assist her in the discharge of her important duties.

“3. To observe sacredly the Sabbath-day, and endeavor to follow up the instructions of the Sabbath-School.

“4. To make the Bible her personal and family guide; to maintain secret, and, if possible, family prayer.

“5. To bear on her heart in prayer the mothers and children of the association of which she is a member.

“6. To make no mention to her neighbors or others of family concerns or failings. If, however, she be in circumstances of trial or difficulty, requiring counsel and prayer, she may communicate privately to the president, who will feel it her privilege to be at all times her friend. At the meetings of mothers the remarks of each should be addressed to the president, that all may hear and confusion be avoided.

“At the half-yearly meetings in January and July, the members of the association are expected to bring to the place of meeting such of their children as they shall deem proper. At these meetings an address is given to the children by a minister. It is recommended to every member to be a lover of home, to leave it only when duty requires, and to avoid every thing which may interfere with domestic order and harmony—to maintain to the utmost of her power punctuality in every engagement, and to observe strict attention to cleanliness, both in her person and her house; thereby rendering her home comfortable and inviting to her husband: to enforce by gentle firmness uniform obedience from her children; to avoid all harshness and violence in the management of them, and to exhibit to her family an example of all she wishes them to be.”

When absent from home, through ill health or the claims of parental love, her practice was frequently to write a letter addressed to the poor mothers, which might be read at their assemblies. Several of those epistles became instruments of usefulness, stirring them up to devotedness to Christ,

punctuality in their attendance, and greater watchfulness over their families. Many speak to this day of the joy that was diffused, from the evidence they afforded of the sympathy and piety of their president's heart; and one of the mothers attributes her conversion to the impression produced by a letter from Mrs. Sherman, which was read at one of their meetings. The following is a specimen of this kind of correspondence, and will show how intensely she thirsted after their temporal and spiritual interests.

“St. Boniface Hotel, Ventnor, Feb. 23, 1846.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,

“I received your very kind and sympathizing letter with much pleasure, and the gratification I experienced in shaking hands with you, so immediately before my removal from my beloved home, has left a most cheering impression on my mind; one thing which pleased me in doing so was, that you might see for yourselves that I was not in so sad a condition as some anxious minds have imagined. I trust by thus promptly using decided measures, it may be my privilege soon to return to you, in health and comparative strength. The little meetings with you, though marked on my part with great weakness and insufficiency, have always proved refreshing to my own mind, and I am anxious to induce the healthy ones here to seek the formation of such an association. I have not strength, personally, to form one, but I will try to influence others to do what they can: I know you would gladly second such a resolution. I think of you all with increased interest, now that I have drank more deeply of the cup of sorrow: this heart has experienced pangs to which it was an utter

stranger before, and so I have been taught more keenly to feel for those who are called to drink, if not the same, yet as bitter a cup, and much more bitter too ; but there are sweet promises to such, which not even the Christian can prize till he is in circumstances of trial ; and there are consolations and discoveries of the Divine character in affliction which are found only then. It is when thus exercised and tried, that we realize that God is dealing with us. When our path is not to be distinguished from that of the mass around us, we cannot see that our Father is taking special interest in us. The child that plays from morning to night, that does any rude thing it chooses—even if by no means a rebellious or wicked child, yet, if it meet with no effort to regulate the right employment of its time—no check to rudeness—no impediment to its self-pleasing—the inference is, that the parent takes no interest in that child, and eventually it must suffer for the want of necessary guidance and restraint. The child that is of an age to reflect, will regard parental discipline as an evidence of love, when properly administered, and not under the influence of a disposition as evil as that which it professes to correct, and we have only to compare our heavenly Father's discipline and regulation of his family, with that of a well-ordered household, to see indeed a most humbling contrast, but, at the same time, to find many a mysterious point made clear—and who would not welcome his all-wise discipline ?

“But each of us has her little vexing trials, such as we cannot talk about, and if we are not watchful, these, which I think are the most calculated, when rightly viewed, to prove choice blessings, will miss their design, just because we think them too small to spread before God, and to seek to derive

from them a sanctifying influence. Our Christian character is far more tried and strengthened by these little things, and the opportunities of glorifying God under them, are much greater than in our larger trials, which we *must* bring before God. More graces are proved, a greater variety and number of means for purifying are being exercised, in those every day circumstances which too often try the temper, conceal Christ's image, hide God's smile, and embitter every thing around. The very things of which you are ready to say, 'but for these things I should be a happy woman,' are expressly designed by your heavenly Father for your special happiness, by correcting in you those numberless evils which prevent real and abiding happiness. Let it be more our prayerful aim to see and regard God's all-wise hand in our daily circumstances; and though they may be things which He does not approve, let us remember that all hearts and events are under his control. He permits them for your sanctification, to draw you out of yourself, to more simple dependence on his strength, to gain from them the exercise of those graces which his Spirit has sown in your hearts. But there are some dear mothers among us, who dare not believe they belong to the family with which God their Father is taking so much pains; their vexations are seen only as such, and they know no sympathizing heart. My dear friends—who made us to differ? did our superiority to you, or our natural excellence bring us there? Never—his boundless pity and grace gave his Son for our salvation and yours—He offered forgiveness, eternal life, and admission into his family to us, and He inclined us to accept these blessings. We would tell you what 'a dear Savior we have found,' and we entreat you to seek Him

too—we came empty, so must you—we had nothing but our guilt and misery to bring Him, nor have you—He came to seek and to save that which was lost—we were lost and so are you. We are saved by grace and so may you be. Come now, before you return to your home, lest its temptations crush the desires that may be rising in your minds. Come, and entreat God to extend to you for Jesus' sake, the mercy we have found, and to make your whole heart open to receive Him, as your Savior, your Friend, and your King; then all things must work together for your good, however painful, for he says they shall. The bitter cup shall be sweet, life with all its trials, a blessing—and death, eternal gain. May we be one unbroken circle in heaven, and together review the way He has led us, and rejoice and triumph in his love.

“ Believe me, ever your affectionate,

“ Friend and sister in Christ,

“ MARTHA SHERMAN.”

Several of these associations were formed under pleasing hopes and promises of advantage to the poor; but the removal of their leaders from the field of labor, in some cases by death, in some by change of residence, and in others by affliction, caused a few of them to be abandoned; in one instance, after every effort had been made, the poor mothers could not be prevailed upon to attend more than two or three meetings, when they found that no temporal gain was attached to the service. Some of them, however, continue to this day, the little centres of piety and domestic instruction, blessing the attendants, and conveying blessings to all whom they influence.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO AUSTRIA.

IN the spring of 1842 Mrs. Sherman's useful engagements were interrupted by an unforeseen and afflictive dispensation. The incessant labors during the previous five years, which the congregation at Surrey Chapel, and the cause of God generally, had required from her husband, began to affect his health: the organs of speech became greatly enfeebled, and the physicians who were consulted, predicted that unless he submitted immediately to entire cessation from all pulpit exercises, for at least six months, and resided in purer air, it was not improbable he would have to abandon the ministry altogether. With such an alternative, submission became duty—and, when faith was active, pleasure. To ensure freedom from temptation to preach, and to occupy an active mind with new scenes, a tour on the Continent was advised. The plan of curing diseases by the application of water only, as practiced by M. Priesnitz, at Gräfenberg, was at this time the subject of popular discussion in England, and obtained many votaries. The work published by Mr. Claridge, after a recent residence at the establishment of M. Priesnitz, fell into Mrs. Sherman's hands, which greatly interested herself and her husband in the remedy, and determined a residence at Gräfenberg, for a few months, to try its effects on the pastor's throat and chest. In order to accelerate the cure, and minister comfort to

the invalid, the society of his wife and afflicted child were deemed indispensable. The congregation deeply sympathized with this arrangement, and liberally engaged to provide for the pulpit, during this long intermission of pastoral superintendence.

The following detail of the journey is supplied from a journal Mrs. Sherman kept during the tour, from letters to relatives and friends while absent from England, and from notes by another hand, to which she occasionally refers. As the letters were written to various individuals, and often contained similar references to places and events, only extracts which supplied the requisite information have been taken, and thus a continuous narrative is presented, and all expletive matter omitted.

March 18th, 1842.—"At a quarter before twelve we left our beloved home, in company with dear Mary and Mr. C. Burls, for the steamer, which was to start for Ostend at four in the morning. The deep silence on the water, as we proceeded in the little boat to the steamer, and the soft beams of the moon, which had not long risen, gave a solemnity to the scene not easily forgotten. The excitement of the morning, when we bade farewell to the affectionate, prayerful hearts at Surrey, was exchanged for a solemn, quiet repose, which was most refreshing; and the mind seemed to rest upon one assurance of the Hearer of prayer—"certainly I will be with thee." The passengers were in their berths, and the captain and a few men sat smoking around the cabin fire, quite unconscious of the feelings which were strongly exerting themselves in the minds of the party who had just disturbed them; still less of the excitement which had preceded their arrival. Little did the captain imagine that many hundreds of prayers, perhaps thousands,

had been offered, that the voyage might be a prosperous one ! Those prayers were heard, and many circumstances combined to render it, in the hands of a covenant God, most pleasant and delightful. A snow-storm made us welcome the cabin, and at last our berths, as the rolling of the vessel assured us we were not on *terra firma*. We arrived at Ostend two hours sooner than the usual time, and proceeded to an English hotel, where an American combined the offices of master, commissioner, waiter and cheat ; for we discovered, when we had left Ostend, that he had taken great advantage of us in various ways. The Sabbath was spent very differently from our ordinary Sabbaths ;—we were pleased to find English preaching in the Protestant church. Mr. J. preached an evangelical, though almost Puseyite sermon, on ‘I must by all means go up unto this feast.’ The captain and stewardess were among the few hearers.”

21st.—“We took the railway to Brussels, and had excellent rooms in the Hotel de France, but the charges were immoderate. An opportunity was afforded of converse with our excellent friend, the Rev. S. Boucher, who has succeeded, amidst the carelessness of Protestants, and the opposition of Papists, to establish an evangelical church in priest-ridden Brussels—he cheered us with hope of the conversion of many souls. God give him ample success ! Brussels has above 100,000 inhabitants, principally Roman Catholics ; what a field for pious exertion—especially as government imposes no restrictions on the places or the mode of worship. The park has some excellent avenues of trees, and is adorned with statues, but is too formal, and wants the freedom and elegance of our English parks. We went over the king’s palace, but with the ex-

ception of costly furniture, and one beautiful portrait by Vandyke, (the Chapeau de Velours,) it has but few attractions. The palace of the Prince of Orange is a very handsome building, and its collection of pictures very choice—some of them had been removed by the Prince, but enough remained to render it a pleasing and improving exhibition. It has inlaid and polished floors, over which we were obliged to skate in carpet slippers, and were rather unceremoniously hurried through the rooms by the major domo. The unfortunate Prince of Orange only inhabited this palace about a year before the revolution of 1830. The Hotel de Ville is the most superb of all the municipal palaces we saw in the Netherlands; its beautiful tower of gothic open work commands a view of the field of Waterloo, about ten miles distant; from it we could discern the colossal lion in the centre. The cathedral church of St. Gudule is very handsome, and remarkable for exquisitely painted glass windows, supposed by judges of the art to be the first in existence. The pulpit is a masterpiece of carving, representing the angel turning our first parents out of Paradise, and is well worth a visit."

23rd.—"We started by railroad for Liége, and the next morning, before breakfast, visited the Church of St. Jaques, where a great number of apparently devout worshipers were assembled, more, I fear, than could be collected to an ordinary Protestant service in England at so early an hour. The church, as a building, is filled with the elegancies of architecture. About noon we secured the coupé in the diligence, and passed through beautiful scenery, along a lovely valley, and by the side of the river Vesdre. We entered a bookseller's shop (M. Kolmer's) to buy a map, and found him a very

interesting man, who spoke English, and kindly sent one of his shopmen through the town with us, to all the principal places worth visiting. Its warm springs were a great attraction to the Romans, and no less so to the modern Germans. In its Cathedral Charlemagne was interred; the vault was opened by Otho, in 997, and the body was found, not reclining, but seated on a throne, with a crown on his fleshless brow, kingly robes covering his skeleton, a sceptre in his hand, a copy of the gospels on his knees, and a pilgrim's pouch fastened to his girdle; these relics were removed to Vienna, except the throne in which he was seated, which resembles an arm-chair. What a humiliating picture of human dignity! Late in the evening we arrived at Cologne, which is a dirty place, with no exterior attractions except the Rhine. Its churches, however, are fine buildings, and its unfinished Cathedral splendid. There are some ridiculous paintings in the Museum on the Last Judgment; the invention of the painter has turned the most awful subject into a grotesque exhibition. The original design of the Cathedral, if completed, would have been a stupendous monument of genius and art; but the choir only is finished, and its beauty and magnificence must be seen to be appreciated. Hope says—'internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully colored windows, it resembles a splendid vision.' The treasures of the tomb of the three kings of Cologne, or magi, who came from the east to visit the infant Savior, though greatly diminished from their original value, are still said to be worth nearly £250,000; if they are equal to half the amount, it is a pity such a mass of useless property should remain to support a falsehood. The

skulls of these kings are shown through an opening in the shrine, and their names, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazer, are studded with rubies; crowns of silver-gilt, ornamented with real jewels, adorn these death's heads, and a more ghastly sight cannot be conceived. The tower has not advanced to a third of the height originally intended—the crane of the workmen has remained at the top some hundred years, and seems to intimate that the present generation intend to finish it. The king of Prussia has spent many thousands on its restoration, and a general subscription is being raised throughout Germany for its completion.

“The famous painting by Rubens, of the Crucifixion of Peter, with his head downwards, is the altar-piece of the church which bears his name. Rubens considered this his masterpiece, but Sir Joshua Reynolds allows it only an inferior place among his works; it is by no means a pleasing picture. A wretched copy covers the original, which is only shown on Sundays and festivals, except for a fee of fifteen silver groschen to the sacristan.

“The church of St. Ursula has nothing remarkable in its architecture, but it is filled with the bones of St. Ursula and 11,000 virgins, who, with their leader, a British princess, were slaughtered at Cologne by the barbarian Huns, for refusing to break their vows of chastity. All round the interior of the building these hideous relics, in glass cases, meet the eye. The legend is, I presume, as much to be credited, as that the church possesses a vessel which contained the water that was turned into wine, and a link of the chain that was knocked off Peter by the angel! These pretended relics are shown for a fee by the Verger. The church of the Jesuits has a splendid altar-piece, and the whole

interior is richly gilt and overloaded with ornaments. The marble before the altar is beautifully carved, representing the ark, the mercy-seat, the manna, the grapes of Eshcol, &c. In no place is Eau de Cologne more necessary than in the city where it is manufactured: you need have it sprinkled on your clothes, and walk with a bottle of it in your hand, to counteract the offensive effluvia that every breath of air wafts through the streets.

26th.—“ We proceeded to Bonn ; the river winds so much from Cologne, that the distance by steamer between the towns is thirty miles, and by road only twelve. We determined, therefore, to follow the road, though the country is flat. With scarcely an interval it is one continued avenue of trees from Cologne to Bonn. We had anticipated the Sabbath with pleasure, as we heard that there was English service at the Protestant church ; but to our dismay we found it was only during the summer months. I preferred a quiet Sabbath in communion with my best Friend, to attending either the Protestant German preaching, or visiting the Catholic churches, though being Easter Sunday it was a high day. Dear husband attended with much interest the Protestant church ; he afterwards went to the vestry and spoke to the minister. He did not speak English, but sent for one of his hearers. a continental missionary, the Rev. Mr. Major, to interpret ; a happy circumstance, which introduced to us a most excellent man, with whom we took tea, and who gave us encouraging information of the progress of the gospel in Germany. I was exceedingly delighted with the pleasure and gratitude which the chambermaid manifested for a few German tracts which I gave her : she complained that

few persons regarded a servant's best interests at an hotel. God give the seed sown his blessing!

"The next morning Mr. Major, Lieutenant Bunsen and his brother, students at the University of Bonn, to whom we had introduction, through the Prussian ambassador in Brussels, breakfasted with us at the hotel, and strongly recommended Mr. Blockman's school, where they were educated, at Dresden, for our dear boy. They accompanied us to the steamer for Coblenz, and while expecting its arrival from Cologne, we remained in a sort of waiting-room, where the oddest group of persons was assembled; all respectable, in their own opinion, at least.

29th.—"For the first time, I found myself on that noble river the Rhine. Soon after we left Bonn, we came to the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains (as they are called) though they exceed that number; but the chief of the group are seven, each of which is crowned by a castle or hermit's cell. They are Stromberg, Niederstromberg, Oelberg, Wolkenberg, Drachenfels, Löwenberg, and Hemmerich, and form a grand commencement to the scenery as you ascend the river. In the castle which crowned the Löwenberg, Melancthon, and Bucer, spent some time with the Catholic Archbishop Herman Von Wied, who afterwards embraced the Protestant faith, and joined the ranks of the reformers. Here numerous castles, churches, oratories, and ruins, present themselves in all imaginable forms; teaching us the mutability of sublunary things. The miserable mud walled houses in the villages, had taken the place of the mansions of the great and noble. The castles, some of which were built by the Germans to defend them from the attacks of the French, had been blown up by them,

and now presented nothing but ruins, which add greatly to the romantic character of the scenery. Others were built by bands of robbers, who enforced a toll on every vessel that passed up or down the river. Strong armies have been defeated repeatedly, in their attempts to eject these nefarious inhabitants of the rocks; and the ruined turrets show the eventual success of these efforts to free the merchant from this unjust tax on his merchandise.

“At Roderberg, which we passed, is an extinct volcano; its crater is a quarter of a mile in diameter, and one hundred feet deep—corn now waves on it, and reminds one of the glorious change which grace makes in many souls, which once gave forth nothing but blasphemy and evil, but now bear fruit to God. Large quantities of lava, similar to that found at Vesuvius, are scattered around it. Adjoining this, is Rolandseck, a castle built by the nephew of Charlemagne, in order to command a view of the convent in which his betrothed bride was immured. That convent stood on an island in the middle of the river, and still bears the name of Nonnenwerth (Nun’s Island,) but it is now converted into an excellent hotel, and, though dispossessed of its nuns, remains in the condition in which they left it, their cells forming the bed-rooms of the visitors. Unkelstein is a hill composed of basaltic columns, similar to the Giant’s Causeway in Ireland, and formerly extended far into the bed of the river; but as large rafts of timber in the commencement of the winter, manned sometimes by 200 or 300 men, float down the Rhine, these rocks greatly impeded their progress, and the French blew them up. Happy had it been for the world, if gunpowder had never been used for a less injurious purpose.

“After visiting several villages and small towns

of no great note, but each having its local attraction and legend; we came to Andernach, the oldest city on the Rhine. Its ramparts, watch-towers, and church, demonstrate its antiquity; but it is miserably dirty and poor. The Jews are expelled from it—not a ready way to obtain a blessing on any place. The peasants, by forced labor, built the castle of Frederickstein, and have, in consequence, named it the Devil's House. O! that all the devil's houses were in like ruins.

“Neuwied is a settlement of the Moravians—a very flourishing little town, where Jews, Catholics and Protestants live harmoniously, without interference from the state. As far as my observation extends, religion flourishes best where governments let it alone. The church and schools of the Moravians are very interesting, especially the latter, where many English children are sent, and obtain a sound classical and religious education. Near this spot is the buried city of Victoria, the antiquities of which, collected in the palace, we much wished to see, but had not time.”

30th.—“Arrived at Coblenz, and occupied apartments in the Giant's Hotel, which commands a view of the extensive fortifications, Ehrenbreitstein, the mouth of the Moselle, the bridge of boats, and the splendid Rhine. We were recommended to go to another hotel, but its situation and accommodations can scarcely be improved. Coblenz is a lively city; its active commerce, its vicinity to Ems, and its situation in the centre of the chief spots of interest on the Rhine, will always command a large population and numerous visitors. Ehrenbreitstein is the Gibraltar of the Rhine, once the stronghold of the Electors of Treves; but after twenty years of labor, and immense cost to the

Prussians, (not less than five millions of dollars,) it is now rendered one of the most complete fortifications in Europe—capable of holding a garrison of 14,000 men, with magazines large enough to contain provisions for 8,000 men for ten years, and cisterns that hold a supply of water for three years, furnished by springs without the walls. If the same money and labor had been spent in Prussia, in spreading the gospel of peace, during the twenty years this fortress took in completion, what fruits might now have been reaped.

“We left Coblentz in the steamer, and proceeded to Mayence—the chief beauties of the Rhine now commence, and are unrivalled in their grandeur. The scenery loses its previous cheerful character, and assumes a sombre dignity, from the contracted gorges and gloomy shadows formed by the rocks and mountains, for many miles—while castles in ruins, on their summits, with all their historical associations, give a romance to the scene not easily described. The first of these is Stolzenfels, beautifully situated on an abutting rock, commanding views of the Rhine and the Lutra. A friend on board said that it had been, only a few years ago, offered for sale at seventy dollars, and a purchaser could not be found; but the town of Coblentz presented it to the Crown Prince of Prussia, who has expended considerable sums upon it, and intends to restore it to its original condition. It is a very picturesque object. An ancient church nearly opposite, has been reduced to a ruin through a law-suit about tithes, which lasted forty years. At Rhense a few walnut trees in a field, whose shade covers three stones, mark the spot where an octagon building stood, called the Königsstuhl, which had seven stone seats round its sides, and one in the centre for

the Emperor. Here the four Rhenish electors met, to elect and dethrone emperors, to levy war, or conclude treaties of peace; yet that which was once so important a spot to the destinies of many countries, is scarcely discernible amidst crops of potatoes. Marksburg is a castle on the summit of a conical rock, of very imposing exterior, and the only one on the Rhine uninjured. Its interior is equally interesting, for its awful Folterkammer, or chamber of torture—the rack on which its inmates were stretched, and the instruments used for strangling offenders. I felt a sad shudder as I viewed them, and traversed the narrow passages, and entered the dungeons which had once held the poor captives. God be thanked that the tyranny of that age has passed away, and the milder spirit of the gospel possesses the minds of those who exercise power.

“Boppard is an ancient town, once an imperial city, in which many Diets of the empire were held, but its streets are dirty, dark, and narrow, interesting only to the architect and antiquarian, and convey no idea of its ancient kingly dignity. More interesting and picturesque are the castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein, which crown the summits of a lofty rock, and seem to defy each other. Next appears the immense ruin of Rheinfels, the most extensive on the Rhine, and which must have cost a prodigious sum, even in those days of cheap labor. From this stronghold, Count Diethen could levy tribute on all vessels and merchandise passing it on the river; but when he attempted to raise the toll, the burghers of the adjoining towns, with an army, besieged the fortress for fifteen months in vain. Their want of success led to the confederacy of the Rhenish German States, whose numerous armies

succeeded in the thirteenth century in destroying that, and most of the surrounding robbers' nests. It was afterwards repaired, but the French blew it up in 1794. Near this spot is a whirlpool, which excited my fears a little; we discovered it by a circular current, which rapidly flowed near the centre of the river. Here the scenery became increasingly grand. Two small cannons were fired from the vessel opposite a tall cliff, called the Lurleiberg, which awoke an echo that repeated the sound fifteen times, and produced a singular and pleasing effect. After passing Oberwesel, Schonberg, Bacharach, Rheinstein, and the Mouse Tower, which Southey has celebrated by the tradition of Bishop Hatto, we came to Bingen, where we hoped to land and survey the scenery, which is said not to be surpassed by any on the river; but as we had one object in view—the restoration of health by a certain process, we passed on to our destination. The scenery on the Rhine at this part changes, and becomes flatter; yet it has its beauties, and we were much indebted for many of them, to the mountains which we had previously passed. So, many of our present earthly joys consist in retrospection—not so our heavenly joys—we are here anticipating them, and now and then have sweet little foretastes of our heavenly inheritance, where, as the mind expands with its increasing knowledge of God in his immediate presence, it is ever looking forward to more joys, by an increasing capacity for such pure enjoyments. A little shower, succeeded by a bright sunshine, presented to us the most splendid double rainbow I ever saw, reminding us that our distance from our highly privileged country, did not separate us from our covenant-keeping God. We trust He has made with us a better covenant than that

which He made with Noah, ordered in all things, and sure as that; but whose blessings extend beyond the little speck of time which earth affords.

“The vineyards on the Rhine are not so picturesque as I had fancied—the vines are short, and fastened to sticks, and look little better than our raspberry bushes; though this is not the season of the year to see them to advantage, yet even in their foliage and fruit, they can hardly be graceful. The terraces on which they grow are in many places formed of earth carried to the ridges of the rock, and secured in baskets, to prevent the soil being washed down the declivity by the rain. A succession of these terraces, in some situations ascending one above another to the height of 1000 feet, has a singular and not unpleasing appearance. The cost of cultivation, and the expense of the finest vines, astonished me, and, in my apprehension, justified our teetotalism.

“Although Mayence is a large and ancient city of about 32,000 inhabitants, and contains many objects of interest, especially its cathedral and public gardens, we determined to defer our inspection of it, and crossed by the bridge of boats, to go by railway for Frankfort, where we arrived about eight o’clock in the evening. The next day we examined this handsome and lively city, which pleased me more than any I had seen in Germany. Its buildings are lofty, and in the principal street and quays opposite the Maine, where its rich merchants and statesmen reside, are fit for princes. Baron Rothchild’s villa is near the Bockenheimer gate, and is most sumptuously fitted up. We joined a party to see the famous Golden Bull, by which the Emperor Charles IV., in 1356, regulated the number of electors, and their mode of voting in

the election of the German emperors. It is shown in the Election Chamber, at the Town-house called the Römer, but is hardly worth the extravagant fee of a ducat for the sight, except to an antiquarian. The exquisite statue of Ariadne, the boast of Frankfort, is an incomparable work of art; it is placed in a room in the garden of a private gentleman, and is readily shown to strangers. Selina and I went in with a party of ladies to see it. We spent the evening with dear Dr. Pinkerton and his family: we also met there the Rev. M. Bonet, the French pasteur—O how refreshing to find pious minds in a foreign clime, where we can converse on a land from which we shall never journey! The cathedral is not a very remarkable building, except for its antiquity, and for being the spot, at which before the altar, the German Emperors were crowned:—the wooden crown was suspended above his majesty, and let down by a pulley on his head—an awkward thing if the rope had broken.

“After spending a most happy morning at Dr. Pinkerton’s, in conversation chiefly with M. Bonet, we prepared for our departure to Leipsic. As it was the annual fair there, we were advised to take places in the public conveyance, (the Schnell-post,) and to travel over a distance of two hundred and fifteen miles without resting, as it would be difficult to get conveyances at this busy season. The clerk at the Post was most polite; assured us that he would secure places for us in the carriage which went through without changing, and that we should arrive at Leipsic early on Saturday evening. We comforted ourselves with hope of rest and shelter from the weather; but alas! we were disappointed in both. I had fallen asleep soon after I took my place, and the first object that attracted me when I

awoke, was a man in our carriage preparing to light his pipe. Dear husband immediately inquired whether such an act was permitted in the carriage; this inquiry I backed by the most imploring look—he took the hint, and, happily for us, avoided our forbidding company the rest of the journey. A very worthy German, speaking English, was our fellow-traveller; he taught me a few sentences in German. After the second stage, we were ordered out to change our carriage in the midst of rain and sleet. We were put into ‘a bye-carriage,’ with a leather curtain to screen us, but which proved insufficient to keep out the weather. The vehicle was changed, though not improved, at every stage throughout the journey, when we had also generally a different companion. A young student amused and delighted us with his attentions, purchasing violets, fruit, &c., and beguiling the time by the most ludicrous efforts to speak English. When I found that from the number of travellers, bad roads, and slow travelling, there was no hope of reaching Leipsic before the Sabbath afternoon, I could only pray that if there was one Christian in the large company of fellow-travellers, it might be our privilege to meet such an one in our next exchange of carriages. My heart glowed, when we started afresh after breakfast, to hear in broken English, from a most interesting looking Frenchman in our carriage, that the sudden illness of his father-in-law, with whom he started from Frankfort in his own carriage, but who was compelled to return, had rendered it necessary for him to travel on the Sabbath day. This was sufficient to prove to us that here was a mind which could at least in some degree sympathize with us. A few sentences showed, that the feeble prayer was not disregarded by Him who knows the heart, and

the pain we felt in spending in wearisome travelling the sacred day on which so many fellow-Christians were commemorating the dying love of their now glorified Redeemer. Happy they who can by faith feed on Him; who do not superstitiously mistake the emblem for the substance, and who exemplify by holiness and growth in grace, the likeness of their Lord; and thus prove that they have, indeed, eaten his flesh and drank his blood. The conversation of this dear fellow-pilgrim to the celestial paradise, was refreshing to our spirits as an ordinance of God; and I am sure, *He* who went with the disciples to Emmaus on the Sabbath-day, was present with us. The love of Christ flowed from his lips like a sweet stream, proving to us that he lived very near the fountain. Our mutual hopes and joys were exchanged to our individual comfort; and the sorrows of our journey were agreeably and unexpectedly turned into the choicest pleasures. How inexpressibly delightful is Christian converse with congenial minds! We separated with deep feeling, but with the full assurance of meeting before our Father's throne, and spending in heaven an eternal Sabbath, in the perpetual contemplation of those subjects which had mutually interested us on earth. We arrived at Leipsic in the afternoon, and after a little repose, spent the evening in quiet devotion, dear husband expounding Psal. xxxii.

“Mr. Sherman had promised a friend to call on Mr. B., but forgot to do so, and his omission did not occur to him till we were in the train from Leipsic to Dresden. When near the latter place a lady and gentleman entered the carriage; one sentence only had escaped the gentleman's lips, but being spoken in English justified my husband in inquiring, when we arrived at the terminus, which was the way to

our hotel. Some time afterward he mentioned his impression that this person was Mr. B. Singularly enough, he also wished to know who the English gentleman was who had spoken so kindly to him, and expressed his idea that it was Miss P.'s friend, Mr. Sherman, who, he had been told, was likely to pass through Dresden; on the strength of this supposition, he called at the hotel, and found that both impressions were correct. This interview gave my husband an opportunity to converse with him seriously on his eternal interests. Who can tell why this mutual conviction was permitted? Eternity will probably reveal that chance had nothing to do with it, but an overruling Providence. At Dresden we were most comfortably accommodated, in the hotel De Rom, and found one waiter speaking French, all besides were German.

“Our first business was to place our dear boy at school. We heard Mr. Blockman's praise sounded, and from the universal estimation of the school, we felt no hesitation in placing him there, especially as Dr. Trotman commended it to us for its religious training. During our brief stay here, we were introduced to a charming little circle of Christians, among whom were Lady Bethune, Baron Wirsing, Dr. Trotman, Miss Eule, and a few others. Lady B. seemed delighted to hold Christian communion with us, and related her brother's conversion with deep feeling. She took us to two parties, who meet as a little band at each other's houses once a week, to talk of their common hope, and to stir up the spark, which they think would soon perish without this solitary means of communion. These dear Christians gave us letters of introduction to others like themselves, who, in the absence of outward means, are drawn nearer to the great Source of

spiritual life and light. We spent one evening at the Baron's with much pleasure. Baptismal regeneration was there contended for; the opinion seems very general among the pious Germans, and these seem to be few indeed. The Lutheran preachers are little if any better than the Catholics; they are cold and formal in their profession, and very unlike the great Reformer, whose followers they profess to be.

“Dresden abounds in sights of extreme interest. The bridge is a fine structure over the Elbe—very strong, to resist the ice, which floats down in vast masses in the spring; it was built with money raised by the sale of dispensations from the Pope, for eating butter and eggs during Lent. The green vaults contain immense treasures; we went from apartment to apartment, perfectly bewildered with the enormous value and number of exquisitely beautiful objects—such as statues in bronze, carvings in ivory, florentine mosaics, engraved shells, cabinets of amber, chimney-pieces of Dresden china, gold plate, vessels formed of precious stones, carvings in wood, Nuremberg watches in the shape of eggs, of the date of 1500, regalia of the king of Poland, suits of the most costly jewels, and diamonds of the rarest value. Two cases of diamonds, &c., are of sufficient value to pay off the whole national debt of Saxony. The most remarkable precious stone is a green brilliant, weighing 160 carats, and supposed to be above all price. In the Armory the military costumes of all the Saxon kings are exhibited—the saddles and stirrups of the horses are literally studded with jewels; and the Saxon jewels are very beautiful, to an ordinary eye very little inferior to the oriental. We did not visit the manufactory of Dresden china, which is some miles off,

but we went to the Japanese Palace, and saw specimens of china from its first manufacture to the present day, collected by Charles the Strong, early in the last century—a most interesting exhibition. Nuremberg and Dresden appear to have produced or employed the greatest number of talented men of any country in Europe; but they remind one of Cain's posterity, who expended their powers on arts and sciences, but left their precious souls neglected, and the great object of life—the glory of God, disregarded.

“The picture gallery is esteemed the first collection out of Italy; very rich in the works of Raphael, Titian, and Correggio. Without professing to be a connoisseur in painting, every one of ordinary taste and knowledge must be struck and delighted with these masterpieces of art. Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, while it is the gem of the gallery, is, in conception and execution, worthy of the first place among paintings—the figure of the Virgin soaring to heaven with the Holy Child—two angelic children, whose faces beam with celestial intelligence, gazing at them—the youth and beauty of St. Barbara, affording a striking contrast to the emaciated form of Pope Sixtus—present such an assemblage of elegant figures, graceful postures, and heavenly countenances, that, though I revolted at the deception, I felt the magical influence of genius and art. Correggio's painting, surnamed ‘The Night,’ exhibiting the Infant Savior in the Manger, with rays of light beaming from the lovely babe, and irradiating the Virgin, who looks on undazzled; while the mastery of light and shade is seen in the horizon, by the breaking of the morning through the gloom of night—is an exquisite performance. But it is impossible to particularize—

most of the paintings are first-rate productions, and well repay repeated visits.

“On Friday evening, we saw our dear boy in his school, very contented and cheerful. Dear fellow! may God’s choicest blessings accompany his residence! I felt it hard to part with him—he has been a most pleasurable companion, and his attentions to me draw forth a mother’s love to him.

“We left Dresden for Herrnhut on Saturday evening; we had intended to do so in the morning, but no places could be obtained in the regular Schnell-post, and the ‘bye-chaises,’ with post-horses, were too wretched to be encountered a second time. We had no alternative but to start on Saturday night, and arrive, as we were told, at Herrnhut on Sunday morning, at five o’clock, or remain till Tuesday; it therefore appeared to be our duty to venture the former. For two days the snow had fallen a little, and during the night it continued incessantly; every thing was covered—our passage was remarkably noiseless and solemn, from its increasing depth, as we proceeded. At five we arrived at a little town, (I forget the name,) and were awakened by the voice of the conducteur, announcing that passengers for Herrnhut must make their exit from their warm dormitory, and trudge in the snow to another Schnell-post, which would convey them the remainder of the journey. Into this cold, dirty, shaking thing we entered, consoling ourselves that it was not a bye-chaise, which we certainly should have had, if it had not happened to be more convenient to the postmaster, just then, to send us enclosed. Every thing we meet in Germany conveys the same impression of comfortlessness; the men, when smoking, spitting, and wrapped in their huge cloaks, appear to concentrate most of the comfort

Germany knows. Their indelicate habits are so revolting, that it requires some stretch of charity to believe them fully civilized; yet exalted and refined minds are found among them: few and rare they must be who merit the description of refined, if we judge from their habits. And so it is, where the gospel in its purity is not extensively believed. This is a melancholy spot: there are emblems of religious ceremonials in the crucifixes, but if we form our opinion by the company we meet on the road, vital religion seems almost unknown. May the promised day be hastened on, when Germany, with 'the whole earth' beside, 'shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord!' It was refreshing to feel that the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut was a hallowed spot—a little colony of Christians. We arrived here at eight on the Sabbath morning, April 3rd. At a rough but clean little inn, our bed-rooms were separated from the sitting-room by a partition rather higher than our heads; literally, they are all one room.

"After breakfast, dear husband went to the Moravian church. He could not sufficiently understand the German prayers or preaching to be much edified; the singing was very sweet and general. After the service, Miss Schomberg and another lady called on us, with the bishop, the minister, and a Mr. Tank, who is going out again as missionary to Sierra Leone. They accompanied Mr. S. to Bethelsdorp, to see Bishop Andres, to whom he had introductions. In the evening, Miss Schomberg attended us to the church; the women sit on one side, and the men on the other. The single women (sisters) wear caps, with pink ribbons under the chin; the young, before sisterhood, wear red; the widows white; and married women blue. We heard much

of Count Zinzendorf, the founder of this sect, whose liberality provided a refuge and home for the persecuted Christians from Moravia. In the library, we saw the Count's family Bible, with many notes in his own writing, and a prayer of his mother's for him at his birth. He was born, I think, after his father's death. We were then introduced to the Countess Faunlock, an interesting old lady residing among them—a spiritual counsellor and friend—a sort of female bishop. The piety of the Sisters and Brethren, it is said, has of late diminished in fervor, but it was not manifest to us. It was very delightful to be in a place where many really love Christ, and all are professedly Christians. Frederick Hartmann, who could speak a little English, and was anxious to improve in it, offered his services to accompany us as a servant; we gladly took him with us, to be our interpreter and friend, as well as attendant. He was a tailor, and from the circumstance of being one of the Brethren, his trade was secure to him, on his return, at any time. From his piety, we expected to find him a great comfort to us.

“In the afternoon, in heavy snow, we went with Miss Schomberg to the cemetery, through a long avenue of trees, designed only for walking funerals—every tomb was covered with a small flat stone; the only exception was that of Count Zinzendorf and his family, each of which had a square monument. Miss Schomberg and Mr. Tank spent the evening with us after their return from worship, and Miss S. expressed her regret, that she was not going to be our companion, instead of Hartmann.

“Early in the morning of the 5th, we started in a travelling carriage, which we hired from hence to Breslau, and arrived at another Moravian settle-

ment, Gnadenburg, at eight at night. On mentioning that we required four beds for our party, we were much amused by being introduced into a sitting-room, opening into a very small chamber, with four beds close to each other, having just space to walk to our respective sides. The waiter seemed surprised that we objected to two men and two women sleeping in one little hole of a room. Hartmann's slowness to comprehend, first manifested itself here. Happily we succeeded in making the waiter understand our wishes, and another room obtained. It was still snowing when we left for Parchwitz, the next sleeping station, which we reached about eight o'clock. Towards afternoon it cleared up, and we had a lovely drive, notwithstanding the badness of the roads.

"On the 7th, we went towards Breslau; the road being very heavy, we travelled a stage before breakfast. Dined at Görlitz, a town beautifully situated on the river Neisse. We walked a long distance to see, as we supposed, a very interesting sight, but found it much the reverse. In the Kreutz-kirche, is a representation of the Holy Sepulchre, built in 1480, by a burgomaster of Görlitz, who travelled to Jerusalem, with an architect and painter, to copy the original. From this spot we saw Sandiskrone, a mountain surmounted with basalt, about three miles off—this was worth seeing—but the object of our pursuit was ridiculous, and mournfully superstitious. A very small room was intended to exhibit Pilate's Hall; a wretched diminutive figure was represented within a grating—our Savior in prison. Another building, as small, represented the tomb, and a mark on the wall indicated the stature of the angels who sat at the head and feet of the Crucified; a large stone, and

two huge bolts, marked the external part. The church of St. Peter's in the distance, from the little mound on which this superstitious representation was placed, was described as the Judgment Hall, in its relative position to Calvary. Three trees represented the crosses of Christ and of the two thieves. Oh! how do these miserable people dwell on the circumstantialities of the death of our Lord, and overlook its design, 'to redeem us from all iniquity;' may such scenes endear the boundless grace which has taught me to appreciate, in any humble degree, the application of the merits of His death to my soul. How painful to be ignorant of the language, and unable to do more than leave on the table—not give—a few tracts. One privilege I can retain, I can plead with God on their behalf, and gain the ear of the great Intercessor.

"From Görlitz we proceeded to Breslau, the capital of Silesia. It has about 100,000 inhabitants, and is a busy, thriving city, enjoying great prosperity, and carrying on a large trade, especially in wool. The churches are exceedingly interesting from sculptures in *alto relievo*, which ornament their exterior walls, and are fine specimens of art. Some of them are grotesque and ludicrous. One at the Rathhaus, represents Satan wheeling his grandmother in a barrow. The fortifications are all converted into boulevards and pleasure-grounds, and the bastions into terraces for the inhabitants. Happy conversion! We reached Neisse on the evening of the next day—an ancient city, picturesquely built, and which thrives by its contiguity to the Austrian frontiers, its liberty being in more striking contrast to their bondage. After surveying the town the next morning, we hired a carriage to Freiwaldau. The road, as far as Ziegenhals, the limit of the

Prussian territory, is very good, but as the Austrians do not wish to encourage travellers into their country, from thence to the little town of Freiwalldau it is inconceivably bad ; it seems literally made to forbid the approach of any carriage—deep holes let you down, and huge stones, over which the carriage is obliged to go, jolt and shake you so terribly, that both the springs of your vehicle, and the bones of your body, seem in danger of fracture every moment. Dear husband preferred walking, as I should have done, had not the mud and slush been worse than the shaking. During the night much snow had fallen, and, oh ! for power to describe the scenery ! The hills are covered with firs, cypress and larch—every tree had an apparent thick foliage of snow, and the fringes of icicles, some a yard long, hanging from the thatched roofs of the cottages, had the most beautiful appearance ; the clear stream alone seemed capable of motion—all else around was silent. A little beyond Ziegenhals, our luggage was to be examined, and we found the advantage of having a good man as a servant. After presenting our passport, in which he was described as belonging to Herrnhut, and stating that we had no forbidden article among our luggage, the officers said, ‘ As a Herrnhutter says so, we believe it ; I shall not trouble you with examination—we never heard any thing of that people but to their praise.’

“ On Saturday afternoon, April 15th, we arrived at the hotel ; in the pretty little town of Freiwalldau—my feelings were greatly overcome. When I entered my room, sorrow and joy alternately predominated—separated from home by 1000 miles, and among foreigners, who were Catholics—without any means of grace or Christian companions—my husband’s health shattered—a probability that

he might never carry on the glorious work which God had enabled him so auspiciously to commence at Surrey; and the infirm health of my dear child, was a view which depressed me for a few moments; but the recollection that Luz could be made Bethel, that here so many had obtained health, and that we were sustained by the prayers and sympathies of a large number of God's people, dispelled the cloud, and led me to trust and not be afraid. After a night's rest, and a refreshing exposition by my precious husband—more precious for his affliction—Priesnitz, who had heard of our arrival, called, and with him kind Mr. Bischoff, of Leeds, who acted as interpreter. He gave us great encouragement to hope that a short time would suffice to restore my dear husband, was very agreeable, and advised us to rough it, and take lodgings in the colony, at Gräfenberg, rather than remain at Freiwaldau.

“Monday morning husband went in quest of apartments, and found three rooms in Schubert's cottage, which a family of distinction had just vacated; they were the best to be had in Gräfenberg, and therefore he took them. It had been snowing all the previous day and night, but as the sun began to shine, we went up in a little carriage with our luggage to our domicile. My heart sunk when I first saw our permanent abode; it consisted of a large sitting-room and two smaller chambers, all on the ground-floor. The furniture of our drawing-room comprised four deal chairs, one German box for a bed, a small deal chest of drawers, a little table, three paintings on glass, of St. Victoria, the angel Gabriel, and St. John, and a small broken looking-glass. In the chambers were boxes for beds, filled with straw, and a small table, with basins about the size of pie-dishes and of the same shape, and a

couple of deal chairs. Hartmann was to occupy the small bed-room, myself and Selina the larger, and husband had his bed in the sitting-room. It was dreary enough to see the snow a foot deep, all around us; no English fire, but an ugly black German stove and an utter want of every thing like comfort and convenience; yet, before the day was over, we became reconciled; and in a very little time, by the aid of beds and bedding, a piano, sofa, a small carpet, and a table-cloth, which we hired, and the wild flowers which abounded, we gave the room an air of pleasantness it had never before known, and were as happy as if we had been in a palace. The rusticity of the abode strips off many imaginary wants and teaches the patients contentment. If there were any pretensions to gentility in the accommodations, they might remind of their defects, but they are literally rustic cottages, inhabited by the poor, who receive beneath their roof those who come there for shelter and healing. Here we erected our altar, and our first offering was accepted by the Angel who did wondrously."

CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE AT GRÄFENBERG.

THE numerous works which have been published on the Water Cure, and the increasing number of establishments for its practice, which are rising up in many parts of England, have made it so familiar to most intelligent persons, that little additional information on the subject is required; and it will be sufficient if Mrs. Sherman exhibit to the reader its application to herself and family, and her opinion of its merits. Yet in all the volumes written on the healing process adopted by M. Priesnitz, and on Gräfenberg, as a watering place, no work has fallen into the writer's hands which takes a Christian glance at that moral wilderness—it is, therefore, with some satisfaction that he now presents graphic sketches, from her own pen, of the place, the inhabitants, and the patients, showing how Gräfenberg appeared to the eye of a Christian lady.

The jealousy of the Austrian government on behalf of Popery, will not allow any efforts which it can possibly prevent, to be made either by its own people or by foreigners, to enlighten the population in the doctrines of the gospel. Any attempt at saving a soul must be conducted secretly, and with the greatest prudence; as the Christian that engages in it, if known, is liable to fine, imprisonment, or banishment. Such is Popery still—in the 19th century, it cannot bear the light, and its only weapon of defence is the strong arm of unrighteous

law. Notwithstanding these ungodly enactments, and the repeated cautions given her not to run the risk of provoking the hostility of those in power, Mrs. Sherman's journal and correspondence will show that she contrived, in conjunction with her husband, by a prudent use of means, to render the residence of her family in Gräfenberg, beneficial to the spiritual interests of some of its inhabitants. The handful of corn which she cast with trembling hope on the top of that mountain, may one day shake like Lebanon, and from the battlements of the heavenly city, she may see the harvest reaped, and brought in to the celestial garner, to the honor of her Redeemer.

In consequence of the various temptations by which they are assailed in every station of life, the followers of Christ even in England, when assisted by numerous public ordinances and Christian fellowship, find it very difficult to maintain the vigor of piety. The difficulty, however, is increased a thousand fold when those divinely appointed helps are removed, and in their stead superstitious ceremonies offend the eye, and the blasphemies of infidelity or the maxims of indifference assail the ear. Then, to keep the garments from being defiled; to stand aloof from the amusements which are most pleasant to the carnal taste; to protest by example and by Scripture against that which displeases Christ, injures the soul, and leaves an unsatisfactory impression of the nature of true religion on the minds of the undecided, is conduct which a Christian warrior can alone maintain—but is that which the Savior demands of all his disciples. It is lamentable to hear how many professors, when liberated from the inspection of their fellow-members, or fellow-hearers, by the Straits of Dover, take

liberty to neglect worship, where they might attend and hear "in their own tongue the wonderful works of God," to mingle on the Sabbath-day with a godless multitude to witness profane exhibitions or to join in frivolous amusements; and on other days to be seen in places from which not only their religious profession, but moral shame, would exclude them in England. They have their reward in the gratification of a carnal taste; but their journey, which, perhaps, has recruited health, has, by their inconsistency, sunk their piety to a lower ebb, and furnished cause for repentance in future days, both to themselves and their families.

How pleasant the survey of a residence in a foreign clime, when sustained by living piety and yielding fruits of holiness like that of the departed. Without the abridgement of any unforbidden gratification, and with the enjoyment of a peaceful conscience, she maintained a cheerful, fervent piety, in the most barren place, by enlarged communion with God, and by a diligent study of that precious book which affords the richest nourishment to the soul hungering after righteousness; as some of the following extracts will show:

"Gräfenberg is about a mile from Freiwaldau, all the way up-hill and in the midst of mountains—the rough road to our dwelling was just passable, from the deep snow which was then fast melting, but it remains on the mountain tops till July. Picture to yourself one of our four or five-roomed cottages for the poor—this is the external appearance—the entrance is like the dirtiest of our cottages, but it is thoroughly clean within. The women of the house wear no shoes or stockings, have a colored handkerchief neatly tied over the head, appear, except on Sundays and holidays, with bare

arms, and only a chemise sleeve visible. This 'furnished' house, beside our rooms, has three garrets in the roof, one occupied by a Prussian count, another by an Italian merchant, and the third by a Polish general. Opposite to our bed-room door, about three feet from it, is the entrance into the cows' apartment, whose office it is to help to supply Priesnitz's establishment with milk—that is, 380 persons—their beverage being either milk or water, and nothing else. In far inferior apartments to those we occupy, dukes and duchesses, and the great of all countries, are found, generally with the cow-shed immediately under their rooms. I can scarcely fancy myself in the same world as when I resided in England, but it is certainly a very *happy*, or rather, I should say, a very merry one.

"Priesnitz is a man of middling height and size, with a small piercing eye—remarkably quiet in his manner—talks very little, and gives you the impression of paying great attention to his patient's case. He is like clock-work in all his arrangements,—he begins his calls at five o'clock in the morning, when he stays to see his new patients placed in their various baths, watches the effects produced on them, and gives directions for the future; afterwards, they only see him occasionally, or when they send for him. He rides a black cob, which undergoes, as well as his master, great fatigue, and regularly takes a bath, standing every day for an hour in water, which half covers his body—we saw him in the bath to-day—he looks fat and full of spirit.

"Every house is furnished with baths. The women alternately attend to them, guide the plough, sow the fields, saw timber, carry stones and manure, mow the grass, irrigate the land, reap the

corn, and, in fact, do all the hard work, while their husbands or fathers smoke their pipes, make bargains, and occasionally help in field labor, when the weather or necessity oblige. The very cow-house owes its cleanliness entirely to the women's care and labor. They are never idle a moment, and do not forget to bring the bandages, wet sheets, and whatever their ladies require, at the proper hours, namely, half-past four and eleven in the morning, and five and half-past eight in the evening. If ours are specimens of the whole, they are peculiarly attentive and kind. While at breakfast this morning, our old landlady took holy water, and sprinkled the seed she was going to sow, and the cows which were to harrow after her, in order to secure a good crop.

"The poor whom you meet, if they know you, or you have done them a kindness, immediately kiss your hand. I am favored with such a salutation from our washer-woman, on entering and leaving the room at every visit. The peasants are so excessively jealous of the popularity of Priesnitz, that they actually strive, by all means in their power, to worry him away from Gräfenberg, though they are marvellously enriched from the multitudes of visitors. What surprising stupidity!

"Strawberries are gathered in great abundance by the peasants' daughters; they grow in such profusion in the woods, that most of the patients have large supplies every day. For a quantity equivalent at least to two English pottles, we give the tenth part of a shilling; and though small, the flavor is most delicious.

"The people never allow their cattle to graze, as they have no notion of planting hedges between the fields; consequently the poor creatures remain

at home under the same roof with their owners; women mow the grass or clover, and bring it home as it is wanted for the day.

“Here are assembled representatives from almost all parts of Europe; English, French, Dutch, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Tyrolese, Turks, besides Americans, come to be cured. And on gala days, when they dress in their native costume, the groups are particularly interesting. Among others, our constant visitors, are, Count N., who distinguished himself lately in the taking of St. Jean d’Acre—the nephew of Prince Blucher, of Waterloo notoriety—Mr. R., from Scotland, and Mr. L., a clever old Irish gentleman, full of wit and amusing anecdote; besides counts, generals, and admirals, in abundance. There are very few Englishmen, and fewer English ladies; but about two hundred persons dine together in Priesnitz’s grand saloon, daily, as merrily as it is possible to conceive, and who, if some did not wear bandages on their heads, and a few walk lame, would be considered a most healthful assembly.”

In a place like Gräfenberg, where the Lord’s-day was the chief day for amusement, and no religious ordinances were observed, except those of the Catholics, which were an offence to reason, as well as to the gospel of Christ, any thing like a departure from the Protestant indifference which prevailed, by the habit of daily social worship, morning and evening, and of a special service on the Sabbath, could not pass without observation and comment. Singing at worship English tunes and hymns, in the mountains of Austrian Silesia, seemed like direct opposition to the rigid laws of Metternich; yet, as it was confined to the family, could scarcely be con-

demned by the police. It was, however, necessary to increase the number. Several asked to be present at family worship—a request which could not be refused. The attendants averaged about seven, and many a time of refreshing came in those never-to-be-forgotten services. After a few weeks, two gentlemen, Mr. Bischoff, of Leeds, and Mr. Lister, from Ireland, in the name of the English residents, and of others who understood English, called, soliciting permission to attend the Sabbath morning service. Consent was given, with the hope of sowing the good seed in some hearts. At eleven o'clock the service commenced with a Surrey Chapel hymn, sung to a plain tune, with which many were familiar, and which all could easily learn. A fine full-toned piano, touched with inimitable sweetness and power by Mrs. Sherman, sustained the song of praise, and thrilled many hearts with devotion and joy. A portion of the Liturgy was at first used, but it was found too fatiguing, and was obliged to be discontinued. The Psalms and Lessons were then read—a prayer offered—another hymn sung, and then a short sermon of about half an hour, was delivered to as attentive an audience as ever assembled in a consecrated edifice. The religious sentiments of the congregation were almost as varied as their countenances. There were, one Clergyman, four Episcopalians, an Arian, two Socinians, four members of the Lutheran church, one of the French Reformed church, one of the Dutch church, an Independent, two Plymouth Brethren, three Moravians, and a Catholic Hungarian nobleman, besides the family—making, when all assembled, about twenty-five persons—with occasional additions. To these the great truths of the complete atonement of the Lord Jesus, and justification by his righteousness, through faith

alone, with their practical effects, were constantly announced, and the sequel proved not without some gracious fruit—an object which the precious departed never failed most earnestly to seek, by following up the sermon by conversation with those who sought explanation, or offered objection to sentiments uttered—and above all, by earnest supplication for Divine influence. She thus writes to a friend:—

“This is a mournful place to live in—so utterly excluded from every religious privilege, that a Lutheran clergyman was imprisoned last summer, for reading a sermon every Sunday, to about twenty of his countrymen. We have been very marked in our entire separation from the amusements of the place, which are chiefly on the Sabbath-day; but the English are so venerated here, that we have suffered nothing from it. It has drawn around us a little knot of Germans, who can speak English, and are very anxious to know what is right. They have requested to be present at our family and Sabbath services, and though piety in these parties would require the perfect uprooting of all their customs, I cannot but hope that good may be done, ‘through your prayers and the supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ.’ He is able to give strength for every difficulty; and oh, what a joyful result of our long journey would this be, if *one* soul were brought to the foot of the cross—if even *one only* should be led to take up his cross, and follow the Lamb.”

After a few services, the police sent for Schubert, the landlord, and examined him at great length, respecting the nature of the service on the Sabbath—who were present—and what was the substance of the address. He was ordered by the Inspector

not to permit its continuance, and to report to Mr. Sherman, that it was contrary to law to assemble for any but Catholic worship. A conference was held, as to what was best to be done, and it was the general impression, that the officer did not wish to disturb the assembly, but that if any report were made of it to higher authorities, he might appear to have done his duty by commanding its discontinuance. It was therefore determined to risk the consequences, especially as he had not sent for the minister, but conveyed a message through a peasant, which the English chose to think was not treating them with sufficient respect, and concluded that if he were obliged to take any further step, he would send more specific information. The services were in consequence continued, to the mutual comfort of the little daring band, with occasional alarms and reports, during the whole four months of Mrs. Sherman's residence at Gräfenberg, but without the slightest molestation.

“We were particularly gratified,” she writes, “a few days ago, by a young Catholic nobleman, who resides in our cottage. He is very pleased to spend some of his time with us daily, because he wishes to improve himself in English. He happened to pass our house while we were singing at evening prayer: he stopped till the close of the service, listening to the prayer, under the window, with such interest that, he said, he could only mentally pray and sing for a considerable length of time. The next day he informed us what had occurred, and asked permission to attend our service when he was able. He did so the next evening, and appeared most deeply interested, and told us that for two whole hours after he could do nothing but pray. This has gratified us very much, especially as he is

a man of great fortune and family, and is quite independent of that interference which common folks experience. If his influence and property were guided by a sanctified heart, who can tell what a blessing he may prove in his own land, Hungary. These circumstances, in Gräfenberg, are of great interest to us, though in London so small a thing might be little noticed. This morning we had a Jew and an infidel in our house, who were arguing against the inspiration of the Scriptures and the Deity of Christ, with my dear husband, till I could scarcely bear it. These are *English* people, too. Oh! may we never be numbered with such, but may the riches of that grace which reached and penetrated our hard and unbelieving hearts, reach theirs too, though they now scoff at the truth."

Those who knew Mrs. Sherman will easily imagine with what joy she ministered to the comfort of an invalid clergyman, to whom she was introduced under the circumstances which she narrates in the following extract:—

"Gräfenberg, May 16th, 1847."

"MY BELOVED MAMMA,

"I am writing two days later than I intended, but I think you will not suspect me of neglect when I tell you the cause, though it has originated in a temporary transfer of attention from my best of mothers, to a perfect stranger; yet, from his being of the privileged family, not to be regarded in that light. To explain myself—this day week we were told that a lady and gentleman from England had arrived. As Selina and I are the only English ladies at Gräfenberg, our duty was immediately to introduce ourselves, and offer to assist them in finding a dwelling. We found them in a small

apartment in a wing of Priesnitz's establishment, with scarcely space to move round the beds—fit only for a sleeping-room for a bachelor, who spent the day out of doors—and such a person would only accept it if he could not get a better. We were more delighted than I can express to find actually that the new comers were a very pious clergyman and his wife, from Guernsey, and our anticipation of congenial minds more than realized. The gentleman, only thirty years of age, came to try the water-cure, for what he calls asthma, but which Priesnitz calls consumption. Mr. P. at once refused to undertake his case, and recommended him to remove immediately to a milder climate, but he clings to his strong presentiment that this is the cure for him. His weakness is incredibly great—he is reduced to second infancy, and seems to us in the last stage of consumption. We left them, and after a little walk and conversation together how we could manage, we returned to his wretched abode—the best that Gräfenberg then could afford—and invited him and his wife to accept our roomy and comfortable apartment, and try the effect of a more sheltered spot. The mere offer cheered him—he fancied the change might relieve his incessant cough and soothe his sleepless nights; they came that very evening, and took up their abode as our guests—while my dear husband slept in the room which Hartmann occupied, not much better than that from which we invited Mr. B. We manage as well as we can, pleased, and amply compensated with the privilege of contributing to the comfort, even for a few days, of this dying Christian. We have been much occupied with them, and it has appeared a duty to do what we can for them, in a place where neither servants nor those things which

an invalid requires, are to be found as in England. His mind is in the most placid, happy state—he seems pleased with every thing, and we, of course, have been much gratified to find that we have greatly contributed to his comfort and improvement in health. It was very touching, as with difficulty he crept to our dwelling, supported by my husband and his wife, to hear him say, as he sunk on our sofa—‘your kindness makes me forget that I am so far from my native land. I feel that I am with friends. But you must add one more favor—if I should die in Gräfenberg, will you read the service over my grave?’ This was, of course, promised him. His skeleton form and hectic cheek, make us fear this really will be his burial place, and that his wife will return a widow. My dear husband’s prayers are very delightful to him, and our little service on the Sabbath morn seemed to refresh his spirit beyond expression. Who can tell but one object of our coming here was to smoothe the pathway to the tomb of this gentle, precious servant of the Lord Jesus.”

The change of air, the adoption of the cure in a mild form, and the attentions paid to this good minister by his devoted wife, were so far valuable, that he greatly recovered his health, and was able, for months, to walk with the aid of a stick. Mrs. S. writes on the 14th June following—

“Mr. B. is daily gaining a degree of strength, so much so that he rejoices that he came to Gräfenberg; but the continuance of night perspirations and expectorations of blood, though both these sad symptoms are diminished considerably, tell me that his days are numbered, and we can look on him only as a vessel sent to the harbor, to be repaired sufficiently to reach its own haven. They have

taken apartments in a little cottage near us, so that we can still have their society and sympathy, on the points most dear to our hearts."

A friendship, greatly prized on both sides, was formed during his residence at "the place of healing," and every conversation brought more confirmatory testimonies to his child-like, humble piety. Two years afterwards, she, concerning whom he used playfully to quote that passage, "a certain woman, named Martha, received him into her house," had the unspeakable pleasure, with her husband, of spending a fortnight with him, and his wife, and sweet child, in Rosenheim, his charming abode at Guernsey. Affection delights in revenging kindness, and it was most interesting to see this dear man and his wife taxing their ingenuity to render every day more pleasant by introductions to the first society in the Island, and by drives to every object of interest it presented. During the visit, church and dissent were not named—the Jew and the Samaritan knelt at the same throne, and heard each other expound the word of life—while thanksgivings for recovery, and petitions for length of days, ascended in one cloud of incense from the lips of both. Little was it then thought that he would be the survivor, by one month, of his kind sympathizing friend, who was in robust health when he first heard the soothing tones of her voice; but he lived on till June, 1848, and died at Naples, full of faith and hope in his crucified Lord.

If one feature of holiness more strongly marked the character of Mrs. Sherman than another, it was an intense compassion for souls living in ignorance and sin, forgetful of God, and heedless of His salvation—this prompted her to every legitimate effort for their rescue. Having mixed but little with the

worldly and profane in her own rank, their conduct at Gräfenberg struck her pure spirit with the greater horror. The following extracts will show that she “beheld the transgressors and was grieved;” but her private, ingenious, and loving stratagems to secure their attention, and win their souls, will only be known when the secrets of all hearts are revealed.

“I can scarcely credit what I see and hear. Many came here apparently dying, who are now running about and dancing; but it is melancholy to witness the dreadful absence of a single spark of religion. Sunday is the day of highest amusement. A ball is to be given next Sunday, by all the Austrian officers, in honor of the birth-day of their Emperor, which falls on Friday, but Sunday is selected as the best day. We have received cards of invitation, to which we have replied by expressing our grief at such a gross and unnecessary profanation of the day; but so destitute are the Austrian authorities of true piety, that if a tract is given to a peasant, or an address delivered to a few persons, the aggressor is immediately sent across the frontier. Three gentlemen, their own countrymen, were lately thrown into prison for quiet efforts to do good. O! it is melancholy indeed to be unable to do any thing; our only hope is, by a decided example of piety, gradually to produce a good impression of religion on the minds of the English around us—we need the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove, to deal with such characters. My heart aches to think how we are surrounded by those who are little better than heathens—professedly the people are Catholics, but really they are infidels; and between the ignorance of their language, and the prohibition of speaking

to them, through Hartmann, our servant, we are painfully situated. The only comfort with which we can look on this place, is in connection with the promise, that 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth,' and then Gräfenberg shall see the true light.

"I am amazed that we have been able to endure such a scene, so perfectly the reverse of the every day scenes of our most happy home. We think of those we have left behind, in our honored and privileged land, and their excellencies shine out as they never did before, even those whom we did not very much regard, seem most lovable now. You little imagine what a heathen land this is. Bibles cannot be obtained anywhere in Austria, I am told, except through the medium of the Moravian settlements, and the only method of introducing them to Gräfenberg is by smuggling."

Believing that no human laws should prevent the circulation of that precious book, she induced an individual to try to bring her from Gnadenfrey, one of these settlements in Prussian Silesia, a copy of Luther's German Bible. This was accomplished, and placed in the sitting-room as part of her little library, in a spot where the daughters and wife of our landlord, whose curiosity was not small, would be sure to see "the beautiful treasure." The first morning, the daughters made enquiries about the new arrival, and asked permission to show it to their parents. Opportunity was immediately taken by Mrs. Sherman, to explain its contents, of which they were entirely ignorant, and to turn down the corners of leaves upon passages, which she thought calculated to give them a clear view of the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ. Then with a solemn charge, to take great care of "God's own book,"

she committed it to the custody of the mother, who was to be responsible for its safe return. Whenever the old lady could get a leisure hour, the Bible was her companion. On returning home, one evening, when the sun was setting brilliantly, the writer observed her on a seat outside the house, poring over the book, and observed, "Well, Mrs. Schubert, you are getting quite in love with Mrs. Sherman's good book—take care the priest does not hear of it, and forbid you to read it." She wiped a tear away, which she did not wish him to see, and replied with great indignation, "Never—the priest take it! if I could get one of my own—he and the police might hunt a long while before they found it! Why do they keep such good doctrine from us? O Jesus be merciful to our ignorant souls!" For some time, he continued in conversation, as far as broken German would permit, and elicited from the poor peasant's wife, that at least she had a desire to learn the will of God. It was the custom of her husband, every Sabbath morning, to go to mass at the church of Freiwaldau—after the service was over, he regularly entered the public-house and returned home intoxicated—to this practice, there was not an exception on any Sunday, during the first three months the family occupied his house. His temper, always bearish, became, when he had indulged in *schnaps*, boisterous and unruly, and it was a comfort to his family to see him stretched on the settle fast asleep, "till the liquor had gone out of him." As soon as he recovered, his patient wife, who had become acquainted with many portions of the Scriptures, would sit down by his side, and beg permission to read to him "out of Mrs. Sherman's good book;" she generally obtained her desire, and by some

“pretty story,” as she called the narrative of Joseph, prevented his further indulgence in the maddening draught. As much benefit resulted from the perusal of the Scriptures as might reasonably be expected, on a person between sixty and seventy years of age, and who till that Bible was lent her, had never seen one; but the proof that she and her husband had not heard the word of life in vain, may yet be more distinct and evident.

The following extract describes a scene at Freiwaldau, and shows how happily it was improved to spiritual advantage.

“The peasants are constant in their attendance at the church of Freiwaldau. Last Thursday was one of the chief holidays in the year, in commemoration of the Trinity, *some* say, but *none* seem to know what it means. At Vienna, the Emperor and Empress, and all the aristocracy unite in the procession, of which we saw a very humble representation. The host was carried through the market-place in Freiwaldau, on grass which was cut and spread for the purpose, and flowers scattered over it. After the host has passed, the people gather up the grass, and when their cattle are ill, they boil a small portion in water, and make them drink the liquor, which, they say, invariably cures them! Four altars were raised, at each of which mass was performed—the procession then commenced, consisting of little girls in white, with garlands, followed by the ladies of the town and neighborhood, and then, in due order, every individual in the place—children with banners and bells, old women and men in outlandish attire, alternately repeating prayers and singing, all moving very slowly round the square, back to the church, whence guns were fired. Surely no Christian could witness such

gross heathenism, without a throbbing heart, especially when he knows that so large a portion of the Continent is under the rule of 'the man of sin.' The educated Catholics here, are as ignorant of the meaning of this wretched mummary as the peasant; the enquiry was proposed at the dinner-table, and went round, but none could tell even of what it was a memorial. Can we believe that this nation is perishing in utter ignorance, and not pour out an agonizing prayer for them? If I wake in the night, I sometimes feel horror-struck at the conviction, that of all the foreigners around us, from whom we are receiving constant kindness and attention, there is not one of whom we can consistently say, and confidently believe, 'that is a child of God.' There is a little knot of females here, who consider themselves unquestionably very pious, but they cannot be persuaded that God disapproves of their going to balls on the Sabbath, and making it the day of greatest amusement. They all habitually take the name of God and Jesus in vain, in fact, swear, though elegantly—even the lisping babes catch this evil habit. At first, till I knew a little of the language, I used to contrast the worldly characters, and the poor here, as *not* swearing, unfavorably with those in England, but I find my gross mistake; those who converse with us, know our aversion to the habit, and are frequently begging our pardon for their forgetfulness. Swearing and spitting do not become ladies, but they belong here, equally to ladies and gentlemen.

You will believe that we are trying our utmost to improve our opportunities with them, but though they own sometimes that we are right, they go on still. They tell us that in Hamburgh few persons attend regularly any place of worship—in winter it

is too cold, in summer too hot. Oh, dreadful state of things! and these are the most excellent around us! I never felt so certain that my heart does not long for worldly pleasures which my station forbids. In the sweet quiet spots here, my spirit often finds—

‘One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend.’

I cannot comprehend why I should be thus favored to call Him mine, when there are even in my own little family those who know no such Friend. Well may I exclaim with the disciple, ‘Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself to me, and not to the world?’ If the creature-recommendations weighed with the Divine mind, *they* would have been chosen and *I* left; but who can understand His matters? I cannot, but this shall be my effort, that He who stooped to regard me shall have my time, my heart, my all. May He but give me grace to use them to His glory. I never felt so much the loveliness of the Divine character, and I think I can now comprehend how it is that, when an individual is selected out of a worldly family to be a recipient of the grace of God, he seems to love God so much more than others. If we are surrounded with pious persons, we are apt to bring down our impressions of the character of God to a nearer level with those around, and to compare the one with the other; but there is no comparison between God and the world—they are at antipodes. Far, indeed, is He above the holiest angel; but we imagine more of His glorious character, I think, in the one case than the other. Be this as it may, I feel that my Heavenly Father has not forsaken his poor sinful child, for while He

shows me more of the corruptions of my own heart, He shows also that His every attribute is glorified in my redemption from those corruptions, and eventual transformation into His own lovely image.”

Although many objections may arise in well-informed minds to the application of a single remedy for every varying disease, by a peasant who knew nothing of anatomy or physiology, and who would be liable to make great and grievous mistakes in cases which require the most correct pathological experience and watching; yet facts declare that, notwithstanding his defective education, by the constant application in various forms, of cold spring-water, M. Priesnitz has cured hundreds, whom the best educated and most skillful practitioners have abandoned as hopeless. The fatigue occasioned by the labor of the cure, and the time required for the various baths and bandages will prevent the remedy from becoming universally popular; still, great refreshment is experienced by the applications. Retirement from accustomed duties, mountain air, change of scene and society, the occupation of the thoughts by the very attentions the practice of the cure occasions, and the proofs of its efficiency, in some hundreds of improving and happy patients, all contribute to sustain the animal spirits—to provoke perseverance in the use of the means—to fill the mind with enthusiasm for Priesnitz, and with hope of healing for the patient. Mrs. Sherman partook of this enthusiasm and hope. She did not intend to try it for herself, but Priesnitz recommended her to use it under his special direction, in a mild form, for a turbulent and noisy cough, which she had endured from infancy—a cough which in no way affected her general health, but which troubled and disturbed her during the winter

months. While she watched with the most intense anxiety its effects on her husband and daughter, she used it with constancy and energy for herself; and it is remarkable that, during the succeeding winter, she was perfectly free from a single attack of her cough. Her letters to her relatives respecting the cure, and what she witnessed in Gräfenberg, are not the least interesting of her correspondence. The following extracts will show her feelings and convictions respecting it:—

“I must now tell you what my dear husband has to encounter, premising that he already feels the benefit of it, and that he, as well as the whole body of patients, highly enjoys the process. At night he is wrapped in wet bandages round his body and chest, in which he sleeps. At half past four the landlord (who, for his tact, is called Dr. Schubert,) rouses him, makes him rise and strip—takes a sheet to the cold spring, outside the door, and binds him in it like a mummy—over that a thick coarse blanket is tucked so tightly that he cannot move hand or foot; upon these a German feather bed is placed. About an hour afterwards he comes in to see if his patient is hot; if so, he is handed off out of the house, covered with a blanket, and plunged into a tepid bath; in a week hence he will get out of this into a cold one. He then dresses, drinks a glass of icy water, walks out for an hour, drinking as much water as he can during the walk, at the several springs, and returns to the establishment to breakfast. At eleven he undresses, has another wet sheet thrown over him, takes a sitz bath, afterwards writes his letters, reads, and then ascends the hill with us, to dine at one. At five another sitz bath, supper at six, and we all retire to rest soon after nine. Judge of my quakings when my

husband's chest was exposed, by the removal of an under waistcoat and a wash leather which he wore over it in winter and spring, and all these cold applications used ; but it is a mysterious system—the refreshment all acknowledge is extreme, and he has not taken the least cold.

“I use a sitting bath twice a day, and have my feet day and night in wet cloths, to remove my bunions and corns, and the weakness of the ancles which they occasion. Every morning I get out of bed into a tepid bath, in which I am well rubbed, and then plunge into a cold bath, and back again into the tepid. This is all that I take, with the exception of being rubbed thoroughly three times a day, in a cold wet sheet, which produces the milder effects of a cold bath. I am much stronger and better altogether, and share in the bathing pleasures of those around me.

“We are all very well. I am getting fat, and as brown as a gipsy. We are scarcely ever in the house, except from about eleven to nearly one. The uninterrupted fine weather enables us to live in the woods and fields, amidst flowers of every hue. We joined a gipsy party yesterday, to breakfast on the top of one of the mountains, and were walking for two hours and a half up a very steep hill, resting only occasionally for a few minutes. The splendid view on the summit amply repaid our toil. We returned home and bathed, and forgot our fatigue, though our journey had been to a spot nearly 2000 feet above our cottage.”

The following description of the means used most effectually to subdue a violent fever, with which her husband was attacked, will be read with interest, as the same remedy has been adopted in many

febrile cases, and in nearly all has proved equally successful:—

“I should apologize for having written while dreadfully sleepy, owing to my anxious night of wakeful watching by my dear husband’s bedside, during his sudden and alarming attack of fever. I think had you been here to witness the effects of the water-system on him then, you would fully agree with us, that while air, exercise, simple habits, &c., all combine to promote the health of the patient of Gräfenberg, it was unquestionably the blessing of God on the administration of the Water-cure, in this instance, that perfectly restored him to health in four days. He was quite as ill as at Reading, his pulse 120, and the pressure on the brain most distressing; but the simple, though certainly unusual remedy, of wrapping him in cold, wet sheets, and changing them as soon as warm, keeping the head constantly wet, and once in the day putting the back of it for a quarter of an hour into a basin of cold water, then lying out of doors in sun or air as he chose;—these combined means, without a particle of medicine, and no food but strawberries and milk (not *very* unpleasant physic) were permitted, to the amazement of all but the calm Priesnitz, and those who have from long residence witnessed similar instances, to bring him to perfect health and strength again. Priesnitz says, it was a most satisfactory crisis, and that he has now full permission to leave in a fortnight, during which he is gradually to diminish the use of the cure. The Englishman who overtook us on our road to Gräfenberg, has just returned to England, perfectly cured; and a wonderful cure it is indeed. A little child here, was from teething in so dreadful a fever, that it was delirious, and the wet sheets in

which it was wrapped, became in less than five minutes, quite hot. The next day the little creature was as well as usual, except a slight reduction of strength, which such an attack occasioned. After the burning fever was reduced by wet sheets, he was put into a tepid bath, to remain till he was quite cool: pleased with his situation, he played in the bath for nearly one hour, when becoming cool, he was drest, and amused himself in the open air, though not permitted to run about, lest the fever should return: it has once since returned, but was as quickly removed. Oh! how I long for it to be fully known in England; it has only to be seen in operation to be fully appreciated even by the most prejudiced mind. The wonders performed at the Westminster Hospital have reached Gräfenberg; even hospital *incurables* have been restored by means of this system; horses and donkeys, (four-footed donkeys I mean,) have shared the blessing, and the Gräfenberg cows are healed of their maladies by the same method."

Some few instances of success which she witnessed are also recorded.

"The remedy seems to benefit the English sooner than others. One case I really must tell you. A gentleman from D. came here for the cure of dropsy in the heart and legs, brought on, he thinks, long since, by the means employed to cure the rheumatism, to which he was a martyr. Sick of doctors' bills, he thought he could but die if he came to Gräfenberg. A fortnight after he came, he was seized with rheumatic fever, and was exceedingly ill; during which the dropsy of heart and legs forsook him, and no trace of rheumatism remained, except under one foot. In about ten days a little red spot came in the calf of his leg, which increased

for a day or two, when on rising one morning, he felt great pain from his thigh, down a vein, to the red spot in his calf. In a short time the skin burst, a quantity of blood and pus escaped, and with it his remaining pain. He is perfectly restored, after being here not quite seven weeks, though he has been a wretched sufferer for years. He observed rather quaintly, that 'it seemed as if Providence had bored a hole to let his disease escape.' This is but one of the many cases continually occurring here: so that we cannot but be most deeply interested in the place, the people, and the cure.

"Oh! what would I give for M. Priesnitz to come to England. Many whom I know would, I have no doubt, be perfectly restored to health. I am astonished at every thing I see around me. All our accustomed opinions seemed turned upside down. Cold bathing and sleeping in wet sheets cure the rheumatism, and most effectually. Wet towels on the chest, for cold in the chest. Wet towels on the throat, for sore throat. Wet towels round the body and feet! Drinking cold water for spasms, &c. In a gipsy party the other day, the whole company, except my husband, adjourned, owing to the great heat, to a pond with a fountain in it; though delicate ladies, they walked in the water, they played the fountain, so as to sprinkle themselves all over; not satisfied with this, they wetted their handkerchiefs, and laid them on their necks to keep them cool, and not one of the party took the slightest cold. They all say they could not have done such things before they came to Gräfenberg; but we live in cold water here, and are such good friends with it, that it never hurts us. The most shocking cases have been healed by no other means whatever. What a blessing it would

be to the *poor*, if they would try it, but it requires generally much judgment to use it aright—sufficiently, but not too much. I enjoy it excessively, especially the cold bath.”

The following lively sketches of the state of religious knowledge, among many of the best informed of the patients, and of some of the excursions and visits which she made, will be read with pleasure by all, but especially by such as have resided at Gräfenberg, as Christians, with similar feelings to herself;—

“It is extremely amusing to witness the first feelings of newly-arrived English. They start in a comparatively luxurious apartment at Freiwaldau, but the first opinion that salutes your ears is the perfect impossibility of living in such a wretched place. They are soon laughed out of all this by the more contented and happy inhabitants of the hovels of Gräfenberg. The result generally is, that they leave their professedly *furnished* apartments in Freiwaldau, and their discontent also, to come among the happy ones of the mountain, and learn to be happy too. The student of nature, in all her forms, has much to do here, especially with his own species. I wish I could learn, as some do, from observation. You might then with reason expect to see my mind expanded and improved; but I was ‘ever slow to learn;’ and ah, how slow in that which is most important. My Heavenly Father opens volume after volume to me almost in vain, and my progress in the knowledge of himself, and of my own heart, is nearly imperceptible to myself, and I fear quite so to others. Pray for me, my beloved mother, that I may not return to my highly-favored land, as ignorant as I left it.

“The public dinner in honor of Queen Victoria’s

birth-day was very agreeable to all who attended. My dear husband presided with much propriety. The party consisted of Count N——, of Acre notoriety, all the English, Scotch and Irish, the Prussian Consul and family, and one lady from Hamburg—the last to keep the clergyman's lady, Selina and myself in countenance; our number was altogether seventeen. All the toasts, and they were very few, were proposed in water. Some few would not drink the Queen's health in water, and two bottles of champagne were introduced, but not more than the *half of one* bottle was drank. My husband gave—'The civil and religious liberty of England—may it be preserved, increased and extended over the whole world,' and descanted on it most happily—a foreigner at the table remarked, that he believed that was the first time such a toast had ever been drank in Austria, and it would not be forgotten. O that liberty might dawn on that priest-bound land! We all returned home after dinner, which is usual with the Germans—they do not attempt to stay the evening, as with us. I think some of the enemies of teetotalism should come to Gräfenberg—they must be teetotalers here; and it is remarkable to hear all parties agree that using water as a constant beverage has taken away their relish for wine, which, when they dine out, is generally untouched. Perhaps Mr. D—— may turn his steps this way. I should like him to see how wine-bibbers can prefer water when they give it a trial.

“Yesterday, June 13th, we went on a picnic party with the Consul's family and some friends, twenty-four in number, to a most lovely spot, about fifteen miles hence, among the mountains. We filled eight various carriages. The scenery is quite

à la Suisse. Selina and I wore immense straw hats, like shepherdesses, which are purchased here at three-pence each, to shield us from the sun, and most delightfully did they perform their duty. We wish, for curiosity sake, to transport them to England, for garden use. We dined on the side of a mountain, by the ruins of an old castle. The village of Goldenstein is small, and its inhabitants almost exclusively Jews. I could not but look forward to the time when such little portions of God's ancient family shall be restored, and hope that these may be of the number of His elect ones. 'But how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?' It was so in apostolic days, and not less so now. Oh that we might be privileged to send them a preacher; but till the spirit of God be poured out no power can introduce to them the gospel; they live in Austria, and while the present government exists no preacher will be admitted. But how puny would this resistance be if the arm of the Lord should awake.

"Last week we dined with a Dutch lady, who, in consequence of attending our Sabbath services, seems much disposed to improve opportunities of friendly converse with us, and to show us marked attention. She gave the most elegant entertainment I ever saw of the kind. The only carriage we could hire was a small basket 'wagon' of the peasants, with two seats strapped across the centre, in which six of us sat, drawn by one horse affixed to one side of a pole, just like a carriage being conveyed to the coach-maker's for repair. In this concern, with a spirited horse, that was galloping and neighing all the way, we pelted down these tre-

mendous hills, over great stones, some as big as a roller, and over water channels which cross the road, so that it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep in the 'wagon.' The driver kept continually turning round, to see whether any of the wheels were coming off or his fare shaken out. Between laughing and jolting, during two long miles, I was well nigh ill when I arrived, but I soon recovered. The table was covered with elegant ornaments, arranged in various devices, and the food sent round in one dish at a time, prepared for every one to help himself—fourteen courses served in the most tasteful style, and of the most delicate and delicious flavor, were handed to us—of most of which I tasted. Because we were known to love music, a band greeted us, stationed in a marquee in the garden, where it ought always to be at dinner parties, or in an adjoining room, that conversation may not be prevented and the head-ache occasioned by its noise. The intelligence of the maiden lady who thus distinguished us, was as interesting as her entertainment. We really meet with so much attention and kindness that we are quite amazed, nor can we conceive why we are thus selected from the three hundred visitors. Oh, that the respect which is paid to our religious views may be the means of winning them to search for themselves the grounds of those views. My dear husband has adopted *this* plan with one of these ladies, who thinks the world and the church are not to be divided: she knows a few words of English, but wishing to learn some whole sentences, he has written for her passages of Scripture, such as, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.'—'If any man will be the friend of the world, he is the

enemy of God.’—‘Ye cannot serve God and mammon.’—‘If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.’ It may be that the Spirit of God may apply these, his own words, to the heart, and *that* one lady be the means of drawing others to Him.

“Our means of usefulness are very small, partly from the stiff prejudices which these people possess in favor of the pleasures of the world, calling more frequently for argument than for conversation on personal religion; as they assert that they enjoy communion with God in the Sunday ball-room, more than in the quiet of the closet, which makes them sleepy. Oh, what sad reasoning this is! Husband called on a nice old Austrian, holding a high official situation, and otherwise a remarkably intelligent man, and in the course of conversation quoted the fourth verse of the twenty-third Psalm, ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me’—he immediately said, ‘Dear me, what beautiful sentiments—whose words are those? Byron’s?’ Can you believe that such dreadful ignorance could exist? How sweet will be the land of Bibles and ordinances after this benighted country!

“You will be pleased to hear that at last two additional Christians have found their way to Gräfenberg. Though I do not believe in the views which distinguish them, yet as they hold all the great doctrines of the gospel, differ only in comparatively minor things, and seem eminently pious, I rejoice to see them, and to find some one to help me to heaven. They are, I fear, a little too stiff to win the irreligious: they disapprove of music, and already the remark has been made that they

look so melancholy. I believe the Christian who indulges in worldly amusements, which are inconsistent with his devotedness to Christ, will never win a sinner to the Savior; but on the other hand, entire separation from association with the ordinary and intelligent conversation of worldly persons, in the circumstances under which all are placed, as one family at Gräfenberg, is rather likely to prejudice the mind against religion as a gloomy thing. I think Gräfenberg, a most difficult place for a Christian to live in. A half-hearted Christian brings reproach upon his profession, and on the cause of Christ; a very stiff separatist from all intercourse with any but the people of God, brings reproach in another way. Happy, indeed, is he who shall be strengthened to adorn the doctrines he professes, and to recommend them to the world, while conscience is uncontaminated."

At no period of her history did her piety glow with more heavenly fervor than at Gräfenberg. Denied the public means of grace, and wanting time and privacy in her dwelling which home afforded her, she nevertheless found opportunities to feed her lamp with oil, and to go forth and meet the Bridegroom. Often has her husband watched her steps to the beautiful mount which she so graphically describes, and seen her ascend it, like Moses, to plead with God, as a man with his friend, for him and his. Sweet indeed was her communings with God on that hill—mighty her wrestlings for her classes and the church. It is no exaggeration to assert, that when her husband met her in the high road after these exercises, to accompany her to the saloon to breakfast, the expression of that communion remained on her countenance, and her first greetings showed that her mind was full

of love and of God. During the entire period she remained at Gräfenberg, she was not kept in the house above a single day by rain: the little which fell came chiefly in the night, or descended in brief showers, and the sun so speedily dried the earth, that her visits to her favorite oratoire were only twice interrupted. By the extracts which follow, the reader will see how that communion with heaven sanctified her correspondence, and has left instructive lessons for survivors:—

“At six in the morning, I go with my Bible to a most lovely spot, the summit of one of the lesser mountains, where no one is seen so early; surrounded with a perfect carpet of most beautiful wild flowers, the variety of which increases every day; the water rolling below, which, though scarcely visible, is to be heard far away—here is my closet, where I have the happiest moments in the day. I have consecrated it to this use, and wish to go there only for the purpose of communion with God. The wild cistus which abounds here, is peculiarly suitable to my lovely hill—it turns directly to the sun, and when he withdraws his beams, closes entirely. May I but imitate this dear little flower, the numerous blossoms of which so prominently turn to this glorious orb, that I cannot but be powerfully taught by it, to keep my eyes fixed on the great Sun of Righteousness, to make *Him* my life, my joy, my all in all, and when He withdraws, to close my eyes and heart to every other, until He returns.

“It is sweet to feel, that though not less than a thousand miles separate us from our most deeply-loved friends at Surrey, we meet in spirit, day by day, at the same throne, whence even in heathen Austria the meanest suppliant may draw treasures

of grace, beyond all we can ask or think, and we may even mutually procure blessings thence for each other. This has greatly cheered my heart many times, while it has yearned over the multitudes of precious souls in this place, who, in the midst of the most striking displays of the Divine power, both in the beauties of nature, which are grand indeed, and in the recovery of the most hopeless sufferers, by the judicious application of the simplest and most abundant of His gifts to us, either deny His existence, or utterly forget it, and live regardless of their obligations to Him. It is sweet *here* to believe, that God is present, as with them in London—that *here*, answers to the far-distant prayer may descend, and perhaps even mercies may be in reserve for this remote land, through their supplications, in happy, dear England. My heart has been able to cast away many a load since I have been here, by telling it to that heavenly visitant. Why do I love Him so little, and serve Him so miserably? How unaccountable it is to me, that when I compare with himself, his favor and service every thing I can think of, all appears perfectly insignificant, and my spirit glows to realize its rich hopes and possessions; yet my *mind*, not my *heart*, is so much engaged with worldly trifles, and things for which it has really no taste or enjoyment! I am not *obliged* to be so occupied mentally, and I deliberately reject all relish for them, yet there they are: trifles, worthless and unprofitable, fill the mind that belongs to God. When at dear Surrey, there is too much work in the service of God to allow the same occupation of mind in such trifles, yet even there it exists—a tyrant, striving to reign.

“We almost envy those who are privileged to meet with the excellent of the earth, at the May

Meetings, and have traced them day by day, as well as we could, without a Missionary Magazine. We are two hours and twenty minutes before you in time, which spoils many a meeting in spirit with you; but as far as possible we endeavor to remember and follow those hallowed occupations, which seem for the time to lessen the distance which separates us from each other.

“How sweet will it be to behold Him with more than faith’s feeble eye, to see Him as He is, and be able to bear the sight, all weakness, impurity, and sin for ever put away, and temptation dreaded no more: who can conceive what it must be to be like Christ! Our most exalted conception of the heavenly world, and of the spirits redeemed by blood, are so defective, and fall so far short of the reality, that we must be satisfied with that full assurance of Him who cannot overstate the truth, that ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.’ May but this bright portion be ours—then the now painful steps which our Father appoints to bring us thither, will be looked back upon with joy, and a full conviction be possessed, which we are too slow to believe, that ‘He led us by the right way to that blest city.’

“The numerous springs around us which so abundantly contribute to the healing of the sick, remind us of that living water which is to be ‘in us, a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.’ And who can be blest with such a supply, and not feel, if he constantly drink it, his spiritual maladies getting daily weaker and weaker. Tell P. these springs often bring him before me, as he is longing for the water of life, and when I think with an aching heart what bitter things he is writing

against himself, the promise comes with force, 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they SHALL be filled.'

"The eclipse of the sun, on the 8th of July, was with us extremely solemn and beautiful. The peasants shook their heads, and went to church to count their beads, and utter additional paternosters. I shall not easily forget it, nor the intense cold which accompanied it. It was over here a little before seven in the morning, when I adjourned to my own dear hill, my oratoire, hoping to learn some useful lessons from reflecting on the cold, which the concealment of the sun occasions, when some great object intervenes between it and the earth. And, is it not the same, when a far inferior object places itself between the soul and the Sun of Righteousness? Oh, that the intervening body, and the consequent coldnesses, were as quickly withdrawn from the mind, as from the earth; and oh, that their recurrence were as rare!"

To her mamma, she thus expresses the sanctified feelings of a Christian mother, on behalf of her child, and gives a playful description of scenes which delighted her maternal imagination.

"I hope my sweet babe continues good, and is learning plenty of hymns and Scripture, to repeat to her half-forgotten mamma. I thought of her, little darling, yesterday, Whit Monday, which, four years ago, was her birthday, when it fell on the 4th of June. Dear little lamb, how can I be sufficiently thankful to you for your great kindness in taking charge of her during my long absence. O! that she may reward it, by consecrating her infant heart to his service, who has placed her in that highly-favored land where God is known and served, instead of in Austria. How much wisdom I need to

direct her as she grows up. Theory, I think less and less of alone, still theory has its advantages; some good may be extracted from occupying the mind with the subject. But although general principles are adapted to all children, the peculiar tempers and habits of many, require a mode of treatment for which no precise rules can be laid down. Shall I not see her much grown? Precious pet—there is no child here so sweet as she! May she but be as good in God's eyes, through the righteousness of Christ, and the sanctifying influences of his blessed Spirit, as she is dear to her mother's heart.

“I cannot believe that so long a time remains before I can see my beloved ones at home. I dream of home, and awake refreshed with the airy vision; some anticipations prove to be only imaginary, but I trust this will be of a far different character; a real, happy, and abiding interview, till we remove to a world of pure and constant joy, where separation and sorrow are unknown. I picture to myself my little pet coming in after dinner, to sit by her own dear grandmamma, and to look at her own dear grandpapa; receiving from him occasional reproofs, most wise and judicious, for native bluntness of manner, and lack of that politeness which is so great an ornament to a young lady. I imagine I see papa with his glass of wine half-emptied, rising from a beautiful dish of strawberries, with great indignation against the noisy and stinging remarks of the wasp tribe, who come to investigate the state of the fruit this season. I (perhaps presumptuously) imagine myself the subject of occasional conversation, while you lean back in your chair, to quiet a rebellious stomach that refuses to perform its duties of digestion as it ought; your hands

locked, with each fore-finger in union above its companions, like Snowden, above its sister mountains; the feet on the stool, while Tooty, now and then, gives an expressive look of approbation at the strawberries, which her kind grandmamma has given, and if her wise judgment prohibit an additional supply, trotting round to grandpapa, climbing his knee, and saying, 'I want to 'peak in your ear.' Precious group! would I could see and kiss thee now; but I must not wish time away, to bring me to you again; the responsibility of its employment is too great to allow us to wish it to slip by. Oh, that I could here employ it for God more!"

Much of the grief occasioned by cessation from pastoral labors, and of the despondency into which an active mind is apt to fall, when long unemployed, were greatly relieved by good tidings of the state of the flock, and by fraternal Christian epistles, full of sympathy and love, which the Elders of the Church sent to cheer their minister. This consolation was, of course, shared by an affectionate wife.

"We have good news, indeed, from Surrey; the affection of the people for their pastor seems to grow with his absence, and calls for lively gratitude to Him, who has granted such unmerited goodness and mercy. What can we render to the Lord for all goodness to us! How little we feel our obligations! How feeble and utterly inadequate are our returns to Him! This lovely spot is not the place for the promotion of piety; though I trust we have been kept from all visible worldly conformity; perhaps there is less danger here, than when we mix with the *wordly religious*. For myself, I think I can say I view the precious truths of the

gospel with a joy I never knew before ; the foundation of my hope seems so immovable, so worthy the trust of an immortal soul ; and as conversation elicits the infidel views of one after the other, I feel lost in amazement, that such worms as we should have been brought into the glorious light of the gospel, and enabled 'to lay hold on eternal life.' "

The last public service in the cottage, at which a farewell was taken of the congregation to which her husband had ministered, and the tribute of affection they gave him at parting is thus stated ;

"Last Sunday, July 17th, expecting to leave Gräfenberg on Friday next, my husband took his leave of the little motley congregation. At the conclusion of the service Mr. B—— rose, and with much feeling said, that he was convinced he was uttering the sentiment of all when he expressed his gratitude for the invaluable services Mr. S. had rendered, by acceding to their request and conducting worship among them with so much propriety and acceptance. Many other expressions of kindness and affection fell from his lips, which, as they came from one who held such different sentiments from those which he had been accustomed to hear on these occasions, were very grateful. Most wept at separating. Even old Mr. L—— was much affected. This was the more interesting from the circumstance that the B——s and the S——s were the only professedly pious persons present.

"A public dinner, the best that can be procured, is to be given us at our departure, and every token of respect that can be shown they intend to manifest. This is very gratifying but very astonishing to us. Why we are treated so above the rest con-

tinually, we cannot imagine: we only wish we could requite their kindness with those solid blessings which should ever memorialize us. It may be that the dew from the Lord shall yet fall on the seed sown, and cause all error to be renounced.

“On Friday, July 29th, the public dinner was given to us, which was preceded by a deputation to my good husband, with a document signed by his little congregation, couched in the most grateful terms for his services. Nothing could be more pleasant than the banquet—it was given in the large room of a summer-house, belonging to Priesnitz, on the summit of one of the hills, and commanding a magnificent prospect. The room was decorated with festoons of wild flowers and branches of trees, and the provisions were both ample and elegant. Mr. B——, who presided, made a short but pretty speech, on the pleasure they had derived from our society, and the benefits which they hoped would result from the services of the Sabbath, and concluded by wishing us, in the name of the whole company, a safe and successful tour to our beloved home. This called up my husband, and in a speech of great feeling and seriousness, he reminded them of the responsibilities of the past, and of our again meeting to give an account of all our instructions and privileges. After a few faithful remarks, delivered in a playful manner, on the timidity of some who came to that feast, but through fear of the police had kept away from the Sabbath service, he concluded by most affectionately urging them to bear in mind the solemn truths which, in great feebleness, he had urged upon their attention. I hope the last appeal was not without its gracious effect. When he alluded to the marriage supper of the

Lamb, and expressed his earnest desire in the warmest and tenderest tones that all might partake of that feast, and continue in the worship and service of the Redeemer for ever, all were affected and seemed to respond a hearty Amen."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY FROM GRÄFENBERG THROUGH THE TYROL
AND SWITZERLAND TO ENGLAND.

THERE was but one serious drawback to the joy Mrs. Sherman experienced in leaving Gräfenberg; her husband was returning to his important charge, with his health perfectly restored and her own greatly improved; but Selina was left behind, with the hope that a longer stay there would give tone and strength to her system. The following statement of the reasons which induced her parents to leave her at Gräfenberg, is extracted from a sketch of her character by her father, which has been previously presented to the public.

“Her constitution was healthful and robust till the age of three years, but from that period she exhibited symptoms of great weakness. To her sainted mother she was an object of much solicitude and affection; while her quietude, patience and cheerfulness, at that tender age, endeared her to all who knew her. When about eight years old she was supposed to have an affection of the spine, for which she lay in a horizontal position for nine months, without moving, under the care of Dr. Harrison. The treatment, however, appeared to increase her general debility, and when she was again permitted to walk, it was with greater difficulty and feebleness than before. During the time of her residence at school, where every considerate and maternal attention was paid by her preceptress

to the state of her health, she had frequent attacks of indisposition, which created great fears that she would not arrive at maturity. Her flow of animal spirits, the bloom on her cheek, and her natural reserve on all subjects relating to herself, prevented many from discerning her weakness and frequent suffering. They were rarely the subject of complaint even to her sister, or to those most endeared to her. She was anxious to accompany us to Gräfenberg, and make the experiment of the efficacy of the water-cure on her debilitated frame. In a short time the beneficial effects became visible, her strength increased so much that she walked regularly three times a day up and down a steep hill, about three-quarters of a mile long, besides other walks, with comparative ease; and we fondly hoped that we should see her return home in the plenitude of health. About a fortnight before we left Gräfenberg she said, with great anxiety and affection, ‘I think, dear papa, if you would permit me to remain here a few months longer, I should get quite well; my recovery is progressing so fast that it seems a pity to leave when you do.’ We remonstrated with her on her request, showed her the difficulties to which she would be subject, the anxieties we should feel about her at such a distance from home, and especially the impossibility of coming to her, if she should be ill or dying; but with a cheerfulness and calmness not easily forgotten, she replied, ‘O, papa, you know very few persons die here, and from my evident improvement under the system it is not likely that I shall be worse or die at Gräfenberg. I doubt not some Christian friends would let me live with them—I shall give them little trouble and require but little attention.’ We expressed astonishment at her cou-

rage, especially as she was an ardent lover of home and of her parents; but with tears standing in her eyes, and a look that awoke our strongest sympathy, she said, 'Yes, but health is very precious, and what sacrifice should I not make for it.' Finding her so intent upon it, affection for her welfare would not allow us at once to deny her, but we told her that we would think and pray over it. In the meantime, M. Priesnitz was consulted, who confirmed her views, by assuring us that he had no doubt, from the improvement she had made, three months longer would effect a perfect cure. At the same time two dear Christian friends, the Rev. Alexander Stewart and his devoted wife, voluntarily offered to take charge of her as their own daughter, and to bring her home with them when they returned to England, which they expected would be about the middle of October. The providence of God seemed to smile upon her proposal—to remove difficulties and to answer prayer—and after a few days of hesitation we gave our consent. When it was communicated to her, she threw her arms round her father's neck—precious child!—and said, 'Thank you, Oh! thank you, dear papa, a thousand times for your kindness and the sacrifices you are willing to make for me.' She wrote home to her sister and to the nurse who had had charge of her from an early age, expressing her joy that she had permission to remain, and her hope and confidence that she should return as strong as any of them. With emotions in which hope predominated we kissed her sweet lips—little imagining that it was the last time that token of affection would be given."

It seemed necessary in justice to Mrs. Sherman to recite these particulars, without which, her fu-

ture reference to the circumstance of her daughter's remaining at Gräfenberg, would be scarcely understood. Her memorial of the events of the journey, will now describe the moments of departure, and her subsequent movements, till her arrival at home.

Monday morning, August 2nd.—"We took our leave of Gräfenberg—dear Gräfenberg, the scene of so much and such varied interest. At six o'clock, I went to my little hill for the last time with deep emotion. I can never forget that sweet spot, and seem to realize what Jacob felt, when he remembered Bethel as the place where God answered him in the day of his distress. At seven o'clock we breakfasted in the cottage; and after family devotion, in which our precious Selina was specially commended to God, we invited the landlord and his family to come in, and receive some parting tokens of our regard for their attentions. My dear husband, at my request, undertook the pleasant task of presenting our gifts, and addressing to each a few sentences of spiritual advice. Our kind friend Mrs. K. acted as interpreter. To the youngest daughter he gave a gown—to the eldest a shawl—to the son a coat—and to the father a pair of boots—then taking up the German Bible, in which the mother had been accustomed to read, he addressed the old lady to the following effect: 'This precious book, which you have often returned with regret, we purchased to read occasionally ourselves, but principally that it might show you the way of salvation. It tells you how Christ, by his death on the Cross, made one sacrifice for sin, and that if you depend on that atonement, it will save you from all guilt, without penance, or the mass, or any ceremony whatever. Our parting words to you are, 'Believe on the

Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.' Examine that book for yourself; pray to God for the gift of the Holy Spirit, to enable you to understand its contents; never part with it as long as you live, whatever the priest may threaten, and then leave it to your children, as the richest legacy you can bestow. We present *you*, Mrs. Schubert, with God's own book.' With an inexpressible look of astonishment, she took the Bible, exclaiming, 'Is this for me? Am I to keep it as my own?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is a gift to you, Mrs. Schubert, and when you die, your eldest child is to have it.' She immediately pressed it to her lips, and kissed it repeatedly, while the tears streamed down her face. Then laying it quickly on the table, she sprang forward, threw her arms round my husband's neck, kissed both his cheeks, and in tones of gratitude that would have melted any heart, said, 'Thank you!—thank you! O the beautiful book! The priest take it from me! No—he shall have my life first!' Though somewhat amused with the incident, the scene quite overcame us, especially my precious Selina, and I could not help praying that we might hear something good of that Bible.

"Before nine o'clock, our rustic abode was filled with our kind neighbors and several of the peasants, who came to bid us farewell. It rained heavily as we entered the carriage. One of the many who surrounded us, a Roman Catholic nobleman, said, 'the weeping heavens were an emblem of their feelings at our departure.' We drove to our dear friend's, the clergyman, who was too ill to come to us. His rapid decrease of strength, within the last four days, intimated too plainly the impossibility of his reaching England. Yet he talked with the greatest cheerfulness of visiting us and his brother

in London, at the end of September. God grant he may at least live to reach Guernsey! We shall in all probability never meet again till we unite with the redeemed around the throne of God. We were accompanied on our journey by our friend Mr. B., whose kindness, on all occasions, has been very marked, but who, lady-like, kept us waiting for him an hour at least.

“I had an aching heart in leaving my dear child behind, so far from me; but she was under the care of praying friends, and, above all, in the hands of our Heavenly Father, whose providence directed her stay. Many petitions have ascended that this circumstance may issue in her conversion to God. The roads were very heavy, but having a strong carriage and three fat horses abreast, we travelled pleasantly, though not rapidly. At Hansdorf, we dined, and rested our horses, then proceeded through lovely scenery to Middleth, which we reached when all were asleep, the place perfectly dark, with the exception of a tiny lamp, which directed the weary traveller to the inn; we drove over a pile of stones which almost overturned us, but providentially, the horses were soon set straight, and in a little time, a half-dressed, half-asleep waiter, opened the gates for our admission, and awoke, as far as he could, the cook. We were very hungry, but our chief wants were supplied by a dish of cold venison and cherries. My throat was much swollen, and notwithstanding the efforts of my kind and attentive husband, I was almost starved, for neither eggs nor milk could be procured, and as the fires were all extinguished, nothing could be prepared which I could swallow. At one o’clock, we started for Olmütz, in pouring rain, where we arrived at six, and had just time to get into the train,

but none for breakfast. We entered Vienna about twelve.

“Notwithstanding our state of starvation, we were detained nearly an hour at the Custom-House, while our luggage was searched and our persons felt. Poor Mr. B. was fined eight shillings for bringing with him four letters, one of introduction to a gentleman at Vienna, and three for an Englishman, which arrived after he had left Gräfenberg; though the seals were broken, and all had come by their own post, he had to submit to this shameful fine. We had no idea of any scrutiny in passing from one part of Austria to another. At last our luggage was put into a *fiacre*, a hackney caleshe, the driver of which, though dirty, was so exceedingly fine, that you might have supposed him dressed in the deserted livery that decks our sheriff's carriages. The three-cornered colonel's hat, and richly laced dress, ill becomes one who earns his fortune by driving cattle.

“We took up our quarters in the Stadt London, an exceedingly pleasant hotel, and in a short time were presented with an excellent dinner of several varieties, for which we paid a very moderate sum. Vienna, the capital of Austria, and the imperial city, contains above 350,000 inhabitants, and in form resembles a spider's web, all the streets tending to a centre near the Cathedral. The old part of the city, contrary to most capitals, is the most fashionable. The streets are narrow, and as there is no pavement, you run the risk of having your toes smashed by the carriage wheels, which seem to be generally driven at a smart pace. Like the houses in Scotland, many are very lofty, and let out in stories, one of which often contains two or three dwellings. Some of the shops are very splen-

did, and distinguished by signs painted by talented artists. The Cathedral is a lofty and imposing Gothic building, and the tower, with its buttresses and arches, a wonderful work of art, with which I was greatly charmed. The interior is gloomy, but the richly painted glass, elegant sculptures, and vast proportions, render the *coup d'œil* very imposing. It contains a marble monument of the Emperor Frederick, ornamented with two hundred and forty figures, and forty coats of arms, the production of an artist at Strasburg.

“Our chief attraction was the great work of Canova, a monument erected to the memory of the Archduchess Christina of Saxe Teschen, in the church of the Augustines. Russel thus describes it:—‘A pyramid of grayish marble, twenty-eight feet high, and connected by two broad steps with a long and solid base, is placed against the wall of the church. In the centre is an opening, representing the entrance of the funeral vault, and two melancholy groups are slowly ascending towards it. The first, consists of Virtue, bearing the urn which contains the ashes of the deceased, to be deposited in the tomb; and by her side are twin little girls, carrying torches, to illuminate the gloomy sepulchre. Behind them, Benevolence ascends the steps, supporting an old man, who seems scarcely able to totter along, so rapidly is he sinking beneath age, infirmity and grief. A child accompanies him, folding its little hands, and hanging down its head in infantine sorrow. On the other side, couches a melancholy Lion, and beside him a desponding Genius; over the door of the vault is a medallion of the Archduchess, held up by Happiness, and opposite, a Genius on the wing presents to her the palm of triumph. The figure of the old man, whom Bene-

volence supports to the grave of his benefactress, is exquisite; his limbs actually seem to totter, and the muscles of his face to quiver with agitation. The composition is a most elegant one—pure and chaste throughout.’

“The Capuchin Church is interesting, only as containing the burial vault of the imperial family. A Capuchin brother shows, by torch light, a heap of seventy metal coffins. The library is very remarkable, both for the extent of its books and manuscripts. It owes its origin to the private collection formed by the Emperor Frederick III., 1440, and has been increased by successive acquisitions of later Austrian sovereigns, to 300,000 volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts. It was thrown open to the public by Charles VI. A tablet of bronze, on which is engraved a Roman act of Parliament, forbidding Bacchanalian ceremonies, dated in the year of Rome, 567, or B. C., 186, interested us teetotallers.

“In summer, after six o’clock in the evening, the whole population of Vienna seem to resort to the elegant cafés on the Volks-garten—the respectable of both sexes as well as the poorer classes. Small tables, in vast numbers, are placed in the open air, which are occupied by crowds who take their coffee, ices or supper, and listen to an excellent band of music. For admittance a few kreutzers only are paid, and refreshments are furnished at most reasonable prices. A pious and intelligent friend assured us that in these gardens innocent recreation was blended with amusement. He bore testimony that on two occasions on which he had been present, nothing transpired within his view that was not in unison with the strictest propriety. The first evening he heard the band of Lanner, the

rival of Strauss—the next evening the band of Strauss played ; the first was lovely, the latter perfect. It was a cheap and rational entertainment, and he wished England could adopt similar methods of cultivating a taste for manly amusements and rational pleasures, which might break off the population from grosser delights. But she has greater and nobler than these—we will not sigh for the blade while we possess the full corn in the ear.

“ At one o’clock, Friday, the 5th of August, we started from Vienna for Linz, in a carriage, which accompanied the Eilwagen, without luggage, and with two genteel young men as companions. Through the night we travelled in perfect silence, broken only by the sound of changing horses and of knocking off our drag from the wheel, to which it clung with provoking tenacity every time it was used. At noon we reached Linz, hot and weary, and found most agreeable accommodations at the Goldner Löwe.

“ Linz is beautiful for situation, commanding, especially in its immediate vicinity, most extensive and picturesque views. In the evening we ascended a flight of steps to a path which led to the summit of a hill, near Jägermeyer’s Garden, from whence a prospect of surpassing beauty is obtained ; you see the snow-clad chain of the Salzburg and Styrian Alps, stretching southward as far as the eye can reach—the sluggish Danube making many beauteous curves, and at some distance rolling through a narrow gorge as it approaches the city—while the town, the round towers of the fortifications, the citadel, and the church, lie at your feet. We spent the Sabbath there, and witnessed the debasing mummeries of Popery in the church. May these buildings, now thronged with the ignorant and

superstitious, ere long be crowded with listeners to the glorious gospel of salvation! Early in the morning the streets were filled with old and young, flocking to their churches, shaming not a little those who cannot attend an early prayer-meeting! I spent a very happy hour in the evening in communion with my unchanging Friend.

“Monday at six o’clock, we started for lovely Gmünden, by a horse railroad, and when we had travelled about three-quarters of the way, left the conveyance, to walk half a mile and see the falls of the river Traun. They are forty-two feet in depth, dashing over many rocks, and rank among the most picturesque in Europe. The great fall is most overpowering in its appearance; a body of foam whose spray soon makes the traveller tolerably wet, even on the bridge above, adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. Its pale green waters contrasted with the dark green mountains around it; the raging of the agitated stream on the fall side of the bridge, and the solemn stillness with which it passes to the other side, would form a charming theme for a poet. Suddenly the towering Traunstein appeared, rising above the clouds from the long valley of the Traun; then the magnificent lake of Gmünden, burst upon us, surrounded with mountains of every hue and form. Some say it exceeds the Italian lakes, in scenery. Our room at the Goldene Schiff faces the lake, and commands a splendid view. Beneath our windows is a lively scene, it is corn-market day, and in addition, the Queen of Saxony, Archduke and Duchess Charles and their suite are hourly expected. They are to breakfast at a house close by us, which is beautifully decorated for the occasion, with garlands and flowers. They have just arrived, and

we are to accompany them across the lake to Ebensee, on their way to Ischl. The steamer which is to convey them is an English speculation, with an English captain."

"*August 8th.*—We had a delectable sail across the lake; the boat was decorated with flowers, wreaths, and flags in honor of the royal party, consisting of the Queen of Saxony, the Archduke Charles and his Duchess, twin-sister of the Queen, two chamberlains, and two maids of honor. An awning was placed over two tables, at one the royal party sat, we at the other, with four English. Guns saluted them in different parts, producing an enchanting echo; and some girls in a boat serenaded them with songs sweetly sung. Every quarter of a mile brought us to finer scenery. At Ebensee, guns and a band awaited the party, the pleasures produced for them gratifying us equally, perhaps, more so. After examining a salt-house, we took a carriage for Ischl. A Catholic who was an astronomical professor and pasteur, asked permission to join us; he was a very interesting person, anxious to learn English, to whom we uttered a word about our Master. The road increased in beauty and interest as we advanced—smiling valleys—bare masses of rugged rock—mountains ornamented with trees to their summits, and the rolling Traun cheered us for many miles. At last Ischl burst upon us, in the distance, like a little white speck in the landscape. It has been converted from an insignificant village into a fashionable watering-place. The beauty of its situation can scarcely be surpassed. A circuitous path over some hills led us to a most romantic walk; there, in the distance were lofty mountains covered with eternal snows—here the richly cultivated valley with its undulating

surface, and the Traun winding its silvery waters; over one pointed mountain the lunar crescent was rising—over another Venus was peeping, and seemed to invite the comparison between her own brilliant beauty, and that of the dark mountains above which she appeared. The little chapels in various lovely spots, reminded us that such scenes demanded devotional feelings—oh! to be able from these great works of the Creator's hands to regard His yet greater work of Redemption! We returned from our lovely walk while the bells were calling to vespers. The Casino was decorated with boughs and variegated lamps, formed by placing colored paper, pricked with different patterns, round candles; the promenade was similarly illuminated, in honor of the royal party.

“Royalty having attracted a great number of visitors, most of the carriages were hired, and we were told at our hotel that not one was to be had to convey us to Hallstadt. Almost in despair of seeing that lovely place, of which we had read so much, we inquired at a little shop, where I took my parasol to be mended, whether it was possible to procure a conveyance. ‘O yes,’ said the man, ‘if you do not want a gay one—if such an one as that will do, (pointing to a basket carriage, with a seat for two, and room for a portion of luggage behind,) I will manage to get you one.’ This, though an unsightly, was really a comfortable carriage, and just adapted for the narrow and rough roads of the Salzkammergut, through which we were about to travel. He asked no more than eight shillings a day, for carriage, horse, and man, which we cheerfully agreed to give. The driver, a very civil creature, was seated on the apron at our feet. He wore a green silk Tyrolese hat, ornamented with

green satin ribbon, and a bunch of living flowers—a black silk cap beneath it, with a very long tail and tassel, which hung down behind, and seemed designed for a bell-pull. The other parts of his dress were similar to the Tyrolese. We drove the first evening to the Grindel See, a very beautiful lake, but not equal to Gmünden—and put up at Aussee for the night. Our coachman was evidently the worse for the beer he had drunk. My dear husband the next morning gave him a gentle reproof, which the poor man evidently felt, thanked him for it, and we had no more reason to complain. His astonishment, when we assured him that we had not touched intoxicating drink for nine or ten years, was unbounded, and till he inquired at the hotels if we took wine, (as he told us at the close of our journey,) he would not believe us. He promised to try to do without it. We gave him some German tracts which he read at intervals on our journey, and seemed impressed with a clearer view of salvation by Christ than he previously possessed. May God own the effort.

“At five, we started for Hallstadt, and drove through a picturesque country, to Gosau Mühl, on the borders of its lake. Near this spot is an aqueduct, which unites two mountains, and conveys the salt from the mine at Ebensee to Rosenheim, near Vienna, a distance of fifty-six miles—after a walk of great beauty along it, we returned to the lake. To our surprise, we found the village was accessible only by boats—the one into which we entered was the trunk of a long tree hollowed out, and though we questioned its safety, it glided deliciously over the dark and deep waters. Never can I forget this wonderful scene—the mountains seemed quite perpendicular, and as we approached the village, be-

came higher and closer. From the 15th of November to the 2d of February, the sun is never seen by the inhabitants. Clouds at times covered the lake, which added much to its beauty, and to our interest. The cottages seem attached to the rocks like swallows' nests, either built upon piers over the water, or piled in tiers one above another, so that the chimney of one house is on a level with the threshold of another, and their inhabitants pass from house to house by steps cut in the stone, instead of streets and lanes.

“From Hallstadt, we proceeded through a narrow and picturesque glen, by a lovely mountain pass, to Gosau, where splendid scenery awaited us. Its fruitful valley and pretty village terminate with the glaciers and aiguilles of the Dachstein, the highest of which exceed 10,000 feet, and are embedded in snow and ice. While our horse rested, we hired a car—such a jolting one—and drove to its base, understanding that from thence we should obtain the finest view of the whole Salzkammergut, but we found this could only be had by climbing some thousand feet of the mountain, for which we had neither time nor strength; the drive, however, amply repaid us. Additional interest was given to the beauties of the spot, by the fact, that out of a population of 1400 souls, 1200 of them are Protestants, who have preserved their faith and independence, notwithstanding all the efforts and persecutions of the Jesuits to drive them out. At last the Austrian Government was obliged to give them a place of worship. As sympathy is a language well understood, where German is unknown, we determined, on our return, to pay our respects to the pastor. We knocked at a door which opened into a large room, where a number of children of

both sexes were assembled for school; it was opened by an old man of benevolent countenance, whom we took for the minister. He soon directed us to the individual we sought, and his wife, a most interesting young couple. Our imperfect, and their good German, enabled us to spend a very happy half hour with them. They knew our old friend, Dr. Steinkopff, and several devoted laborers in Christ's vineyard, and took deep interest in the progress of the gospel. In such a secluded position, few visits are paid them, and ours seemed to be most gratefully acknowledged. At what a small sacrifice can we often comfort and rejoice others.

“Much pleased with our visit, we started again for Abtenau, over a lovely but most fatiguing mountain pass. In many places, the road was formed by laying down small fir-trees—rather a jolting arrangement. We walked the greater part of the way up hill, to please the horse—down hill, to please ourselves. At last we reached the hotel, where we almost lost our patience with the stupidity of the Kammermadchen, who fetched every article singly when we were anxious to go to bed; but it is well to have patience exercised occasionally.

“At five in the morning, 12th of August, with a dewy, cloudy atmosphere, we proceeded to Golling, a lovely village, with a most splendid and elegant waterfall. The fall is 300 feet; it is said to originate in the Königssee, which by road is distant thirty miles, and finds its way under the mountains to this spot; others say it rises in the cavern, whence it issues with such power as to make for itself two natural bridges in the rock. It falls from the cavern straight down in one huge stream, from

thence over the rocks, which are covered with deep green moss, and forms an amphitheatre of hundreds of single pipe-like droppings, besides two broad falls in the form of drapery. We hardly knew how to leave this enchanting spot. About eleven we started for Hallein, which we reached about one, and set off immediately to the salt mine. Two immense horses, like our dray-horses, attached to a light chaise, drew us up the mountain to the entrance of the mine. My husband was introduced by a man into one dressing-room, and I by a woman into another, where I was quickly bedecked with a pair of strong white trousers tied round the ankle, a jacket, a sort of leather apron behind, and a cloth cap. I could scarcely stand for laughing. Thus attired I was led by my guide into a room full of men, among whom stood my unrecognized husband. He spoke to me before I knew him. He and the guide were provided with candles, and a thick glove to resist the friction of the rope by which we had occasionally to descend. We walked in solemn order through the narrow, cold, dark galleries, or rather passages of the mine, occasionally stopping to look at the salt walls, some red, others white, and some in strata, like red and white marble. It seemed a novel thing to take a piece out of a wall and put it to the tongue, but so we did. After walking thus for a very long time, we came to the first shaft, a descent almost perpendicular of 350 feet, consisting of two narrow smooth pieces of wood, very much like the ladders to our brewers' drays, and a strong rope fixed from the top to the bottom. The man sat down on the wood with the rope under his arm, and told me to sit behind him, with my arms tight round his neck and a leg on each side of him, my husband behind, not attached to me. Thus, with

candle in hand, we rapidly descended in a minute and a half. At the second shaft, about 800 feet, my *horse* proceeded a little too fast for my dear husband. He saw our light so frightfully portraying the precipice and its depth, that his confidence forsook him, and he could not follow. He called aloud, but we heard not. When we arrived at the bottom my guide gave me his candle, while he went in search of him. He soon descended with him, riding in the same style as I had done. We then came to a lake, forty feet long by thirty wide, and very deep, illuminated by two hundred candles, which, of course, reflected double, and entering a boat were ferried across it. The sensation while crossing this illuminated cavern was perfectly indescribable; the little splash of the oar on the unrippled surface was the only noise heard, and though not superstitious, I was glad to get out of it.

“After a continuation of the same cold, solemn walk, interrupted only by an occasional miner digging out the precious treasure, or the passage of others with barrows wheeling it to the water, in which it is conveyed to the boiling and drying houses, we came to the bottom of the mine, where a new method of accelerating progress awaited us. We rode astride a sort of wooden horse, which runs on a tramway—with our candles in hand—one man drawing, and others pushing, at a swift pace, for about twenty minutes. The first glimpse of light from a great distance was singularly beautiful. The entrance to the mine appeared about the size of the smallest star, and gradually increased till we saw it twelve feet high. The point at which we emerged from it was so low in the valley, that we had to walk only a quarter of a mile to the hotel, where we eagerly despatched what was set before us.

As soon as we had dined, we started for Salzburg, through scenery by no means so interesting as before. The old castle built by Archbishop Paris, and the scene of many conflicts, was a prominent object for a long distance; and for three miles we drove through an avenue of beautiful trees, which terminate only at the entrance to the town itself.

“The ancient town of Salzburg is dull and deserted—the grass grows in the streets, and considering its population, above 12,000 inhabitants, does not impress you with activity or industry. The castle was once the residence of the kingly archbishops, whose territory included a population of 200,000 souls. Here we saw the *torture chamber*, where political offenders, and especially the poor Protestants, were raised by a rack to the roof, and then, with weights attached to their feet, suffered to fall through a trap-door, to a more horrible dungeon, into the arms of an iron figure, which, moved by machinery, either crushed or killed them at once. From the year 1327 to 1332, as many as 30,000 Protestants were banished from their native land. The prospect from the tower of the Castle is superb. As we were passing the Cathedral last Sunday, we saw the people arranged in file at the door and in the aisle, and supposed something extraordinary was expected. In a few moments the Archbishop appeared, preceded by priests in gorgeous dresses, carrying banners, &c. As soon as he entered, the people fell on their knees to receive his blessing. He dipped his fingers first in the holy water, and sprinkled it around. As he walked in solemn state up the aisle, he stretched out his hands from side to side very gracefully, and dispensed his blessing. His clothing was entirely of scarlet, and

two priests bore his train. Four bishops and many priests followed. He was welcomed with trumpets and drums; when he reached the centre of the Cathedral, he knelt on a crimson cushion prepared for him, and crossed himself. He then proceeded to his throne, where the operation of undressing and dressing him took place; and really, any fine lady might have been pleased with the abundance of cambric, and deep rich lace which decorated him. His mitre was put on and taken off, I know not how many times. The bishops were very beautifully attired—the same exchange of mitres took place with them. The young priests who waited on them, gave the impression of the most abject state of mind—they appeared like so many school-boys, who dreaded the rod if they made a mistake. I was struck too with the want of cheerfulness in their countenances, and with the slavish aspect of every feature. The music and singing, with occasionally the chanting of a few words by the dignitaries, constituted all the *audible* worship: waving incense, bowing first to the altar, then to the bishop, and marching to three pictures, all the *visible* worship. The procession returned as it entered. Oh, what awful mockery! surely heathenism is better. The sight itself as a mere pageant was extremely beautiful, but *worship*—there was no worship of *God*. The Archbishop appears a very intelligent and interesting man. He is the bosom friend of Count P., our friend and fellow lodger at Gräfenberg, who gave us much of his interesting history and character. How can men of intelligence lend their powers to such a system of deception and iniquity! In the castle we met an interesting youth, Mr. P., a native of Cologne, who spoke a little English, and was travelling for his health. We

were mutually interested, and he wished to accompany us three days' journey.

First day, *August 15th*.—"We breakfasted at the Königssee, and went to the end of the lake in a trunk of a tree, hollowed out for a boat, with pieces of wood laid across for seats; amber, blue and green alternately predominated in these lovely waters. Smooth as they were to us, they once engulfed and entombed seventy persons, whom a sudden storm drove on the rocks. A cross indicates the spot. May the Savior so humbly represented on it, be found to have immortalized them, in a better way, by applying his precious blood for their redemption, and thus giving them *eternal* life. The scenery of this lake is remarkably sublime, from the immense height of the mountains and their abrupt perpendicular form. We afterwards went to Berchtesgarden, where we partook of an excellent dinner of the trout of the Königssee and the chamois venison of the surrounding Alps. Hither the King of Bavaria comes every year to enjoy the sport of hunting these timid and beautiful animals, this mountain district being their favorite resort. We proceeded to Reichenhall, and slept at a romantic inn, about a mile and a half from the town. From Reichenhall the scenery is very beautiful, but from Unken to Waidringen it becomes wild and grand beyond description. At Lofer the valley contracts—the mountains come closer together—in many parts the road is cut through the rock, till you arrive at a narrow defile, called Pass Strubb, which is the entrance to the Tyrol from Salzburg, and was formerly guarded by a tower and an archway. Here a painter might find plenty of fine subjects, but they are too numerous to crowd into any one canvas.

“On the 16th, we arrived at St. Johann, and pushed on to Söll to sleep, where an interesting incident occurred. We had left the hotel, for a walk to a little chapel at the summit of a small conical hill, which commanded a most extensive and remarkable prospect. As we approached the hotel the sound of voices in prayer, repeating a Litany, saluted our ear. A Tyrolese dog met us at the door, and seemed to invite us into a large room, where were seen on their knees about thirty persons, consisting of the master, mistress and servants of the house, with the laborers who had returned from their harvest work. One of them was leading the devotion, and all repeated after him. A maid arose, came to us, asked if we required any thing she could get for us, and on our answering no, she returned and resumed her position. Even the large dogs appeared accustomed to the service, and took their place and attitude with the servants. When prayer ceased every one remained in silence about two minutes, then crossing themselves they arose and commenced their suppers. We could not but hope that even here, where the Bible is little known, and the light of the precious gospel darkened by superstitious ceremonies, God has his secret ones who hold communion with him. Throughout the Tyrol there is more devotion and greater independence of character than in any of the Catholic countries we have seen. May Jesus Christ soon visit that glorious land with the light of life.

“On the 17th, we passed through Wörgel, Schwatz, and Hall to Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. The situation is unique. Mountains some of which are 8000 feet high, surround the town, and seem to overhang it. The view from the bridge which crosses the river Inn (from both of

which the town takes its name,) embraces the fertile valley—the lofty mountains—the picturesque town, and the celebrated Martinswand, and presents an assemblage of beauties which, it is said, no other town in Europe can rival. Certainly it is superbly grand.

“The Franciscan church was an object of great interest to us. It contains the tomb of Maximilian I., who spent large sums of money in its erection, yet was not permitted to rest there. The rich marble sarcophagus stands in the centre of the church, and supports the figure of Maximilian, kneeling with his face towards the altar. It has twenty-four bas-reliefs, about twenty-four inches by eighteen, set in its sides, sculptured in Carrara marble, as carefully finished and as beautiful as the carving of an Italian cameo. The grouping of the figures is very skillful, and the splendor of the ancient costume is exhibited with wonderful effect. They represent the principal events of the monarch's life. Those marked No. 9, representing his victory over the Turks in Croatia, and No. 12, the marriage of his son Philip with Joanna of Aragon—are masterpieces. The sarcophagus is guarded by twenty-eight figures, in bronze, of colossal size, fourteen ranging on the side of each aisle, representing the most distinguished persons of his time, and dressed in the armor and costume of the sixteenth century. They present a most imposing historical spectacle, and for their elaborate workmanship take a high place in the school of art.

“At the table d'hôte we were recognized by the Rev. F. C. and his friend, a nephew of the Marquis of C., who invited us to join them in our journey into Switzerland. We agreed to meet at Feldkirch. Our road over the pass of the Arlberg, made

by Joseph II., was the most awfully sublime I ever saw, especially from Landek. For two hours and a half we were ascending, till we were many thousand feet above the river, whose roaring sounded inexpressibly solemn among the rocks and mountains below. Tall glaciers, foaming waterfalls, and the marks of the tremendous mountain torrents, which are continually occurring, meet the eye on every side. Two carriages can occasionally pass, but generally there is only room for one between the perpendicular or projecting cliffs and the precipice below : broad stones are placed here and there, to prevent liability to fall over. When we began to descend, two wheels were locked, and we rattled down the declivity at railway pace. The continual serpentine road down the mountain threatened, in my timid mind, our over balancing at every turn, and dashing into the torrents below. I am told that this is nothing to what I must witness in Switzerland. In the midst of our rapid descent, we were arrested by seeing one of the wheels of a companion-carriage lying in the road, and three wheels supporting it at some distance further ; happily it was not overturned. Four fat travellers stood by, looking unutterable things. When I saw that no harm was done, I really felt relieved that we were stopped, and had time to pluck up a little courage before we proceeded. All set to work to repair the vehicle, but we were detained nearly three hours.

“Some distance from the spot where the accident happened, lived a peasant who had often seen on the mountains the bodies of those who had perished in the snow, partly devoured by birds of prey. He determined with his little earnings to erect a place of shelter for the traveller. By the help of God

and St. Christopher, as he said, he completed it, and procured the assistance of many princes to support it when finished. He had the happiness, before his death, of thus being the means of saving and sheltering in his Hospice, at least fifty persons, who had nearly lost their lives when discovered. I was reminded of the eternal shelter in Immanuel from everlasting destruction.

“We reached Feldkirch about three in the morning, and found the only good hotel quite full. We were compelled, at this unseasonable hour, to seek shelter at a filthy inn, where the half-asleep chambermaid was long in preparing our dirty room to receive us. In the morning we removed to the hotel, some parties having vacated their apartments since our arrival. Mr. C. and Mr. L. arrived late on Saturday evening. The head-dress of the women is singular and amusing—a sort of helmet of gold and black wire—with a frill round the neck like a target, without any approach to taste or elegance. In this gloomy, sleepy town we passed the Sabbath: the Rev. Mr. C. read the Litany, and my dear husband gave a little address from ‘Unto you therefore which believe He is precious,’ Mr. C. evidently deeply interested. Before our little service, we went to the principal church, but the congregation was so large, we could not reach even the doors. In the afternoon we took a lovely walk together in the woods, and came down a precipitous way to the valley. We ‘talked of the things which happened at Jerusalem,’—on the dangers of travelling excitement, in drawing away the heart from spiritual objects, and on the necessity of a spirit of greater dependence and prayer. It was truly a profitable conversation.

“On Monday morning we started, with our good

companions, for the vale of Thusis, through Ragaz, in a curious carriage, to the baths of Pfeffers, a most remarkable, and till last year, an almost inaccessible place. It is supposed that the little river Tamina, which rises in a neighboring glacier, and falls over rocks here, has, in the course of centuries by its simple force, worn the rocks away, and made a channel for itself, in some places 600 feet deep but only a few feet across. A huntsman, in pursuit of a chamois, was surprised to observe steam issuing from this narrow defile, and on tracing it discovered a hot spring in this cold spot. The monks of an adjoining Franciscan monastery took advantage of the circumstance so accidentally discovered, and erected miserable places which they called baths, for the sick, who were let down from the summit in a basket, by ropes and pullies. The monastery has been dissolved, and the baths have fallen into the hands of some persons who have made a road to them by blasting the rocks. We went, expecting to descend in some awful manner, but were not a little delighted to find that this accommodating mode of access had been very recently accomplished. Our guide led us to the entrance of the ravine of the Tamini, the sides of which, at some places, approach each other within a few feet, and further up entirely close, so that the river appears to flow out of a chasm in a cavern. A shelf of two planks, and in some places of only one, supported by niches cut in the perpendicular rock, or by iron rods, with a frail handrail, is the only pathway for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile—some hundred feet above your head the rocks overhang, and form a vaulted roof, separated only by a few inches, which let in the light of heaven, threatening every instant to crush you—forty feet

beneath, the roaring torrent rushes with tremendous fury—the planks on which you tread tremble at every step, the cold, chilly atmosphere makes your very flesh quiver, and the whole scene gives an impression of horror and danger such as I never experienced. We tasted the water at the fountain, which was little more than tepid, but so much heat and steam came from the spring that we were glad to retire from it to the cold chasm through which we had passed, and return to the bath-house. It is not nicely fitted up. Englishmen who look for comfort will scarcely find it in this solitary den. One night's rest, or a noontide visit like ours, will quite satisfy them. Yet no one who passes near should omit to see Pfeffers, which certainly is one of the most extraordinary places in Europe. An author somewhere says, 'it is one of the very few spots I have seen where no disappointment can arise from previous description.' We returned to Ragaz to dinner, after which we started with three horses to Coire, the capital of the Grisons, in which canton the Romansch language, a vile corruption of the Latin, is spoken. The town has nothing extraordinary to note, except that we found comfortable sleeping quarters at the Weisses Kreutz.

"In the morning we started for the Via Mala, and passed the house of Reichenau, where Louis Philippe, the present King of the French, became teacher of history, mathematics, and French, in the school of M. Jost. What a marvellous change! The valley of the Rhine, from Reichenau, abounds in castles, which cover almost every rock, and exhibits sad proof of the ravages of the torrent Nolla, which rises in one of the mountains, and pours its waters into the Rhine. After heavy rain, it rushes down, carrying rocks, trees, and every thing in its

course, producing desolating inundations. Above Thusis commences the Via Mala, which extends about four miles, and for sublimity and grandeur is considered superior to any defile in Switzerland. I believe any human description would fall short of its wonders; it must be seen to be understood. Conceive precipices rising on each side the roaring torrent, in several places not less than fifteen hundred feet high, nor more than thirty feet apart—near the middle bridge, the rocks on one side overhang those on the other—as you look over the bridge, the water is four hundred feet below, and reduced to a rivulet in appearance, but boils and foams from its compression within such narrow limits. The magnificent road, constructed by the engineer Pocobelli, is carried by a tunnel, two hundred and sixteen feet long, through projecting portions of hard rock; in some parts, it is gained by blasting a shelf in the side of the perpendicular mountain, at the base of which the Rhine washes its way, and in others, is not wide enough for more than one carriage to pass. So fresh does the rent seem, that the edges of the rocks are sharp, as if some earthquake had lately occasioned it, the action of the atmosphere for centuries having produced little or no effect upon it. It is a glorious scene, full of grandeur, sublimity and verdure, on which the eye may gaze with delight and awe, exchanging wonders at every turn. We were very loth to quit the spot; yet I would rather see these wonders occasionally, than live near them. We took a luncheon at Splügen, near the source of the Rhine. The glacier in which it rises descends almost into the valley, so cold and desolate is its birth-place—from thence it runs like a little rivulet along the valleys to which it gives its name, receives supplies

from numberless cataracts, and in the Via Mala, descends in thundering torrents, occasionally overwhelming trees, bridges, houses, rocks, in its impetuous course, and at last becomes the noble river which bears the merchandise of many lands throughout Europe. What great events spring from trifling causes!

“We left the pass of the Splügen, and took the Bernardin. The mountain is about eight thousand feet high, but the road into Italy is so gradual, that our postillion trotted quickly down, without dragging the wheel, and turned the corners of the zig-zags with incredible skill; but we thought a little slower pace would have been wiser, and certainly would have spared my nerves. The whole of the curves and angles of the road lie before you, and the view into Italy is most superb, especially as we saw it to more advantage in consequence of a storm which was lowering in the distance, while we were riding in sunshine. Descending into the valley, we passed through the village of Misocco, where chestnut and walnut trees of majestic size abounded in fruit. The contrast was very striking between the barren snow-clad mountains, by which a few hours ago we stood shivering, and the scorching valleys where the vines are trained across the road, and the tempting clusters hang over the heads of the thirsty travellers. A beautiful and graceful cascade falls from the top of a rock, close to the road, not far from Leggia, well worth gazing at. When not very far from Belinzona, a singular noise aroused us; it proved to be one of the travelling bags, which was recreant, and tried to run away—a few moments more would have liberated it—it was already knocking against the wheel. After a quarter of an hour's trouble and delay, all was set right,

and we entered Bellinzona, fatigued with our ride, and with the sight of the glories of nature through which we had passed.

“Bellinzona is a dirty town, but we had a clean room at the Aquila d’Oro. Its three castles, though in ruins, are picturesque; the view from the Castello Grande is the finest, and well repays a walk. The storm visited us in the night, and left a rainy morning. At five we started for St. Gothard, through the lovely vale of Ticino. They compelled us to take four horses to the carriage from Faïdo. We passed through Dazio Grande, which interested us much; it seems a cleft in a mountain, a mile in length, and very narrow. The carriage road winds its way through it, supported by arches and terraces, and crosses the river thrice on bridges; the whole must have cost an immense sum, and is exceedingly picturesque. From Airolo we began the real ascent, by a series of zigzag terraces, which display very skillful engineering, and are not so exceedingly sharp as on the Bernardin. The summit of the pass is a scene of desolation—the snow, sleet and thick clouds which gathered around us, almost threatened to wash away our love of roaming. We sheltered ourselves for a short time at the Hospice, a massive and capacious house of refuge, where travellers may be accommodated as at an inn, and then commenced the descent, which was rapidly and safely performed, almost without a drag, through Hospital to Andermatt, where we relished an excellent supper of the red trout caught in the Oberalp-See, which are reputed to be the finest in the world. Of that I am not a judge, but they were, I can testify, delicious. Here we slept, and found it exceedingly cold, though in a burning autumn.”

August 25th.—"A peculiarly interesting part of our journey now commenced. After leaving Andermatt we soon entered the pastoral vale of Urseren, and were scarcely permitted to admire its verdure, before we were conducted by the road to a tunnel 180 feet long and about seventeen feet high, cut through the solid rock. Formerly this projecting rock forbade all passage, and a shelf of boards was suspended by chains to its sides, which was passable only on foot, and exposed to the spray of the roaring Reuss. As you emerge from the tunnel, the Devil's Bridge appears in the midst of the wildest and sternest scenery. The Reuss rises in a lake near the summit of the St. Gothard, and, by a succession of cataracts to this bridge, falls nearly 2500 feet. One of them, a short distance from it, drives the torrent through as savage a gorge as can well be imagined. Over this terrific abyss, at a height of seventy feet, two bridges are thrown, one an ancient structure of fragile appearance, for the passage of mules—the other a modern and more solid building, for carriages. We stood on the latter for a short time, amazed and bewildered by these magnificent works of God, rendered easy of access by the ingenuity and perseverance of man. There was just rain enough, without mist, to give a sombre hue to this awfully sublime spectacle, of which no words can convey an adequate idea. Strange to say, this place has been the scene of numerous conflicts between the French, Austrians and Russians. In 1799, after the former had blown up the bridge, the latter erected a temporary one, by tying together planks and trees with their officers' scarfs, by which the Russian army, consisting of 20,000 infantry and cavalry, passed over and pursued the French. If men will fight, the savage character

of this gloomy den seems more suited to the scenes of war, than peaceful, smiling and inhabited valleys.

“From the Devil’s Bridge, we descended by zig-zag terraces, skillfully constructed, to Schellinen, which is a narrow ravine of nearly three miles long, with Alpine cliffs of granite, which seem almost to shut out the sun, where no verdure is seen, and the Reuss continues its fearful roar and dashing course. By the side of the road lies an enormous block of granite, which some storm has broken off, but which the people believe was dropped there by Satan, and have therefore given it the name of Teufelstein. As we passed on, the scenery became less awful, and in the valley the walnut and chestnut trees shaded our path. At length we arrived at Altdorf, the village in which it is reported William Tell shot the apple from the head of his son. Two small statues in the square mark the spots where the courageous archer and his blindfolded boy stood. The tree on which Gessler’s cap was hung, to which he bade the people do homage, perished, and a fountain has been substituted for it. At Fluellen, a small village, we took the steamer to Lucerne, and were much affected to see the number of cretins and goitred necks, supposed to be produced by the malaria from the marshy ground at the entrance of the lake.

“The lake of Lucerne is most enchanting; its form is that of a cross; the lofty Pilatus, and the Righi, are two of its grand ornaments; the snow-clad Alps of Schwytz and Engelberg appear in sight; the splendid bay of Uri adds to its beauty; the chapel of William Tell, and other ornamental erections, here and there stud its banks, among the richest foliage; and the remarkably long, covered, and picturesque bridges, one of which is above one

thousand feet in length, render it one of the finest and most interesting lakes in Switzerland. We arrived at the town of Lucerne at six o'clock, after a most delightful voyage, just in time for dinner, which our keen appetites abundantly relished.

"The morning being very lovely, we took the steamer to Weggis, where a horse was ready for us to ascend the Righi. In the course of one hour we were enveloped in clouds, and could see nothing except for a moment, when a little opening exhibited to us the sunny scene below. Supported by hope, we alternately rode and toiled for three hours, and at last reached the summit in a dense mist; but as there is a bright side usually to the gloomiest picture, we resolved if possible, to wait till the sun should disperse the vapors. He most kindly favored us beyond what we might have expected, first one side was for a few moments clear, then the curtain was drawn, and another was opened, till at last by incessant watching we caught almost the whole scene; but the entire panorama which is so extraordinary we could not obtain. We counted nine lakes in the valleys—Zug, Zurich, and Lucerne, with their pure blue waters lay immediately below us—many towns and villages were scattered around, and mountains in every direction, whose ice-bound summits flittered in the sunbeams, as the clouds withdrew. Pilatus stood out most prominently, though we had no good opinion of him for deceiving us. When a fine day is in prospect the bald head of Pilatus wears a hat of clouds—he did so this morning, but I had scarcely mounted my steed to descend, when those inconvenient clouds formed a compact with their neighbors, and produced a terrible thunder-storm. For once we found to our cost he had made a mis-

take. The rain poured in torrents as we descended the mountain, and we gladly took shelter in a little Chalet at Küssnacht, designed to protect the shepherds and their flocks from storms. The thunder among the mountains was most sublime. It passed from rock to rock, till it grew fainter and fainter—then increasing in sound, returned to the spot opposite to that from which the echo was first heard, thus taking the whole circle of echoing rocks. So may the gospel spread its glad tidings from heart to heart, and from shore to shore, till the whole world hears its glorious sound and is filled with its blessed results!

“The next morning, our interesting companion, the Rev. F. C., who had contributed so much pleasure to our journey, left us with his friend, for Geneva—and after sending forward our luggage, we crossed the lake in a wherry for the Oberland. The boat took us to Alpnach—there I saw one of the hemp-pickers and learnt the art. She gave me a long lesson in the factory on the use of hemp, but in a Patois that made it almost useless to my shallow comprehension. Here we took a guide and a little open carriage to the lakes of Sarnen and Lungern. The latter lake they have attempted to drain into lake Sarnen, and recover the land it occupies for cultivation. At present the deposits from the lake, render the soil very barren, but it is expected that in a few years it will repay the cost and expense of this drainage. The lovely wooden cottages of Lungern, are so well finished that they would serve for models. The appearance of these cottages and their occupants differs most remarkably in different cantons. Vallais is one of the most wretched, and its inhabitants appear more like animals than immortal beings. After dinner we

mounted our horses, with our carpet bags strapped on to the saddles, to cross the pass of the Brunig; the view from it is not extensive, but extremely beautiful. The weather was not propitious till the closing hour of our journey, when the effect of the setting sun on the mountains was very splendid. The valley of the Hasli in which Meyringen is situated, opened upon us in all its beauty, tinged with the glories of the setting orb. On our descent we were much delighted with the song of a muleteer, who was returning to Lungern, and inviting the striking echo to rival him in melody. We reached Meyringen, about seven, Saturday night. Sunday was a most lovely day. The Protestant church was crowded, but the sermon did not appear to produce much impression. We met at dinner only three ladies, old maids, I fancy, who were travelling without the incumbrance of male society.

On Monday, the 29th, in the same travelling style, we started for the pass of the Grimsel, by Ober Hasli, the residence of Felix Neff, but we were not aware of this till several days after. We breakfasted at Guttanen, and called on the pasteur, who was out; his timid wife seemed much delighted at our sympathy—we promised to call on our return, when the pasteur would probably be at home. The road to this place is very interesting, and combines rich and varied scenery—the Aar roaring through narrow clefts, valleys covered over with corn and grass, mountain-sides clad with firs, rocks of all forms, and zig-zag terraces, vary the prospect. A few miles brought us to the lovely cataract of the Aar, at Handec, the first we saw in Switzerland. The fall is more than one hundred feet, and so immense is the quantity of water, that it rushes down

about thirty feet in one unbroken glassy sheet, where it is met at right angles by another stream, the Erlenbach, nearly as large, which comes roaring down the opposite mountain; they mingle their waters in the dark and awful chasm beneath, the depth of which is entirely concealed by the united foam of these two different colored streams. We viewed it from the little bridge above, and from the river beneath. When we had re-started about a minute, my dear husband experienced a most providential deliverance: his horse slipped one of his feet between three large stones, which formed a small triangle, from which he could not extricate it, and after plunging, fell, and threw him over his head, most remarkably, without any injury; may such a deliverance lead to the inquiry, 'for what purpose is my life preserved?' Oh! may it be for more unreserved consecration to the service and glory of Him who thus again renewed his gracious care. From this spot, the road became more and more desolate; the ascent was often excessively steep, and formed of huge stones, like the broken staircase of a ruined tower. Down these stairs we so cleverly descended—my guide pulling my horse back by his tail—that even I felt no fear, and scarcely ever dismounted. In some places, there was only just room on a narrow ledge, for the horse and guide to pass between the perpendicular rocks above, and a descent of many hundred feet to the torrent below. The avalanches had made a perfectly smooth and polished surface of rock, a quarter of a mile in width, and of much greater height. Over this difficult slope of stone the horses had to tread with only a trifling protection from the declivity below; one false step would have proved fatal; and though huge masses of

fallen rocks often broke our path, they picked their way with surprising skill. At last, the barking of a number of dogs, which are trained to espy the traveller from a distance, and guide him to the Hospice, intimated to us that our difficult journey was at an end. We soon discovered a most desolate-looking dwelling, whose low broad roof, thick walls, and deep sunk little windows, told too plainly the dangerous position it occupied. In the winter, one man alone remains there with dogs, and a large supply of cheese, that if a luckless traveller should reach so desolate a spot, he may find shelter. Five years since, it was entirely destroyed by an avalanche, when the poor man and his brute companions miraculously escaped by a doorway, through which he dug a passage in the snow. We waited a short time to rest the horses, and then proceeded to a higher elevation, to view the glacier of the Rhone, our guide strongly recommending us not to descend the slippery path to it. The ascending road was still worse than before ; tall poles were placed occasionally to mark the way, which the snow had concealed, but the view of this magnificent sea of ice repaid the labor. We returned in time for the table d'hôte, at the Hospice, at seven o'clock, where we met eighteen respectable persons, ten of whom were English. Fatigue made rest truly welcome, and after a refreshing meal we retired to our little dormitory—one of several small low rooms, like cabins, divided by wooden partitions, in which they make up twenty beds, and supply an abundance of warm covering, suitable for this cold and desolate region. Opposite to our window is a small lake of black water, in which nothing lives.

“Neither Byron’s pen nor Claude’s pencil could

give an adequate idea of the awful grandeur of this sublime scene—glaciers spread at your feet, covering a surface of many miles—peaks of mountains, sparkling with eternal snows (the Finster-Aarhorn, the Shreckhorn, and others,) towering above in their purity and might—shivered rocks, which the avalanches have rent and broken, presenting their rugged sides and threatening to overwhelm you—roaring torrents, pouring down from the icy caverns with foaming fury—give an impression of the power which creates these wonders which can never be effaced. We seem to see in them the awful God ; but how refreshing it is to believe

“ This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love.”

How strange that we poor worms, as indeed we seemed, when standing by the massy mountains, may work for, and even with such a glorious Being. I much enjoyed the thought that these are the great works of Him who is indeed ‘my Beloved,’ and sometimes I can unhesitatingly say, ‘my Friend.’ What an hour must that be when the sinner shall call to such mountains to hide him from the presence of the Lord : but, which, could they obey his entreaty, must fail to screen him from that all-penetrating eye. May we never know such a moment ; but though even the redeemed must tremble at the scenes of that day, may we, with them, tremble only as those who witness the shipwreck from the shore, while no danger can approach them there. Surely the mind that fully acquiesces in the judgments of that awful day, must yet shudder to see beloved ones doomed to eternal separation from the only source of happiness and joy ; and one can hardly imagine the absence of

every fear, even in a redeemed soul, when the sinner is condemned, and the redeemed one sees his own desert in that condemnation. I feel as if I could never be certain of my own safety till the judgment was over, and the separation of the righteous from the wicked unalterably complete. I could not see these rocks without the fearful thought, will any dear one of mine thus seek their useless aid in that day?—shall I seek it? Oh that we could so realize eternal things as to live for eternity, making every thing bear on that state which may be so near to many of us!

“On the morning of the 30th, we prepared to return to Meyringen, a journey worth repeating for its interest and grandeur. The 31st was a pouring day, and enabled us to write many letters and complete our journals. The 1st of September gave little promise, but as it did not actually rain, we left Meyringen to cross the great Scheideck. The first object of attraction was the Reichenbach—it is a fine waterfall with several leaps—each having different and varied beauties. A further ascent brought us to the baths of Rosenlauri. The view near this spot is peculiarly charming:—from a green pasture, like an English lawn, on which chalets are pitched in various directions, you gain a prospect of the icy peaks of the Wellhorn, the Wetterhorn and the Engelhörner, which are exceedingly picturesque. Between two of these mountains, the Wellhorn and the Engelhörner, lies the glacier of the Rosenlauri. I mounted a chair, and was carried by two strong men up the ascent over a small bridge, which crossed a narrow but tremendously deep chasm, produced by the torrent of water from the glacier. A stone was thrown down on each side of the bridge, to give us an idea of the depth.

On one side, it went directly to the torrent below ; on the other, it dashed from rock to rock, and was broken into many pieces before it reached the bottom. In the deep blue and transparently clear ice were formed a bridge, and a cave of exquisite beauty. The bridge was continually dripping as the ice slowly melted. With difficulty I mounted some steps which were cut in the glacier to enable us to enter the cave. We could not go far, as the heat of the sun's rays had produced a tremendous chasm, but it enabled us to see the immense depth of this icy mountain. At the entrance, it was probably about eighty feet, but here it appeared fathomless. We returned amazed at the wondrous scene, and delighted with its beauty. As we proceeded, we heard occasionally a noise like thunder, produced, as we supposed, by the falling of avalanches from the Wetterhorn, but the dense cloud which now overhung the mountain prevented our seeing any thing beyond the base. As we attained the summit, a short-lived sunshine enabled us to see the extent and beauty of the valley through which we had passed ; but the moment we reached the other side, we were in a dense fog, through which nothing was visible. Occasionally a break in the clouds enabled us to catch a glimpse of the snowy Wetterhorn. The descent was exceedingly steep and difficult, on account of the recent rain. We passed the upper glacier of Grindelwald, which comes down into the valley, and while we were standing near and looking at it, an enormous avalanche of ice, of some hundred tons, fell with a roaring noise, leaving a pure blue rock of crystal ; the magnitude of the pieces of ice compelled the torrent at the base of the glacier to find a new channel. We had been admiring its purity before this avalanche, but

the new current ran through black mud, and the stream, which was clear on one side, became black on the other, and urging in its course huge pieces of ice, whose blue and white strangely contrasted with the muddy waters which carried them away. We were reminded of the change in the soul, which came pure from the Hand that formed it; but intercourse with the world having diverted it from its original channel, it carries on its now polluted stream many relics of former purity, which only make the contrast the greater, but do not purify it.

“We proceeded through lovely scenery and sunshine to Grindelwald. The rain afterwards fell gently, and the snow-clad mountains by which we were closely surrounded, produced so cold an atmosphere that we welcomed a good fire in our room. The morning’s brightness gave us a splendid view from our window. Near the church door we observed a tombstone, which told the sad tale of a clergyman of Savoy, who, in 1821, lost his life by falling down one of the crevices in the ice, some hundreds of feet deep.

“At our hotel a very respectable young person, a niece of the proprietor, waited on us. Her aunt, a most intelligent woman, was training her for service, without permitting her to associate much with the servants. We were both interested in the simplicity of her manners and apparent piety, and discovered that she was one of fifteen orphans—necessitated by her circumstances to seek for a situation. I asked her if she would like to live in England? Her sparkling eyes and ready ‘*Oui, madame,*’ told the truth of her reply. During the evening she made errands to attend to the fire and to ask if we required any thing, in order that she

might urge her plea 'to live with so sympathizing a lady.' At last she introduced her aunt, who gave her an excellent character, interceded on her behalf, and referred us to one uncle, who kept the principal hotel at Lauterbrunnen, and to another, who was an apothecary, at Unterseen; if they agreed, Susette was to meet us at Basle, and accompany us to London. When we left the hotel the next day, several of the young women who stood with Susette at the door, and watched our departure on our horses, expressed a fervent wish that they could accompany her. We proceeded through the village, which is ornamented with some of the most picturesque wooden cottages in Switzerland. The forests of fir and the green pastures form a charming contrast to the icy peaks and glaciers, and renders the situation almost unique, even in Switzerland. The ascent to the Wengern Alp was very steep and difficult, owing to the previous rain, which made it slippery, and to fallen rocks which are strewed in the path. To our left stood the stumps of a whole forest of firs, which the avalanches had cut down. Three hours brought us to the rough little chalet on the summit—a more brilliant day never shone. Right opposite to this spot stand in majestic splendor the Jungfrau, 13,748 feet above the sea, and 11,000 above the valley, with all her glaciers—the Dent d'Argent, the Mönch, the Great Giant, the Little Giant, and the noble Wetterhorn! Being high noon, the burning sun exercised great influence on the Jungfrau—a noise like thunder reached the ear, and in a few seconds blocks of ice, weighing many tons, rolled down the gullies of the mountain like a cataract; in their fall they were shivered to pieces, and by the time they reached its base became white dust, which rose like

a cloud of vapor. We had the gratification of witnessing no fewer than seven of these avalanches. At the table d'hôte we met many English; the provisions were better than could be expected in a spot some miles from human habitation.

“Our descent into Lauterbrunnen was very steep, but commanded a beautiful view of the contracted valley, which seems enclosed by a wall of limestone rocks. We passed the Staubbach, celebrated for its peculiar beauties as a waterfall. It is a small thread-like stream, which descends from a rock 800 feet in height in waving drapery, and is thought by some to resemble a lace veil. The resistance of the air reduces it to the smallest rain, before it reaches the earth. At the hotel kept by Susette's uncle, a sensible looking man, we left our horses and dismissed our guide. Our opinions of the orphan were confirmed by further conversation with him. Here we took a carriage to Interlachen, where we had apartments in the Jungfrau hotel, with the mountain in full sight. The evening was devoted to conversations at Unterseen with Susette's relatives and her pasteur, who all gave such testimonials of her general qualifications, and appeared so pleased with the prospect of her residence with us, that we hoped Providence had some gracious design in the unexpected connection. The next morning we went by the side of the lake to Thun, instead of crossing it, as the steamer left at a late and inconvenient hour. Our coachman pointed out a cave, in which, he told us, one of our countrymen, St. Beatus, had lived, who ejected from that solitary abode a dragon, by merely giving him notice to leave. I wish I could eject the old dragon from my heart in a similar way. We excessively enjoyed our early ride, and breakfasted at

the Hotel de Bellevue, in a garden commanding a fine view of the river Aar. The town is picturesquely situated, about a mile from the lake. From a terrace in the ancient church-yard, the lake seems encircled by distant Alps and glaciers, and its banks near the town are seen studded with villas and tasteful gardens. The little town was thronged with visitors, and had a most lively appearance; the many-colored costumes of the women from the various cantons, who were here to sell their produce, contributed not a little to the pleasure of the scene.

“From hence we drove to Berne, through a very pleasing country, but not romantic. The Alps were in sight, forming the border of the landscape all the way, and an unclouded sun lighted them up, and made them sparkle with brilliance. Berne is seated on an elevated platform of land, 1600 feet above the sea, and is the capital of the largest Swiss canton. The Aar nearly encircles it, and adds greatly to the extreme beauty of its position. From the terrace, a most splendid view of the great chain of Bernese Alps is obtained. We counted fifteen snowy peaks and glaciers towering to the skies—a prospect of inconceivable beauty. The town derives its name from *the Bear*, because it is said its founder killed one of enormous size on the day he laid its foundations, and the inhabitants for several centuries have maintained living specimens at the public expense. We went to see these state prisoners in the Bärengraben, and gave them our voluntary contribution of apples and cakes, for which they amused us with various gambols and grunts. The figures in the clock-tower, which stands in the principal thoroughfare, are amusing and curious. A few seconds before the hour, a

little wooden cock struts out, crows twice, and flaps his wings; another wooden figure strikes the hour on a bell, and immediately several bears march before a king seated on his throne, who accompanies every stroke on the bell by lowering his sceptre and opening his mouth. The exterior of the Minster, especially the great west portal, where the Last Judgment is sculptured in relief, is worthy of minute examination. In the Museum, among many Alpine curiosities, such as the lämmergeyer, the steinboch, the lynx of the Alps, and the unlovely cubs of bears, we saw stuffed the skin of the sagacious dog Barry, of St. Bernard, who saved as many as fifteen persons from perishing in the snow, and thought him better deserving of a niche in the temple of fame than many whose names are honored, but whose lives have been spent in making wives widows, and children fatherless. In Berne the females wear large black gauze wings, with dark dresses—not very bewitching.

“Saturday afternoon we started for Freyburg. Never could travellers be favored with a more suitable atmosphere for gazing on the range of Alps, which, at a distance of some miles, skirt the prospect along the whole line of road. A glorious setting sun threw his rays obliquely on their virgin snows, which reflected them back in pink hues, and made us half wild with rapture at the celestial sight. Though not much disposed to weep at any time, I was quite overcome, and could only find vent for expression in tears of joy and gratitude to my God, who had made for me, a sinner, such a beauteous world.

“The entrance to Freyburg is singularly grand; the town suddenly bursts upon you from the winding road which overlooks the valley, through

which the river Saarine flows. A deep gorge lies between you and its ancient houses, battlements, and watch-towers, which is now crossed by two elegant suspension bridges, one of them above three hundred feet longer than the Menai. The view from the first bridge is romantic in the extreme—houses overhanging the precipices—embattled walls and fortifications, in irregular lines, on hill and dale—the river flowing 174 feet below, and cultivation and verdure ornamenting every spot of ground. The women wear large, circular, flapping straw hats, a neat boddice, and scarlet petticoats. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the population under the dominion of the Jesuits. Here we spent the Sabbath in private worship, and being the anniversary of my dear husband's entrance on the onerous duties of Surrey Chapel, we surveyed the past with joy, and stimulated one another to courage for the future. It was a high day of spiritual enjoyment. I sought opportunities to drop a word to the maids, but prejudice and ignorance seemed to harden them against God. In the morning, however, we left the hotel, in a char-à-banc, with, I think and hope, a pious driver. I dropped a few remarks, which he caught up with great interest, and his desire seemed to be to do me good by showing me the value of true religion. May his wish be realized, and may we know it more and more by experience of its power.

“We reached Lausanne in the afternoon, and walked to the Cathedral for the view, but found it inferior to that from our windows at the Hotel de Gibbon, which immediately overlooked the lake. As we wished to reach Chamouni soon, we took the steamer at Ouchy—passed the interesting castle of Chillon, but had not time to enter it, and at Ville-

neuve took a carriage to St. Maurice, and on to Martigny. It is a lovely and striking road—one part exhibited the signs of devastation from an awful avalanche about two years since, supposed to have been caused by the bursting of a glacier—a whole village was destroyed, and a great extent of land covered with mud, stones, and ice. We slept at Martigny, a small town of no attractions. Its inhabitants are dreadfully afflicted with the diseases produced by the stagnant overflowings of the Rhine and its tributaries. Ague, goitre, and cretinism, smite them with premature old age and deformity, which excite the sympathy of the traveller. In the morning we took a guide and mounted our horses for Mont Blanc, a spot in this land of wonders I had longed to see. The pass of the Tete Noire was recommended to us, rather than that of the Col de Balme; what the latter is I do not know, but the former exceeded all my expectations. It differed from any thing we had before seen. Green pastures lead to the Col de Forclaz, through a forest, and the path descends again to cross the torrent issuing from the glacier of the Trient, and to enter its valley; then ascending to the brow of a mountain covered with dark firs, the Tete Noire is attained. From this forest you emerge into a path which is cut by the side of a wild ravine, many hundred feet deep, and some miles in length—it passes through a narrow and overhanging rock, and exhibits scenery of the most savage character, till you reach the Val Orsine. Thence you ascend to the summit of the pass, and descend again through a sterile gorge to the Vale of Chamouni. But this description is most imperfect; suffice it to say, whatever your imagination can picture of elegant waterfalls, roaring torrents, frightful gorges,

gloomy forests, verdant valleys, aiguilles of ice, and mountains of snow, will fall short of the pass of the Tete Noire. Mont Blanc was full in sight, without a cloud, for three hours of our ride, and the various windings of our way up the Tete Noire enabled us to see point after point, and the adjoining glaciers to great perfection. After a brief rest at the Hotel de Londres, we took a carriage to the Glacier du Bois, the source of the river Arveyron. The rubbish and stones accumulated over the plain by the moving of the glacier, and the overflowing of the stream, make the path from the spot at which the carriage stops, exceedingly difficult. The vault whence the river issues is very beautiful, but not equally pure with the cave of Rosenlauri. It might be about fifty feet in height.

“At the table d’hôte we met several English, who were very merry and agreeable. The next morning was fine; we started at half-past five, and breakfasted at the Pavilion on the Montanvert. We spent an hour in walking, and occasionally sliding over the Mer de Glace. It seems scarcely credible that this glacier is fifty-one miles in magnitude—its appearance at a distance is that of a plain of rough snow and ice, over which you could easily walk from end to end, but when you are on it, you find fissures of pure blue ice, in some parts, hundreds of feet in depth, and wo be to the traveler who slips in. We had no idea of the magnitude of the large crevices till we looked down them. This enormous mass moves, they say, about thirty feet in the course of the year. The objects around are very sublime and beautiful. Numerous aiguilles stand like sentinels of the various passes—small bilberry bushes adorn the banks, which slope to-

wards the ice, the fruit of which we plucked and ate—and the particles of pure white snow sparkle like brilliants in the sunbeams. The whole appearance is much more heavenly than earthly, though its continued gradual movement occasions destruction and desolation, very unlike the results of heavenly deeds. Soon after we commenced our descent, a few drops of rain threatened disappointment to our pleasing anticipation of mounting the Flegère. We met great numbers on their way up, and sorrowful was their disappointment, as the whole sea became covered with a mist, so that not an aiguille could be seen, or scarcely a foot before them. We had scarcely entered the hotel, before the rain descended in torrents, and continued the whole day. At the table d'hôte, much merriment was occasioned by the grotesque appearance of the visitors. Most of them had been drenched, and had no change of apparel. Some ladies went to bed till their garments were dried, and a few gentlemen were decked in the waiters' clothes, some too small, others too large.

“The next morning was finer, but clouds overhung the Flegère, which we watched with much anxiety till two o'clock, when it was too late to attempt the ascent, and we started for St. Martin, on our way to Geneva. The first object which arrested us was the glacier of Bossons—after a fatiguing climb, we beheld the ice, which at a distance promised little interest, split into blocks of the most fantastic forms, pillars and pinnacles nearly one hundred feet high, of the most exquisite purity and deep blue. It amply repaid our visit. The afternoon became gloriously clear; the scenery was grand and lovely; Mont Blanc never appeared to us so lofty and majestic as from this whole road,

and justified what Byron, I believe, so appropriately writes,—

‘Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.’

Happily for us, he dispensed with his robes, and permitted us for nearly two days to see his unveiled and matchless beauties. We visited the baths of St. Gervais, situated in a beautiful gorge, with a lovely waterfall. The warm spring is much sought after by invalids, but its taste is most filthy.

“The next morning brought heavy rain, and prevented our seeing the celebrated view of Mont Blanc from the bridge of St. Martin. There can scarcely be a more lovely ride, than from St. Martin, if the weather is favorable—the rain ceased only about an hour before we entered Geneva. At the Hotel des Bergues, we found the best accommodations, and what is most cheering to a traveller, a number of letters from home, bringing favorable intelligence.

11th, Sunday.—“We went to Dr. Malan’s church in the morning, and heard several persons deliver short addresses in French; Mrs. Malan, and several of his family, welcomed us, but our dear friend, the Doctor, was at Brussels. In the afternoon, heard a sermon at the Cathedral, characterized, alas! by unitarian theology. It is very affecting to see a pulpit where Calvin preached, and the reformers announced the glorious doctrines of the deity and atonement of Christ, occupied by men who substitute for them ‘another gospel, which is not another.’ M. Merle D’Aubigné was also from home, and our disappointment great.

12th.—“Started by steamer for Lausanne. The lake, which is fifty-five miles long, and six broad at its widest part, has many exquisite views, but we only saw it for an hour, when rain fell, and obscured the prospect of the Alps and vineyards. We slept at Yverdon, and crossed by steamer the lake of Neuchatel, which was exceedingly rough and agitated. On our left, the chain of the Jura mountains was very pretty, but not equal to the Alps. The benevolent institutions, schools, public buildings, and good roads of Neuchatel, do much credit to the spirit of so small a town. From hence we drove to Biennes. Its pretty lake and island, on which Rousseau spent much time, when expelled from his native shores, he describes in far too glowing colors. The lake on one side, and continuous plantations of vines, whose rich clusters hung in vast profusion, made our ride very lovely. From Biennes we travelled by an agreeable carriage to Tavannes, through the lovely scenery of the Jura mountains and Münster Thal. A natural arch, known to the Romans, many of whose names are yet extant, introduced to us the little village of Tavannes, in the vale below; we were very glad to arrive at its clean little inn, as it was almost dark, and rather gloomy.

“Next morning, at half-past five, we started for Basle. The first part of the Münster Thal was exceedingly grand, commanding a view of the finest portion of the chain of the Jura. Arrived at Basle, September 14th, where Susette and her brother met us. To our dismay, we learnt that her luggage had been forgotten by the conductor. The whole of the 15th we waited, hoping in vain for its arrival. Here we bought some excellent Swiss woodwork. The Cathedral is very ancient—

it has no external beauty, being built of red sandstone, which exhibits the action of the atmosphere on its surface. Its interior is divided into three parts for worship—one is used for summer, another for winter, and a third for week services; it contains a few objects of interest, such as the tombs of Ecolampadius and Erasmus. The terrace behind the Minster commands a noble view over the Rhine and the Black Forest.

“16th.—We left early for Strasburg, and breakfasted at St. Louis, where a pleasing old woman was stationed, to inform passengers how long they might wait. But my husband suspected this extraordinary politeness, and when she intimated that the bell which was ringing was only the first, and that it would give two more peals before the train started, he became alarmed, went immediately to secure our places, and happily was just in time to save the train. The boat for Manheim, down the Rhine, did not leave from Strasburg, but from a place some miles beyond it, so that we were disappointed in not seeing the interior of its splendid Cathedral. Our carriage stopped only a few minutes in front of it, allowing us time, however, to admire its wondrous window, which is higher than the spires of York Minster, and its ingenious fret-work stone spire, like the finest wrought iron. Through uninteresting scenery we came to Manheim, where we slept.

“The next morning the fog detained us for nearly an hour on the river, but we arrived at Cologne on Saturday evening, and remained during the Sabbath. Mr. Major was preaching at the Lutheran Church, where my husband went, not knowing he was there. After service, he spent some time with us, and interested us by tales of former days,

when the gens d'armes attempted to seize him for preaching the gospel of Christ to the peasants, but they cleverly concealed him, and many were converted to Christ by his ministrations. We left for Rotterdam on Monday evening, in much rain—the boat was changed at Dusseldorf, and we had to scramble to secure berths in the cabin. I succeeded, but dear husband had to sit up all night, and could not sleep for the volubility of a lady, who talked incessantly. We arrived at Rotterdam on the evening of September 21st, and sailed for our own beloved land on Wednesday, at noon. The passengers in the 'Columbine' were very pleasant, almost all English. I slept on the sofa, in a room destined for the ladies, but was awoken by the yawning of a man, who was lying under a table by my side. We had lovely weather, but were obliged to cast anchor for two hours and a half, in consequence of fog. At last I saw my own country, now dearer than ever.

“My emotions when first I felt myself standing on English ground were indescribable. While waiting for the carriage, I would have written, if possible, the feelings of my heart, in adoring love, gratitude, and praise. My first step, after showing Susette the house, was to reconsecrate my all to the service of Him, who had preserved me so graciously, and to seek that if the number of my dear husband's services must be abridged, his usefulness might be increased by a more diligent improvement of every opportunity to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ.”

CHAPTER IX.

EVENTS DURING THE YEARS 1842—1845.

THE expectation Mrs. Sherman indulged of seeing her "precious child Selina" return in health, was ripened almost to certainty, by letters which she received after her arrival in England, announcing the progress made towards a strengthened and renovated constitution. Selina's welfare for both worlds seemed bound up with her existence. She had witnessed the union of her eldest daughter with the Church of Christ, and her steady walk with God in the path of usefulness; one thing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of home, for which she prayed and strove night and day, that the younger branches of the family might follow the example of their sister, and publicly decide for God. But the evidence of this glorious change in Selina, was not to be given in the way her parent had fondly hoped. Only six weeks had elapsed since her return from the continent—she had resumed her duties with renewed energy, and every day expected to behold the face of her child, blooming with health. But, alas! instead of this, she received the following harrowing detail of her sufferings and death, from the pen of the dear friend, who, with his devoted wife, had acted towards her as the tenderest parents, and whose kindness awoke the liveliest gratitude in the bleeding hearts of her father and mother. It came by post, and was de-

livered to her while her husband was engaged in ministerial duties.

“ *Freiwaldau, October 25th, 1842.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You are, I doubt not, long ere this, in receipt of my former letter, and perhaps also those which my wife has more recently sent. In those communications we represented the fond hopes which our hearts had cherished respecting dear Selina. Those hopes, I deeply lament to say, have all been sadly blighted, and mine is the solemn and poignant duty to open to a father's heart that your dear, dear child is now no more. She died here on the night of Thursday last, the 20th instant. At half past ten o'clock her gentle spirit took its flight from the pangs and anguish of its suffering clay, I dare not doubt, to join the happy myriads that surround the throne—to be ‘absent from the body, but present with the Lord.’ If my feelings are rent with bitterness in conveying these melancholy tidings, what must be the sorrows of your own bereaved heart? Already, dear friend and brother in Jesus our Lord, you have our deepest sympathy; our tears and prayers mingle with yours before the throne of Grace. May the Lord of Love, who is very pitiful, and of tender mercy, sustain and comfort you under the anguish of this heavy blow. My first impulse was to write to you immediately, but afterwards I thought it better to delay it for a few days, until I could give you a satisfactory account of the funeral and other circumstances, which might relieve your mind from all anxiety as to subsequent occurrences.

“This day, in slow and solemn silence, we bore the cold remains of your beloved child to the grave,

in the cemetery here ; all the English, except one, who could not get out, were present, in expression of their deep sympathy, also many Germans. Indeed, the greatest kindness has been manifested by all. The whole of the solemn service was conducted in the most simple and impressive manner. As no body is allowed to be interred without the presence and offices either of a Roman Catholic priest or a regularly ordained native Protestant minister, we sent for the Rev. Andreas Bathelt, who kindly came a distance of twenty English miles. The funeral took place at ten o'clock ; they met at our lodgings, where we sang a hymn, and I engaged in prayer and spoke to those present on the sorrowful event. We then walked in solemn order to the grave, Mr. Smith and Mr. Ellis as chief mourners, twenty-one English, and a number of the gentry of various nations, together with a crowd of peasants, formed the procession. The bier was borne by eight youths of Freiwaldau, uncovered, wearing white gloves and a branch of rosemary in their hair, according to the custom of the country. No feathers waved over her simple coffin—three chaplets of flowers alone decorated it. Little did she think, when she rambled among these luxuriant productions of the mountains, that they were shortly to accompany her to the tomb. At the grave the pastor offered a prayer, and gave an interesting plain address, easy to be understood, and likely to be profitable to the assembly. Those of us who stood more immediately near, in the place of mourners, (though all were such, indeed,) cast with our own hands the first clod of that cold clay which claims a kindred with mortality—then turned to wipe the big tear that gushed from many an eye, and to leave her to repose till the voice of our re-

turning Savior, and the trump of God, shall wake her ashes to immortality and bliss.

“The arrival of dear Mr. Ellis on Saturday evening, was a great source of comfort to me, in the trying and responsible circumstances in which this mournful bereavement had placed me. It was a consolation to meet one who so recently had seen you. But, alas! he came too late to witness the last and painful struggle of your dear and sweetly patient child. He bore tidings from the land, and home, and friends, she loved so truly and so strongly, but that eye, now glazed in the dimness of death, was forbidden to gaze on the language of their love. On the very day of her death, she received two letters, one from her mamma, and one from her sister; but she was unable to finish reading them, and laid them under her pillow, hoping to do so in the morning—but to her that morning never came. Although the fever of which we informed you had been subdued by the water treatment, yet the poor dear child never regained her strength; nor did the circulation ever recover its healthful tone. She was always cold, the weather was also very much against her, being generally cold and wet. When we had a fine day, we used to get her into the garden, and so feeble was she, that I often carried her down stairs in my own arms. Here she would sit in the sun, and the returning color to her cheek, gave us strong hopes of a perfect recovery. She seemed for a week or two to gain decided ground, but still was in constant suffering from her crises. They appeared on all parts of her body, some of them large and deep, and discharging copiously. All this she endured with a sweet and unrepining patience, which must have been from a higher source than mere nature. Indeed, I never

saw so beautiful an exhibition of uncomplaining wo. The most that ever escaped her lips, was, 'What shall I do?' although for many weeks she could not use her hands, in consequence of the fearful boils on them, yet she seemed to relish the little tender and nourishing bits which my dear wife prepared for, and fed her with, as an infant. This little office of love my wife performed, until her own hands became infected from the constant dressing of the wounds. This quite disabled both her hands, and was accompanied with the most excruciating pain and suppuration—she is not able yet to use them. After this it was my privilege to attend to the dear child's wants in those little matters. She never had even her lips wetted, without thanking us in the kindest manner—and often did she kiss my dear wife's hands, and add—'Dear Mrs. S., many a cup of cold water you have given me, the Lord will reward you for it all.' Her attachment to Mrs. S., was so great, that she could not bear her out of her sight for a moment. Three weeks ago, an enlargement of the gland under the right ear appeared, attended with great pain, and rendered her eventually unable to open her mouth, so as to masticate her food. We prepared it in the easiest form, like a pulp, but soon it became painful even to suck this from a teaspoon; the swelling increased, with some variations, and about the beginning of last week, began to appear blue. Her appetite at this time very much failed. Still we apprehended no danger, nor did Priesnitz either, at least he did not say so. All this time, she was most restless, and could not sleep, save when wrapped in her wet sheet, and even then not well. About Tuesday, all her crises began to appear blue, and she complained that a blue swelling had

made its appearance on her left arm, so that she could not lie on either side without pain; and, therefore, used to sit all night in the arm-chair, with her head resting on pillows before her, but still obtained little or no sleep. At this stage, Priesnitz felt alarm, though the most he ever said to us was, 'very ill.' He was extremely attentive, and came latterly twice a day to see her.

"On Wednesday Mrs. S. said to me, what a remarkable change has occurred in our Selina's crises—they have become so lividly red; yet this did not alarm us, as we had seen the most fearful crises of a similar hue, which soon after did well. But this was not all—on Tuesday she began to bleed from the nose, though not in such quantity as to be very remarkable. On Wednesday she expectorated some clotted blood, which we supposed to have come merely from the nose. Her lips grew white, and towards evening her nose was pinched and her face evidently swollen. Until the afternoon of that day we had not a serious apprehension, attributing every symptom to the effects of the cure, and still believing that in the issue of the crises health would be restored; and fondly did we cherish (perhaps with a pardonable pride) the hope of presenting your dear child to you safe and sound. She had not the least idea of danger herself. If Priesnitz apprehended death to be at hand, he kept it from us. Our ignorance of its near approach has caused myself and my dear wife many a bitter tear. He had told one of the women in attendance (we then had three) to communicate his fear that she would not survive the night. This she did not, and thus were we kept in ignorance up to the fatal moment. I tended her that evening, my dear wife being unable, and, indeed, the last words the dear child said to

her, as she kissed her cheek, already clammy with the cold dew of approaching death, were, 'Ah! I only wish I could do any thing for your fingers.' I saw her again at ten o'clock that night, to give her a little milk and water and a bit of peach, and without apprehending death to be near, I said to her, when she was recounting her pains and anguish—'Oh! my dear child, do you not know that if we could do or think of any thing that could give you ease, we would do it—would I not hold you up in my arms all night if that would mitigate a single pang?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I know you would.' I added, which at the moment I felt the greatest liberty in doing—'You know, my dear child, that sin is the cause of all the pains you now endure; 'by man sin came into the world, and death by sin.' 'I then set before her the love of God, in giving his only begotten Son to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. 'His blood cleanseth from all sin, and, oh! dear Selina, if you believe, and trust in that blessed Savior Jesus, you have not only pardon through his precious blood, but He will give you peace and comfort, even amid your pangs.' While I spoke these, or words still more expressive, there was a pause in the utterance of her pains, she looked at me earnestly, and replied with the most hearty concurrence, and in full expression of her faith, 'Yes, I know it is so.' The longer I reflect upon it the more thankful I feel, and the more fully do I believe she fell asleep in Jesus. This was much from her, whose natural reserve on the subject of religion was striking, though she knew the grace of God, I believe, clearly. She never, even when exhausted and weary, left our room at night till we had prayer and reading. Often did she ask Mrs. S. to read to

her, and oft myself to pray ; still I was more looking to the day of recovery, to address her personally upon the subject of her interest in Jesus, and fondly did we anticipate the time when she would make a bright and devoted follower of the Lord. But that night, I doubt not, I was led by the Lord himself to address her in this earnest and affectionate manner, and I thank Him for it on many accounts. I said, 'I am now going to pray for you.' 'Well, do,' she added, and bade me good night three times, with an anxious gaze, as I withdrew. I had not been in my chamber above half an hour when I was suddenly alarmed by a noise in her room, in which I heard her voice distinctly. Instantly one of the servants knocked like thunder at my door ; I sprang from my bed, and in a moment had her in my arms, in the last convulsive effort of expiring nature. She went off as in sleep ; we raised and laid her on the bed, but her heart was silent and her spirit had fled. The immediate cause of death was from the smaller blood vessels giving way nearly all over the body, but especially on the vital organs. The blood itself was thinned, and the vessels so attenuated that effusions were the consequence. I could not say now, whether or not this was caused by the water treatment solely, or whether there was not a natural predisposition to the fatal result, which might have been accelerated by the stimulating character of the treatment. The latter is the more probable. I shall, however, bring with me the result, as stated in the post-mortem examination. The organization was good and sound, save as stated above. The body was opened by two English surgeons, who have manifested (indeed, in common with all here) the kindest and deepest sympathy.

“Thus terminated the mortal career of one whose mental and moral qualifications were of a high and noble order, who was esteemed, respected, and beloved by all who knew her. I never did find in any young person a more matured judgment; she seemed intuitively to have acquired what years and age have only conferred on others. Her beautiful demeanor whilst under our immediate care, endeared her to us with an affection, perhaps, dear friend, far, far beyond what we should ever have felt, had she not been removed from us. We felt towards her as our own dear child, and as far as in us lay, we left nothing undone to make her happy, to comfort or sustain her. If we failed, it was in not being more personal in our addresses on the subject of her immortal soul. Yet we do both feel assured that she was, and evermore shall be, the Lord’s. This, dearest friend, is the true source of consolation to your own heart in her removal. She has left the vale of sorrows to enter the land of joy and glory, where God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there we too shall meet with all who love that blessed, dearest Name by which we are called, the name of Jesus. May the consolations of Christ, the bowels of mercies, and the comfort of love, be yours under this heavy bereavement. We purpose to leave this place next Monday, and hope to reach London by the 14th or 15th of November. In passing through London, we shall call, and give, by word of mouth, a more full detail; meantime, dear friend and brother in Christ, farewell. My dear wife unites with me in this expression of deepest sympathy and Christian love to Mrs. S. and yourself.

“Believe me,

“Most faithfully and affectionately,

“A. STEWART.”

It afforded, however, no small satisfaction to her friends to learn from Mr. Stewart, that the English surgeons who had seen the whole case, pronounced as their decided opinion, that no human wisdom could have foreseen the result, nor any human aid have prevented it. It will readily be supposed how acutely her mother felt this unexpected calamity, and, according to the usual tendency of her mind, how anxiously she sought that it might be made useful, especially to her class. One of her first efforts after hearing of it, was to that end. To her friend, Mr. Tyler, she thus writes:—

“Surrey Parsonage, Nov. 8th, 1842.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“The mournfully instructive Providence which has deprived our fireside of one of its loveliest attractions, ought to be improved, in the most solemn manner, to the young people of my class. I dare not trust myself to perform the melancholy duty. Will you, my ever kind friend, undertake this for me next Sabbath-day? Circumstances, and little notes of her writing, have come to me, which have perfectly relieved my mind of all anxiety as to her eternal state. I had suffered exceedingly from the absence of a full assurance that all was well, but I can now rejoice on her account in the midst of grief, and believe firmly that my precious lamb is with the good Shepherd, no more liable to stray from His tender care. Oh, the unutterable joys of my sainted child! With Christ—spotless and fit for the presence of purity itself! Oh, to be sure of meeting her there, clad in the same robe, and washed in the same blood. My beloved husband feels most deeply and increasingly the heavy stroke, and my own Mary—ah! she needs sympathy in-

deed! She is graciously supported under her loss, but it is beyond human skill to heal such a wound. There is 'balm in Gilead,' there is 'a Physician there,' and we have experienced his sympathy and aid.

"But what a solemn voice is this to the many 'almost Christians' in the class! May you be the honored instrument of conveying that voice to their souls, that the death of this fair flower may be the spiritual life of very many, and that the decisive step may at once be taken, '*We will serve the Lord.*' Forgive this hasty note, written under deep excitement and distress, and believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"MARTHA SHERMAN."

In another note to the same friend, written on the Sabbath morning, the desires of her devoted soul to their interests again break forth.

"In the retirement of my closet this afternoon, my feeble prayer shall be that an eminent blessing may rest on you, and on those endeared young people; that the usefulness I had planned only for my beloved child, may be accomplished, and not defeated, by her early removal. One thing will tend pre-eminently to heal my wounded heart—the conversion of those dear girls to God. Long have I pleaded for them—it may be that God is about to grant me my desire, by this solemn dispensation. I believe they would rejoice to soothe me in my sorrow—this I can say—my sorrow shall be turned into joy, if they will this day consecrate themselves to God."

Succeeding particulars are detailed in a letter to a friend.

“Mr. Tyler improved the event to my class, I understand, in a very impressive manner. The weeping among the dear girls will prove, I trust, the softening shower which precedes the springing of the seed, which shall eventually bring forth fruit to life eternal. We had fully expected Mr. James, of Birmingham, to preach to the congregation; but as he could not come, the elders, and some of the more judicious of the church, so strongly urged my dear husband to undertake it, that he reluctantly consented, and last Sunday evening, to an overflowing congregation, he preached from John xix. 38, ‘A disciple of Jesus, but secretly,’ a most suitable and impressive sermon. The character was faithfully and affectionately drawn, and I am looking for much fruit. As it will be printed,* pray that its usefulness may extend far beyond our congregation.”

A little before this period, Mrs. Sherman had become deeply interested in a group of sisters in Lancashire, of cultivated minds and manners, one of whom only had at that period become associated with the church of Christ. During repeated visits, she labored to impress them with the loveliness of religion, and the absolute necessity of immediate consecration to the Savior. Without attributing too much to her example and conversation, there is every reason to believe they left a conviction of its value and importance, and were preliminary helps to their decision. She had the joy of beholding all of them, before her death, united to Christ by faith, and the companions of his saints.

* The Secret Disciple; a Sermon occasioned by the decease of Miss Selina Sherman, at Freiwaldau, Silesia, Austria, preached at Surrey Chapel, November 27th, 1842, by the Rev. James Sherman —Fourth Edition.

An extract from a letter to one of these amiable sisters, will best exhibit her anxieties and prayers on her behalf.

“ *June, 1841.*

“ I should rejoice in attempting the most painful, self-denying thing, if I could but be the means of bringing my sweet friend to the entire, the unreserved consecration of her heart, her life, her all to Christ. This is my earnest prayer for you, dear, and my happiness cannot be perfect in this world till it is accomplished. I think of that soul which is destined to immortality, as one whose powers were granted that they might promote the glory of Him, who entrusted them to your care, and fit you for the society of the pure spirits in heaven, and to enable you to further the glorious designs of God, in bringing others to that blessed company. He is always promoting the happiness and benefit of the creatures He has formed for Himself, and He designs that such should be the benevolent and elevated occupation of every redeemed spirit in this world. The powers of mind—their cultivation by education and thought; all the events of Providence, and the little incidents in your history; the vexations and daily mortifications, to which you, in common with every other creature, are subject, as much as the pleasures and enjoyments of life; all are designed to lead to heaven, to prepare you for its hallowed joys, and expel every weed which might not grow in the Heavenly Garden. Can I fail, then, to look with much anxiety on her who seems wavering and hesitating; knowing too much of the loveliness of true religion to be happy without it, yet not sufficiently acquainted with its glories to feel that all besides is worthless, and to take up

her cross for its glorious Author's sake. Methinks, if you could fairly place, side by side, the value of the pursuits of the two worlds—the earthly and the heavenly—you could not choose the earthly! What is the end to which all your pursuits bear? I know you are amiable, intelligent, benevolent, kind, with many sweet charms besides. But take all your life together, what end have you in view? Your pursuits gratify you as far as they are the result of your own choice! they are enlarging your mind by adding to your stores of knowledge, and thus making you an intelligent and interesting companion; you fill the station in which Providence has placed you with much propriety; you administer to the happiness of many, as you have done to me. But there is something deficient in it all; and if I mistake not, the feeling which I had for many years, is yours; there was wanting one grand object of pursuit; which at the entrance of your spiritual course, like Christian's wicket-gate, is to be always in view.

The Christian, when his heart is surrendered to Him, from whom, in its madness, it wandered, feels he is no longer his own; his own gratification is not his aim—he seeks only to please God. Every imagination of his heart is so grovelling and defiled that he longs for a purer, higher guide than his own wisdom. And he finds the will of God in every respect pure, and worthy of a soul which is to dwell with God. From henceforth the glory of God is the aim; in every pursuit the enlargement of mind is sought, that it may contain and comprehend more of God; and so be fitted to promote His designs, and work with Him, in the renovation and salvation of the world. Self daily becomes less and less, as God appears greater and more

lovely ; earthly pursuits become uncongenial, and the bearing of every thing is the will of God ; what He loves the Christian loves ; what He hates the Christian hates. God loves every creature of the family of man, and seeks his happiness ; so does the Christian. The distinctions he once felt are gradually lost as he grows in grace, and his desire is to carry out to his utmost influence this object of the Divine mind. He recognizes and loves the traces of his Savior's image where they are to be found ; and where they are not, he remembers that once he too was unprofitable and corrupt, and he longs to procure the deliverance of that soul through the Almighty power which rescued him. And does not even this very faint picture prove that happiness is no where to be found till we begin to pursue the great end of our being ? Why did the 'Son of God' humble Himself, and become a curse for us, but that we might be delivered from that weight of sin which binds the soul to earth. Would He thus have suffered and obeyed, but to restore us to the pure joys of pardon and communion with our Father ? Lose not a moment of such joy, my sweet friend ; you feel the burden of sin heavier every moment, fly to the cross, cast it there, and let that sin defiled heart be washed in that cleansing stream, and there seek the promised Spirit to enable you to soar towards heaven, to take up your cross, to mortify self and sin, and to fix your eyes on 'Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.' Keep his example ever in view for your guide ; his cross to remind you of the price of your redemption, and your obligations to devote to Him what He has purchased there. And as his Father's glory was his undeviating pursuit while working out our redemption, so be it yours, as one who reaps the be-

nefit of it. 'You are not your own,' remember. Give God no rest, dear, till you are in the fold of Jesus. Yield not to the difficulties of prayer. Satan will try to present such impediments as will provoke you to relinquish it, at times, but you must apply all your energies, and constantly and perseveringly too. All is at stake, you must let nothing interpose between you and heaven. This shall be my prayer for you, my child."

Sufferers had always a large share of sympathy in the heart of the pastor's wife, and an event called forth its expression on behalf of a little boy, supposed to be a prince of the Seminole tribe of Indians. His history is full of romantic interest. The following particulars were communicated by Dr. Welch, who brought him to this country.

On the 25th August, 1836, a scouting party of five soldiers set out from Newnansville to scour the surrounding country, and look out for signs of Indians. Early in the morning, they disturbed several, who were helping themselves to some sweet potatoes in a fenced field, belonging to a deserted residence; the Indians took the alarm time enough to leap over the fence and make their escape, retreating over a small stream into the forest, through which the soldiers followed the trails of one or two a short distance; they then deemed it prudent to return, not knowing the strength of the enemy, and again made their way into one of the military roads lately made in Florida, where they soon fell upon tracks of the footsteps of an Indian child, rendered distinct by rain which had recently fallen; these they determined to pursue, considering it tolerably certain that they would be led thereby to one of the encampments of the tribe. Towards night-fall they came in sight of the little wanderer, he having

in fact, lost his way. With that quickness of hearing, which characterizes all creatures in a wild state, he seemed to be aware of the approach of his pursuers, for they saw him bounding like a fawn to seek the covert of the bushes, and there they found him concealed in the high grass.

On being seized, he uttered a scream of terror, expecting instant death, but he soon smiled through his fast-falling tears, and in an imploring attitude held up a peach in his little hand, as a ransom for his life! In his flight he had passed through a peach orchard—not having eaten or drank the whole day, he plucked a few, and put some of them in the front part of his dress. The soldier took the offered peach and smiled, then returned it, and taking the little fugitive in his arms, mounted his horse, and placed him behind him. It was quite dark before they reached Newnansville, where he was taken in charge by one of the soldiers for the night, who fed the poor little famished prisoner with a bowl of milk, and gave him a blanket, in which he wrapped himself after the Indian fashion, and lying down before the fire was soon asleep.

On the next morning, he was brought a prisoner to Colonel Warren, Commandant at the Military Station at Newnansville, by whom he was given into the charge of James Shields, the soldier who took him, and who humanely preserved him from a proposal made by his comrades to murder him. He seemed to be five or six years old, he was emaciated, and his appearance indicated extreme suffering. For at least three weeks, he maintained nearly a perfect silence, and apparently brooded over what he felt to be a heavy misfortune. Well aware that he was in the hands of enemies, he

looked cautiously and quickly around, whenever a sound reached his ears, and appeared as if watching an opportunity to escape. Whatever passed in his infant brain, it was quite clear that he did not contemplate starvation, as he ate the bread and milk which was given to him, accepting it, however, with indifference or shyness, and again relapsing into his state of sadness when the meal was finished. He was never heard to cry, sob, or moan, but generally sat on the floor cross-legged, motionless, and thoughtful, and seemed overwhelmed with a melancholy which in one so young was touching to witness.

Instead of sending the child a prisoner to headquarters, Colonel Warren, with commendable kindness and generosity, removed him with his family to his country residence, where he permitted him to eat, drink, play, and sleep with his children; and although the child of their enemies, he soon engaged the affections and kindly feelings of the Colonel's whole establishment. When the Colonel returned with his family to Jacksonville, the little Indian accompanied them, and became the frequent visitor of Dr. Welch. He had now acquired a sufficient knowledge of English, to make himself tolerably well understood; his health had greatly improved, and he had grown a pretty interesting child. Dr. Welch entertaining great sympathy for the little captive—fancying he observed in him the dawning of good qualities, and fearing he would be eventually claimed as a prisoner of war, preferred a request to Colonel Warren, that as he was about to leave that part of the country, he would allow the doctor to constitute himself his guardian. This request was granted, and he came under Dr. Welch's protection on the 31st October, 1837.

No persuasions could induce him to divulge his own name, or the names of his family—but when sent to school, the governess succeeded in eliciting from him his own name—Nikkanoochee, and that of his father, Econchatti, and when asked on one occasion, if he had ever been whipped whilst in his tribe, he replied, “Yes, his uncle had once punished him with small switches to make him walk faster,” (probably when retreating from their enemies,) and on being questioned what was the name of his uncle, in an instant he answered—“Oceola.” From this and other concurrent testimony, Dr. Welch believes him to be the nephew of the valiant Oceola, who was treacherously betrayed, and died a captive in the fort of St. Augustine, in East Florida, and the son of Econchatti Mico, King of the Red Hills. In consequence of this discovery, Dr. Welch added Oceola to his acknowledged name of Nikkanoochee. It soon became evident, that being freed from military guardianship, the hostility of his white neighbors, and the risk of his being claimed by the authorities and sent “West,” rendered the situation of the orphan boy any thing but secure. Circumstances transpired to determine Dr. Welch to leave Florida, and return to England, where he arrived with his little Indian, on the 2d July, 1840.

After his residence in England about eighteen months, reverses rendered it necessary for the doctor to place his young charge in some establishment where his education would be attended to, and he would be prepared to provide for his wants in advancing years, but every attempt failed to secure the object. By Oceola’s repeated visits to Mrs. Sherman, she had some opportunities of gaining a knowledge of his character and habits, and her sympathy and affection were drawn forth to the

lad. At length, after much consultation with her husband, whose sympathy ran in the same channel, it was determined to receive him into her house, and to adopt and educate him as her child. Although many blamed her for incurring so great a risk as that of taking a half-civilized boy into the family, every step of his history hitherto has justified her decision. By the liberality of friends who were interested in his welfare, Oceola was sent to Mill Hill Grammar School, where he, by his courage and amiableness, became a favorite of all the scholars. After remaining there two years and a half, he chose the sea as a profession, has been several voyages, and maintains a high character from his pious captain and shipmates.

It was very refreshing to see the lively interest Mrs. Sherman took in this orphan's welfare, with what assiduity she instructed him in the principles of the gospel, both orally and by letter, and furnished him with comforts to which heretofore he had been a stranger. He loves her memory; may he yet repay all her efforts and prayers.

The year 1843 was distinguished, in her estimation, by the marriage of her eldest daughter, Mary, to Mr. Charles Burls, junior—a union which has been fraught with much happiness to the family. The pleasure she took in the preparations for that event will not be forgotten by all parties interested—especially her anxiety that the ceremony and “the marriage feast” might contribute something to edification, and convey a blessing to all. Nothing was neglected that her taste or etiquette could supply; but the great desire of her soul was uppermost, that the wedded pair should leave her roof with sanctified impressions of duty, and enter upon a new career of life under its pleasing and

solemn responsibilities. Little Oceola, in his native dress, and her youngest child, Martha, then nearly five years of age, led the procession from the Parsonage to the communion table, in the Chapel, spreading sweet flowers in the way. A large number of Christian friends, chiefly relatives, followed, and the sacred edifice was crowded with an interested congregation. The father of the bride conducted the service, amidst the aspirations of many hearts for a blessing on the union; and after their return to the house, at the request of Mrs. Sherman, the Rev. Dr. Morison delivered a most appropriate and touching charge to the bride and bridegroom, and again commended them to God. At the feast several gentlemen addressed the company assembled, and produced on those who waited, as well as on those who partook of it, a most salutary impression. One person became decided for God, as the fruit of her prayers and efforts on that memorable occasion.

On the 13th of June, in the following year, 1844, she gave birth to another daughter, after a long season of painful suspension from active labor. While confined for months previously to a horizontal position, her active spirit used her pen and influence in her great Master's cause. Only three specimens of letters, out of great numbers written at this period, will now be given; the first showing the fervent desires of her pious heart towards her-first born child.

“Surrey Parsonage, June 4th, 1844.

“MY PRECIOUS CHILD,

“Mamma has been thinking and talking of you so much, that she is sure you ought to be a very good little child, and let her have nothing but what

is pleasant to talk about. This time six long years ago, you came to mamma, a very little baby, but so fat, and looking so grave, as if you never meant to laugh. Well, mamma was very much pleased that God had trusted her with a baby; and before He had done so, when she only *hoped* He would give her one, she used to think, what will that baby be, if it should live to be a great woman. Mamma only had one wish, and that was that her Heavenly Father would adopt her child into His family, that it might always love and serve Him in this world, and then go into his family in heaven, where it would be with Him for ever. So as soon as He gave her the little baby, mamma gave her to God, to be his own happy little child. Now, no one likes to have a naughty, sinful child in their family, and God is so holy, and so good, that He has only good children in His family. When He receives them, they are indeed guilty, sinful children; but He gave His dear Son, Jesus Christ to suffer for their sins, and to obey His holy law, which all had broken, and now, when a little sinful child wishes no longer to grieve Him, but to be obedient, and holy, and fit for His family, she goes to God by Jesus Christ; and when a holy God would say, 'I cannot receive that little sinful child,' she says, 'No, but Jesus has borne away my sins, and honored thy holy law, and for His sake receive me, and make me one of thy happy and obedient children.' Now, he never refuses those who come in Christ's name. Jesus pleads for that little child, that for his sake she may be accepted. Then the Holy Spirit of God performs his part: He takes away the little heart that was so fond of sin, and makes the dear child give up her naughty tempers, and try to be like Jesus. He teaches her how to please and

serve God, and makes her love Him more than she ever loved any body before. Then every one around her can find out that there is a great change in that little child's mind. She loves her Bible, she loves to pray, and instead of trying to please herself, she tries to please God first, and then every body around her. If any one is unkind to her, instead of being unkind in return, she tries to be more kind than ever to that person, because Jesus did so, and tells us to do so. Now mamma wants her dear little Patty to enter God's happy family on her birthday. She has, many thousand times, prayed that you might be there, but she is afraid you are not yet, and she wants you to try and to pray that God for Christ's sake may receive you, and write your name, Martha Rose Sherman, among the long list of His dear children on this your birthday. You would indeed be happy then and good, and mamma would never be afraid if you should die, because she would know you were safe with your Father in heaven. Ask your kind friends who are taking so much trouble to teach you, to pray with you to-day, that whatever shuts you out of that family may be taken away. You love to make papa and mamma happy, do you not? Now they cannot be so, while they think you are not quite sure of going to heaven; you are not a baby now, and Jesus tells children that they may come to Him, and He will guide them there. How dreadful must it be, not to regard what such a condescending Savior says? Let mamma hear, that on your birthday you came to Jesus, to make you His own child, and that from that day you were always trying to please and honor Him. Oh, how delighted I should be to hear such good news of my own dear little Patty! All send their love and

kisses, and hope you will live to see many more birthdays, and that each one may see you serving and loving God: none but God loves you more than,

“Your very affectionate mamma,
“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

The affliction under which her pious mother long labored, sometimes cast a dark cloud over a spirit ordinarily happy and well assured of its interest in Christ. Her daughter thus comforts her in one of these seasons of dejection:

“How sweet it is to know that redemption and reconciliation are achieved *for* us, entirely independent of any merit *in* us; the work is complete in itself—it is for us to receive it—and though faith often fails to discern its possession of the infinite treasure, the faint yet unquestionable traces of the slow and gradual progress of the Divine image in the soul, in which Satan’s likeness was once too evident, give cause for peace and joy, and the full assurance that He who has begun the good work will certainly complete it. My precious mamma, you cannot look into that mind of yours, and say, the improvement and elevation in its thoughts, its tastes, its hopes, its desires, and the results of those feelings, are but the effect of self-cultivation and ordinary enlargement of mind. Surely the yearning of the soul after God and holiness, His own blessed Spirit alone implanted there. Oh, that faith were ever in vigorous exercise!—how would it aid us in the struggle against Satan without, and sin within. Once Satan and sin dwelt together in the heart, but while there is any evidence that God dwells there, we certainly know that Satan is expelled, and though his wretched design is to seize

the opportunity of comparative mental weakness which disease occasions, to try and regain his power, there is One far above him ever watching at our side, and when weakest, his compassionate heart gives double protection, if faith's dim eye could but discern it. Ah! my own mother, your 'title is clear' to me; would that mine were but as clear. Could I for one moment believe that any part of my salvation depended on me, I should for ever despair; but I have the assurance that the provision is entirely made, and is mine, if I will accept it; my confidence is strong that my poor sinful heart is 'made willing' by 'His power,' and rejoices in every acquirement associated with that 'free gift,' and loves more and more the spirituality of the law of God, and the glories of the Divine character, as the feeble rays of light from heaven discover them more and more to my understanding. Associated as these are with a sinful, polluted heart, I dare not say I have wrought even the very little that is there, which resists that sinfulness, and abhors that pollution. And surely you have evidences of sanctification that my poor mind has never even imagined, much less possessed. Oh, that this afflictive, but righteous and all-wise dispensation, may purge away all remaining dross, and make you unequivocally reflect the lovely image of the Crucified."

The next note is addressed to a young friend, whose union took place on the very day Mrs. Sherman's youngest child was born, and shows her impressions of the duties of the marriage relation.

"Surrey Parsonage, June 10th, 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I cannot anticipate the momentous events of

Thursday next, and at the same time the equally momentous event which may previously occur to me, without expressing, while I can, my deep interest in the results of that anxious day, and my most heartfelt and affectionate prayers that you may be permitted to be the most happy, useful, and honored of wives, and your anticipated husband prove worthy of his treasure, and be equally happy, honored and useful. The Christian's ambition in every new undertaking, is to be more devoted, more entirely consecrated to the service of his adored Master and Lord; and I believe you would not have ventured upon this step, had you not believed that such would be the result. May your expectations and hopes be far exceeded, through the rich blessing of your covenant God, and may His smile ever be yours, and His presence ever fill your dwelling, while you and yours never cease to be 'His habitation through the Spirit.' My dear friend knows that one of the important duties of married life is, the cheerful sacrifice of self-gratification for the pleasure of each other, without allowing the sacrifice to be recognized; I have been little tried in this respect with my most precious and matchless husband, but I never make such efforts without an abundant repayment of peace of mind, and, I trust, a blessing. Such is perfectly consistent, I think, with unflinching decision of character, and firm hold of what is right, against every attempt to draw us aside. Such trials as these you are not likely to be exposed to, as my friend has chosen a decided disciple of Christ. May you be strengthened, on your marriage-day, more especially and solemnly, to renew your consecration to God; this will greatly relieve the trials of that which was to me a terrible day. Excuse this

rough little witness to the sympathy and remembrance of,

“Your very attached friend,

“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

A serious attack, brought the newly born infant very near the borders of the grave before it was a month old, and the exercise of her faith and patience was not without gracious fruit.

“I am thankful to say I am quite well and gaining strength. My precious babe is, I trust, out of danger; the improvement since yesterday morning is very satisfactory. I could almost fancy the dear skeleton limbs had recovered a small portion of their original flesh; she has been smiling so sweetly this day that it seemed to tell of returning health. She is so perfectly gentle, and in the midst of severe external as well as internal suffering, has exhibited such sweet placidity, that it has required no ordinary strength to say from the heart, ‘thy will be done;’ but how often do we find that when our Heavenly Father calls us to a trial we never had before, he gives us grace and strength we never knew before. The Refiner never removes his eye from the furnace while the needed fire is performing its work—the tiny piece of metal was not too small for Him to care for, when He thought it worth putting there; and it is a great comfort in sorrow to remember that that sorrow is an indication that he is noticing us. Which of his children would prefer being unnoticed, rather than endure the purifying but painful evidences of his love and care. Oh, that He might see his own image clearly reflected in the unworthy and unprofitable heart he has been trying so painfully but so mercifully. Tell the dear ladies to remember my con-

secrated babe, Selina, when they approach the footstool of mercy."

Only six weeks elapsed from the birth of her child, before she was called to witness a long expected and painful event—the death of her excellent mother. She had been for years the subject of disease, which, while it did not lessen her activity, produced such acute sufferings as drew forth the sympathy of every one who witnessed them. Her faithfulness to the friends of her early life—her hospitality to the servants of Christ—her services for the Redeemer's cause amid much weakness, and her devotion to the interests of the poor of the neighborhood, have embalmed her name in the hearts of those who came within the circle of her influence. To her daughter, who prized her judicious counsels as one of her best earthly comforts, she was very precious. Of this event she thus writes —

"I know you have not forgotten your poor unworthy friend, as she has been passing through the deep waters, and the promise has not been forgotten by Him who gave it, 'I will be with thee.' Such a stroke, before my strength was regained, might have been overwhelming, but my faithful God sustained me, permitted me to cheer the dying hours of my sainted mother, and I think to comfort my beloved widowed father. But how shall I leave him! His mind shrinks from the idea, but home has its duties, and responsible duties, too. He cannot live in London, I cannot live at Enfield; tell me, my dear friend, what is my duty; I have no sweet mother's counsels now. I feel I am, indeed, motherless. Oh, it is a painful loss. I know duty cannot clash with duty, but I want discernment to discover what is duty, and which path to

take. My dearest papa clings to me so fondly, and is comparatively happy while I am with him. He has never been separated from my beloved mother since his marriage—except for two days! You may suppose how desolate he will feel. There is One who is ‘a very present help in trouble,’ still the absence of such a lovely character as he has lost, can never be made up in this world. May it endear increasingly the privilege of communion with his heavenly Friend.”

During the years over which these events run, she maintained the even tenor of her way, in supporting by her correspondence and active exertions, every institution in connection with Surrey Chapel, and as far as her opportunities extended, the cause of Christ generally. It often happens that an individual has some favorite project which he advocates to the forgetfulness of all others equally useful, but her love to her Lord was of that universal character, that every branch of His cause gained her energies, and it only required some warm-hearted Christian, who knew the merits of the Society for which he pleaded, to solicit her aid, and her whole soul was immediately thrown into the object. Among the letters of this period, numbers were written expressly to solicit help for poor ministers of Christ’s gospel, and for afflicted and impoverished saints: also for the London Missionary, the British and Foreign Bible, the Christian Instruction, the Maternal, the Dorcas, the Clothing, the Jews, the City Mission, the Town Mission, the Irish Evangelical, and the Colonial Missionary Societies, the villages around Reading, the Sunday Schools, the School of Industry, and the working Missionary parties—pleas are urged and efforts made, as if every thing depended on her individual efforts. It

is no marvel that the Institutions prospered with such an earnest heart and hand to help them.

To give her numerous epistles on various subjects to her Christian friends, and especially to her youthful charge would swell this volume to an immoderate size, and yet to make an extract from any one of them is like taking a painting out of its frame, for the professed purpose of exhibiting it, but at the same time concealing a portion of the subject.

A young friend, whose heart she had been instrumental in bringing to the Savior, and who reminded her of that as the cause of her ardent affection, extolling the feeble agent more than she thought proper, is thus gently admonished.

“ April 19th, 1845.

“ I have a perfect horror of attributing any good to my own exertions: there is such danger of taking to ourselves what belongs only to God. Look at it as you will, the praise must be His—if I labor ever so self-denyingly, He first put into my heart the motive and the desire to do so, and He only gives the strength:—therefore, if my heart says—I brought that sinner to Jesus—I helped that follower of the Savior on her way, I immediately fly to the blood of Christ, for pardon for that self-glorifying thought, which my pride and ignorance suggested! Ah! it is sufficient honor to be permitted to suffer, or to work for Christ; let not pride spoil, and perhaps deprive us of the privilege, by robbing Him of his glory. What need we have of watchfulness! how many undefended parts are there in the heart! and Satan lulls our suspicions by his plausible attacks; therefore the more devoted we are to God’s service, the more we have need to watch, because his temptations then are

not usually to open worldliness, and evident sin, as those are not congenial to a mind that is renewed, therefore, would be rejected; but he tempts by means of spiritual things, and makes the intended blessing often prove an occasion of sin. So it was with St. Paul—the revelations which made Isaiah exclaim, ‘Wo is me, because I am a man of unclean lips for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts,’ proved dangerous to the humility of Paul, to counteract which it was needful for him to have ‘a thorn in the flesh,’ and if the holy Paul was thus dependent, how much more must you and I be? Oh, let us be more constant in prayer for that humility, without which we are never safe. We must be ‘kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,’ or we shall never ‘stand.’ ”

A zealous disciple belonging to her class, whose usefulness was not small, is guided by the following admirable counsels:

“I long to employ your active mind solidly; I want that tongue to talk indeed for Jesus, but I also want that mind and judgment to remember that ‘there is a time to talk, and a time to keep silence.’ I quite understand your feelings, my dear child, for I believe I have experienced the same; but while I would not for one moment check or damp your earnestness, I want you to control it—to keep it under right direction—to be prudent, quiet, and unobtrusive, as well as zealous and devoted. Here is the difficulty, I know, with a warm heart; but you must ‘adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things,’ therefore, ‘avoid the appearance of evil,’ of forwardness in talking, as though you thought yourself somebody; this sometimes brings an ill name on a youthful Christian, and lessens usefulness. Now, I want you to break

off every habit that is not calculated to glorify God. If you are a favorite in the class, remember this is an additional responsibility, which calls for much prayer, lest that which may be an instrument of extensive usefulness should prove an incentive to pride and glorying in yourself. Beware of this my child: I watch you with the deepest interest, because I see such excellent materials which God has implanted—not you—and if not directed wisely and by Divine guidance, they may do as much harm as good. Be much, very, very much in prayer, my dear girl, that you may, step by step, be guided by Infinite wisdom and love, and be strengthened to ‘Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify,’ not you, but ‘your Father which is in heaven.’ Thus the lowly Jesus acted—not to be seen of men—not to bring glory on his own glorious head:—throughout his whole history, unwearying, unbroken, self-denying labor marked his course;—the love of man’s undying soul led him through the path of sorrow, from the manger to the cross. Now his work of atonement is finished, still he is employed as our Intercessor before the throne, and ere long ‘all nations shall call him blessed.’ ‘The whole earth shall be filled with his glory,’—‘thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers, shall bow before him, crying, Blessing and honor, &c., to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever.’ May we be among them, is the earnest prayer of

‘Your affectionate friend,

“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

To another, who objected taking an oath before a magistrate, and asked her opinion, she writes:—

“The same sacred guide that says, ‘Swear not at all,’ says, ‘An oath for confirmation is an end of all strife.’ You are therefore performing a Christian duty, under these circumstances, in taking the solemn oath that you will speak only the truth. The necessity of this oath is repeatedly shown in Scripture history; the interests of a fellow-creature are in a degree in the hands of another, in such a case, and it is necessary to secure even a guilty person from false accusation and misrepresentation; and as there are certain regulations for all classes of society, and not a special one for conscientious persons, your duty is to ‘submit to the higher powers,’ as ‘ordained of God.’ You see this is very different from taking ‘the name of God in vain.’ ”

The next is a note of consolation directed to one of her class in the hospital:—

“You remember the beautiful first Psalm; the Christian is there compared to a tree that brings forth his fruit ‘in his season;’ he has sometimes a time of affliction, then the fruit of submission and self-examination is in season; sometimes a time of prosperity, then the fruit of watchfulness and prayer is in season; sometimes a time of temptation, then the fruit of faith and close-cleaving to Christ is in season; sometimes a time of spiritual indolence and self-indulgence, then the fruit of repentance and self-abasement is in season. At all times, faith, repentance, and love are in season; and when they wither, it is evident the tree wants watering with copious showers of Divine influence. Prayer, as in Elijah’s case, must open the windows of heaven, which have been closed, that there may be an ‘abundance of rain.’ Then how sweet to know that the heavenly Gardener is watching and

training this little tree: through his intercession, it has not been cut down, and His blood has purchased the blessings it needs to revive and sustain it. May you and I bring forth much fruit to his glory."

A servant who had tasted largely of the grace of God, longed to become a missionary to the heathen, but Providence did not appear to countenance the desire by opening a path, and she is thus sweetly instructed:—

"Surrey Parsonage, Sept. 27th, 1845.

"MY DEAR CHILD,

"I rejoice to hear you have obtained a situation, and as I find the class will not meet to-morrow, on account of the teachers' meeting, I cannot help writing to you to urge upon you the necessity and duty of not allowing your burning desire to work for God, to interfere with your diligent performance of the duties of your present situation. You glorify God most diligently, and as in his sight, performing the duties devolving on you in the sphere in which it has pleased Him to place you. If your heart is so set upon a certain way of serving Him, that you fail to serve Him in any other, you prove yourself unfit to serve Him at all. I long for you thoroughly to understand this: you show your love by bearing, as well as doing his will, and by doing whatever He gives you to perform. It may be that by thus calling you to a work so different from that which you desire, He is proving and exercising you, in order to prepare you for work of another kind. If diligent in His service, you will be diligent in serving those whom he appoints you to serve. If your one desire is to please Him, it will make you as diligent in scour-

ing, dusting, and sweeping, as in distributing tracts—as anxious to be as a Christian a pattern of neatness, punctuality and order, in your situation here, as if you were a missionary to the heathen; you will labor to work well with your hands, that you may be able to work for Him in whatever way He chooses. This is your school, where you are fitting for future life: if inefficient and inferior in your services, you are not yet qualified for superior work. Get perfect in your present occupation, whatever it may be, and this will tend to qualify you, in body and mind, for any service to which you may be called. Till you perform household duties well, you are unfit to be a valuable missionary. But do not press so much any particular path; God knows your desire, my dear child, and says, ‘It was well that it was in thine heart,’ and if He sees fit, can yet give you your wish. There leave it, simply seeking to do his will. Do strive to be in every way a treasure to your employers. Cultivate great neatness and cleanliness in your work and in your appearance. All these things are pleasing to God, especially when done to please Him. God abundantly bless and teach you, and give you your heart’s desire to work, to live, to die for Him, is the prayer of

“Your affectionate friend,
“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

The following letter to a young Christian, who sought her advice, is so excellent that the reader would scarcely pardon its abridgement:

“*Surrey Parsonage, March 20th, 1845.*

“MY VERY DEAR CHILD,

“Though my time is very fully occupied, those

are my happiest that are my busiest days. Since it is, I trust, the supreme desire of my heart, to 'do all to the glory of God,' to use my tongue, my pen, my influence, my all in his service, therefore, a letter to my sweet friend, to help her instrumentally in her way to 'the kingdom' comes most pleasurably into the employments of this day. When I look within, at my own 'exceeding sinfulness,' at the little grace, the tiny portion of knowledge I possess, the coldness of my heart, and its lifelessness in the service of Him who gave himself for me, I am ready to say—can I indeed be of the happy number of those who 'are bought with a price,' and who therefore are sweetly constrained by the love of Him who bought them, 'to glorify God with their bodies and their spirits which are his?' but one look at the cross of Jesus, at the wonderful union of every attribute of Deity in the accomplishment of the redemption of the world, makes me feel, that worthless as I am, He can save me, and by my salvation glorify his own name. And if in my heart, in the midst of all my guilt, there is one all-prevailing determination to be his, to 'follow the Lamb,' to give glory to none but Him, He only gave me that disposition, mingled as it is with corruption; and He who has thus proved the commencement of his work in me, will assuredly not relinquish it, unless I grieve him away by neglect and rebellion; and if He have so far gained my heart, he will not leave it thus to return to its former rebellion—his influence there will gradually drive out sin, and restore his own image. You see I am writing to you about myself, but I do so because I think you express the same discouragement that I often feel, and I would encourage you from the same source whence I have

been enabled to receive comfort. To a mind really thirsting after God, I may thus give encouragement, but to one whose indecision, whose efforts to unite the service of God and the world, occasion doubts, I should write very differently.

“You ask, ‘Does a true Christian ever feel disinclination to serve God?’ I certainly should say, and so would you, the habitual disinclination must prove an unrenewed mind, but, where this is the exception, not the rule, occasioning bitter grief, humiliation before God, and prayerful resistance to it—this certainly is consistent with the Christian’s conflict with sin and Satan. The many blissful anticipations of the heavenly world, include the perpetual service of God, without weariness or lifelessness, and I think that in proportion as we ‘grow in grace,’ we shall catch more of the Spirit of heaven in this, as well as in every other respect. It is a great stimulus to exertion to think of heaven—its holiness, its employments, and above all of Him who is its glory—this makes me long to begin and practice its occupations, however faintly, and to seek that others may glorify Him that sits on the throne, and share with me the sweet joys of even the baby efforts to serve and praise Him. Oh, the very thought of heaven sweetens every thing here—every trial and cross, every event seems sweet from the conviction, that all is designed to help us on our way thither, to call out by test, our character, that we may discover what we are; to strengthen our ‘faith and love, and every grace,’ by exercise and trial, and to endear to us the price of our redemption, the precious word of God, our guide to heaven, and the blest Spirit who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them to us.

“I think it is a great help to the discovery of our own character, to cultivate a constant habit of self-inspection, asking ourselves our motives for certain actions of the day; and our reasons for certain shrinkings from duty. Like any other habit, it may to a certain extent become a form, so that we use it almost mechanically, but supposing this, we yet must glean even at the worst, some acquaintance with ourselves, and some matter for prayer. This must not supersede that self-examination which should accompany the regular seasons for devotion—this habit greatly facilitates it, leads through the day to mental prayer, confession and praise—and affords much help in bringing these matters afresh before God, giving to Him the glory due for assistance in duties, as well as mourning over omissions. Keep in mind, dear, that you are Christ’s servant, and that you have to glorify Him, not only in acts strictly religious, but also by diligently performing the duties of your vocation whatever it may be. The true leaven leavens the whole lump. Religion consists in the exercise of holy principles, therefore, no external consecration to the service of God is owned of Him, if not the result of the hallowed principles which He by his Spirit imparts, when He regenerates the mind. Now, we can certainly by faithful self-scrutiny ascertain, what are the motives which induce certain conduct, and when the affections of the heart towards God are cold, and lifelessness robs us of all enjoyment in duty, still let us equally pursue it, guided by the same holy principles, though not wafted along by the sweet gales of love. With every Christian while in this world, there will be great alternations of feeling, but religion itself does not depend on feeling. Of course, its exercise is

greatly assisted by a warm and glowing heart, but the cold day of a Christian's life tests the sincerity of his obedience. If we serve Him, approach Him, and speak of Him, only when the heart is warm, there is reason to fear the flame of our piety may soon be extinguished. But when coldness in God's service grieves us, or if we cannot grieve, that very thing distresses us, and we labor to discover the cause and apply the remedy—that precious blood which cleanses from all sin, and that divine influence which first quickened the soul to spiritual life—I think these are indubitable marks of the Spirit's work on the heart, and of adoption into God's happy, redeemed family. A deeper acquaintance with our own hearts, and with Him who redeemed us, and a growing conformity to Him in our whole character and conduct, are evidences which we cannot question; they necessarily include repentance, faith, and love, and every other Christian exercise. May you and I experience to the full the extent of Christ's glorious work, and be strengthened to win all around us, both by example and effort to Jesus.

“Believe me, my sweet child,
Your very affectionate friend,
“MARTHA SHERMAN.”

A young person who had been singled out from an ungodly family by the grace of God, had become the subject of parental opposition. She was one who had arrived at years of discretion, and gave no cause of complaint at home, except concerning the law of her God. Among other annoyances, she was prohibited by her mother from attending any religious services during the week. She asks for advice, and is thus instructed:—

“I have consulted with Mr. Sherman, my dear young friend, on the subject which occasions you so much anxiety; and he is of opinion, that it is not your duty to give up your week-day privileges, for these reasons; first, the commandment is to ‘obey in the Lord,’ therefore, when the parental command is to abstain from the use of those blessings and privileges which God has put within your reach, or to do that which is displeasing to him, obedience, then, would not be in the Lord. Secondly, if no other duty is neglected by your attendance at the house of prayer in the week, the requirement is unreasonable; therefore, as you are of an age to judge what is proper or otherwise, obedience to a command which arises from improper motives and causes, is not binding. Thirdly, in the situation in which you are placed, with every effort being made to destroy the holy principles which the Spirit of God has implanted in your heart, you need strength and assistance in your Christian course from every divinely appointed means; and as God must be dishonored by a lifeless, uninfluential profession of His name, it is your duty to use every help to prevent dishonoring Him, and to cultivate that exalted piety which shall glorify Him continually. This is, I think, his candid opinion, and on second thoughts I quite agree with him: still, I feel your situation is an extremely delicate one, especially as reference was made to the fifth command, in connection with your profession of religion. I think your resolution should be stated to your mother, after much prayer both for yourself and for her, and with much Christian love and respect, remembering that obedience is required, except where the command interferes with God’s commands, and I would advise you to state your rea-

sons for acting differently to her desire. May this severe trial, my dear child, be sanctified to you. Your Heavenly Father would not permit it were it not necessary to make you 'partaker of His holiness.' Pray to be enabled to view it as the apostle viewed all his trials, 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18. Look through the trial, and beyond it, to its gracious design. Be more anxious that it may be sanctified than removed, and think more of the distressing condition of the persecutor's soul, than of the distress she occasions you. May God give you grace and strength to glorify Him in the fires."

Soon after her residence at Surrey Chapel, she induced several young ladies of the congregation to form themselves into a party, who should meet once a month at each other's houses, to make fancy articles and useful clothing, to be sent out to a selected station of the London Missionary Society, either as gifts, or to be sold there for the benefit of its local operations. Most of these young persons being also members of the Monthly Bible Class, they had at these meetings, in addition to their ordinary spiritual tuition, the presence and assistance of their invaluable president, whenever opportunity permitted. Her letters to them of various dates, and from various places, show how much she sympathized in missionary efforts, and how earnestly she wished a missionary spirit, as the result of lively and fervid piety, to be manifested among her young friends. Two extracts from letters, one without an address, and the other while residing at Gräfenberg, exhibit her faithfulness to her Lord, and her watchfulness over her charge.

"The last object of my letter, though not the least, was to enquire if it can possibly be true that your numbers and your zeal are diminishing. I

would hope it is a mistake, as I can scarcely suppose, that when we are called to renew our energies, in order to meet the increasing demand for missionaries, to be more earnest in prayer, and to cultivate in every way a missionary spirit, the young people of Surrey Chapel are holding back. Nothing would grieve me more than to hear that you are not increasing in zeal, in numbers, and in spirituality. If the cross meet us, and difficulties assail us, we must not shrink from either, but bear in mind that it is the cause of Christ—of Him who purchased us with His own blood, in which we are engaged, and each must stimulate others, and do all in her power to aid His work, and to hasten on the glorious promised day, when ‘all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest.’ Be cautious that in your meetings you never forget the object for which you assemble, viz. to aid the missionary cause by your **INDUSTRY**, and to promote a missionary spirit in each other. Guard against desultory conversation, as this will necessarily defeat the design for which you meet. May the God of love fill you with His Spirit, and grant that the ‘love of Christ may constrain’ you.

“I write what is nearest my heart, rather than news of this wonderful place, because that intelligence you have received from other quarters. I have heard, with great regret, that the little missionary working party is not well attended. Give my most affectionate love to the young ladies, and tell them, that if I could have hoped to find them all assembled, to contribute, by their industry, and by increased acquaintance with the importance of missionary operations, to send the glad tidings of salvation to the millions who are perishing in ignorance of the only way of salvation, I should have

said 'Go on, not mechanically, but as working for Him, whose cause you are bound by every tie to promote.' It is not a matter of choice, whether you may or may not unite your energies to bring on the promised time, when 'All shall know Him, from the least to the greatest,' and to send to your perishing fellow-creatures the same gospel which, in your happier land, is so universally known and proclaimed; but your duty, under whatever circumstances you may be placed. It is not the hard bondage of a slave to a tyrannical master; Oh, no! it is the constraining influence of the love of Christ, which calls us to remember His own words, 'He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' The mind in which a hope exists that a Savior's dying love has procured its deliverance from the curse of God, and united it to Him in bonds of hallowed friendship, and that believes the satisfaction he has made to the Divine Justice avails for every creature that will embrace His salvation, surely, such a mind must pant to make known the glad tidings in some way, however humble the contribution be—whether of money, time, talents, or prayers, it must be esteemed a rich privilege to have anything to do with the great work. Oh, I desire no other influence than that which springs from the love of a crucified Savior. Let this love but dwell habitually in the heart, and constantly guide its possessor, and I fear not the want of a missionary spirit. Let us, my dear friend, be more earnest in prayer, for the reviving influences of the Spirit of God, to make us more decided for God, more unflinching in our obedience, more established in the truth of the gospel. I long for the time when my dear young people shall truly be 'living epistles, known and read of all.' There must be much secret prayer,

much devotional study of the sacred volume, to discover the glorious character of God, and much self-scrutiny, if we would be Christians indeed. How mournful would it be, if owned of the church of God on earth, but disowned by its great Head: the piercing words, 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His'—'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord'—call loudly to us to 'examine whether we be in the faith.' To be happy Christians, we must be growing in 'grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' "

There lie before the writer a heap of notes, which, from an ordinary hand, would have been mere notices that the meeting was to be held at her house, with an invitation to attend on the day appointed; but Mrs. Sherman made each a vehicle of some important advice, caution, or exhortation, adapted specially to the case of the young person to whom it was addressed, intended to form habits which would adorn the Christian lady, while the cause of Christ among the heathen was ardently promoted. One will serve as a specimen.

"I am anticipating the pleasure of receiving the Missionary Working Party on Wednesday, the 27th, when, I trust, my dear young friend, nothing will prevent your attendance, and may I add, I hope each will be in the dining-room at one minute before ten. I love punctuality, because I think it is among the 'lovely things which the Christian is to pursue. God is a Being of perfect order in all his arrangements, and in proportion as the power of sin is weakened, and the Divine likeness progressing in the soul, we shall find these things rise in importance in our estimation, and nothing will be regarded as too little to exercise our efforts, which

may in the tiniest degree advance us nearer to the image of God. A mind that is truly great, spurns not the little things which have (as all must have) power to influence its habits, and to promote its true loveliness. Let us, my dear friends, labor after eminent Christian consistency, and a close walk with God, that we may learn more of His character and will, and ‘grow up into Him in all things.’ I am very anxious to see more fruit arise out of our little party, which was designed to promote personal and relative piety, as well as a missionary spirit; these objects cannot be advanced by merely meeting together; much prayer must accompany any efforts or means that the blessing may be bestowed. And I trust that the Spirit of prayer and effort may be granted to us all at our anticipated meeting.”

Mrs. Sherman had long felt that this little happy missionary party was not sufficiently extensive to represent all the females of the congregation, and, therefore, wished to form another, to embrace every class. She believed that where fervent piety exists, it will make its possessor anxious to save the souls of others, and as the miseries and wants of the heathen are brought before the Christian, his piety will increase, and his sympathy and love be drawn out for their deliverance. Her own spirit was eminently missionary. “I gain much,” she writes, “by union with the Missionary Society, for what little piety I have is greatly increased by the accounts forwarded, month by month, of its operations in heathen lands. I learn how grace can triumph over the most degraded specimens of my race; I see how missionaries, my brethren and sisters, can, amidst privation and suffering wholly unknown to us, ‘endure as seeing Him who is invis-

ble'—I behold real religion producing the same gracious effects in the untutored savage, when it once gains an entrance, as in the most refined—and above all, I have proof furnished that Christ confines not the manifestation of his love to any particular class of men or station; but gives to the barbarian, bond or free, support in trouble, comfort strong and abiding, and visions of glory, which enable them to die triumphantly. Who can read the accounts of the sacrifices which these newly awakened Christians make—the persecutions they endure—their glorious translations to another world, without rejoicing in the sufficiency of the atonement—the efficacy of the Spirit's work, and the sure foundation laid for the confidence and joy of every sinner under heaven? I am sure I love Jesus Christ more every missionary meeting I attend. I, therefore, ought to support missionary enterprises, because I gain much by them."

With such views, it will not create surprise that she was anxious to promote a similar spirit universally among professing Christians, and especially among females, that for their own sakes they might inculcate on the minds of their children and relatives lessons of love to the heathen. Yet she saw and felt the force of many objections urged by some whose piety could not be questioned, and who had already manifested their decided attachment to missionary effort. In order to give them an opportunity of stating their reasons against the formation of a more indiscriminate assembly, and to hear the arguments of others in its favor, with her usual prudence, she summoned a meeting for conference and prayer, the result and improvement of which she sent to her Sunday afternoon class, in the following judicious letter:

“Surrey Parsonage, October 18th, 1845.

“I mentioned to you, my beloved young friends, that I expected to meet several friends on the proposed plan of forming a Missionary Working Association for the congregation generally, whether young or old, rich or poor, who would subscribe to it from a shilling a year and upwards. Accordingly, those who were against it, as well as those who were for it, consulted together, and the friends in favor of it succeeded; but as there is, alas! no perfection here, and the best designs may prove evil, if not judiciously carried out, I feel particularly anxious that the objections which have been suggested as likely to prevail, may be doubly guarded against. It is probable that many among my dear class may join the society, and as I hope I have a degree of influence over them, which I have not over others less known to me, I am anxious to use that influence to guard them against the abuse of that which may, rightly used, prove a great privilege. The danger which many friends anticipate is, that home duties, less agreeable than these little meetings will be neglected; that the young people will be tempted to leave to their mothers the share of domestic employments which properly devolves on the daughters, whose pleasure it ought to be not only to do what they must, but all they can, to help their parents. I see how possible it is that this may be the case, and therefore warn my dear young friends in the class, who know my opinions of the fallacy and emptiness of that profession of religion which is not accompanied by great diligence in every duty of our station. My object in desiring this society is, that personal piety may be promoted, by a greater acquaintance with the sufferings and privations of the heathen, who are

‘without God in the world.’ My plan, therefore, is to keep the subject of missions only before us all the time we are together; to meet from five to eight in the evening, once a month, to get a missionary whenever we can, and when we cannot, to select reading on the subjects of interest connected with the station for which we are working. As Christians are to set an example to the heathen, I am very anxious that the needlework be good, and worthy of happy English women. The particulars and rules will shortly be printed, when you shall see them, and subscribers be supplied with them. We hope to commence the first week in January, each subscriber to receive a card to bring in as many more subscribers to the society, the London Missionary Society, I mean, as we can procure. I shall be glad if my dear class will make it known as far as they can, as I am not sure that it can be publicly announced. Now, let my dear friends unitedly supplicate a blessing on this new effort to promote a missionary spirit amongst us. In proportion as we grow in the Divine likeness, the objects that are dear to the Eternal mind are dear to us. His one intense desire is the salvation of a ruined world, by sending it the glad tidings that Jesus Christ ‘came to seek and to save that which was lost.’ Let it be our business to carry out this object, first by securing the salvation of our own souls, then by efforts and prayers for others at home and abroad, and part of those efforts must be the force of a consistent Christian example. Such may my dear class ever present, that God may be glorified.”

This was the last Association she was permitted to establish: her health having declined very rapidly from the time of its formation, she was not

allowed to attend its first, or any subsequent meeting, yet she had the joy to learn that a large number joined immediately, and that it progressed in usefulness to themselves and the heathen. God give to its members the spirit of perseverance and devotion to missionary objects, which their president so richly enjoyed!

CHAPTER X.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF HER ILLNESS, AND HER
SOJOURN AT BRIGHTON AND VENTNOR.

IN the autumn of the year 1845, the dear subject of this Memoir took cold from exposure to bleak winds, in consequence of insufficient clothing, which produced a greater irritation of her constitutional cough than was customary, and she paid a visit to some old friends at Tunbridge Wells, in hope that the genial atmosphere of that healthful spot would remove the threatening symptoms. Notwithstanding the kind attentions of her friends, the cough increased in violence; and soon after her return home, Dr. Risdon Bennett was consulted. The remedies which he prescribed greatly relieved her, but after a few weeks disease again began to show itself in such fearful prostration of strength, that the anxiety of those who knew the value of the precious saint it attacked, was greatly increased. Additional advice was sought from Sir James Clark, who gave his reluctant but decided opinion, that her lungs were affected; yet he believed that with care, and the adoption of immediate remedies, her life might be prolonged for many years. The month of December was exceedingly mild and sunny, and the doctors thought that a residence in Brighton, till January, if the weather continued so favorable, would renovate her strength, and mitigate, if not remove her cough—thither she accordingly went, to a house selected for its adaptation to her condi-

tion. The bright beams of the heavenly luminary cheered her spirit, and the air, balmy as the breezes of May, gave her its zephyrs, and infused some little vigor into her frame. As any exposure to the atmosphere invariably provoked the cough, she could not leave the house without an Orinasal Respirator, which proved an unspeakable comfort, allaying the irritation, and enabling her to take such exercise as the violence of the cough would otherwise have prevented. Seated in a wheel-chair, she enjoyed the ride on the parade by the beach, and her cheerful, hopeful, joyous spirit, made her husband believe that a little time only would be required to restore her failing energies. Her state of mind at this time cannot be better described than in her own language.

To a young lady in delicate health, she writes:—

“*November 4th, 1845.*

“I plead with you to take care of your health, that you may have the honor of serving God for many years, and not be called in youth, to bear instead of to do the will of your heavenly Father. As we grow in grace, we prize more our opportunities and privileges, and do not sentimentalize on the joys of an early removal from this world. When our Christian character advances, we shall unceasingly breathe after heaven, as we catch more of the spirit of heaven; but it seems to me more heaven-like to seek to ‘spend and be spent’ for Christ here, with the anticipation of being at last ‘for ever with the Lord.’”

To another, whose love and kindness she much valued:—

“*November 21st, 1845.*

“Thank you, dear, for the many kind and un-

deserved expressions in your note. I deeply feel that I am, and have been a 'cumberer of the ground,' and I can only wonder why I was planted in so fruitful a soil, where heavenly dews and sun abound: where neighboring trees yield their luxuriant fruit to the glory of the Lord of the vineyard, though all of them, even at the best, ill repaying the pains and culture He has bestowed. Well may He say of me, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground.' Year after year has He gently dug about my roots, with the same instrument with which He will, I think, eventually cut me down. Yet I cannot imagine wrath in the stroke; not in judgment, but in Infinite wisdom, and for the rousing and benefit of others, that my removal might effect instrumentally what my lifeless presence has failed to do. Pray for me, my dear friend, that energy and spirituality may be produced by the Spirit of Life in my dead soul, and that my few remaining days may be really, what my heart has desired and professed past days to be, wholly and entirely the Lord's. May every blessing be yours, and growing devotedness to his lovely cause."

The kind attentions of many friends in preparing for her such delicacies as they thought her failing appetite could take, drew forth many effusions of gratitude, such as the following:—

"37, *King's Road, Brighton, Dec. 11th, 1845.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"What can I say to you for your kind present, received through my dearest husband? I greatly feel your affectionate remembrance of me in my time of affliction, of 'light affliction' indeed, for there is so very much mercy mingled with it, that the difficulty sometimes is to know whether that

can be an affliction in which faith brings me the enjoyment of so many precious things as realities, which it only recognized before. 'The things which are seen,' the 'temporal,' may be gloomy—they are so, viewed alone—but we are not to look at them: that would be to complain of the defects of the casket, which contained a precious jewel. The 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' is 'wrought by affliction,' while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen and 'eternal.' Who would look at the dark cloud, except for the lovely rainbow upon it? the bow is not seen when the cloud is not there: and what lovely hues of His character are displayed who 'puts His bow in the cloud' of our darkest affliction. Ah! it is well, if a Father's hand smites. He has blessings in reserve, and I will wait and hope for them, and welcome health, if He shall please to grant me that too. I am weak indeed, physically and spiritually, but while there is the promise of spiritual strength equal to my day, I can bear the other cheerfully. How I love the dear Surrey people, for their kind prayerful interest in one so unworthy of their regard! With kindest love to your circle, believe me, my dear friend,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARTHA SHERMAN."

As soon as her illness assumed a threatening aspect, which the air of Brighton did not remove, the church met, to supplicate the Father of mercies to interpose his gracious hand, and if it pleased Him, to restore her to health and usefulness. The mothers over whom she had presided had repeated concerts for prayer, and sent her some precious sen-

timents of sympathy and love—to which she thus replies:—

“37, *King's Road*, December 12th.

“MY BELOVED FRIEND,

“What can I say in return for the kind and affectionate expression of the sympathy of the dear Maternal band, which your welcome letter contains? I would write my sense of it to them generally, but the poor mind sympathizes with the body in its weakness, and it is a mental effort to which I am unequal; but you will express for me what you know my heart feels, and how cheered I am by the kind remembrance of me which has been shown by them, in common with all the dear church at Surrey. It is sweet to find a special errand to our Father's throne, and to be borne there by so many Christian hearts. I am perfectly amazed at the unmerited interest of my dear friends, and it humbles me to know how little I have practically shown the deep interest I feel in them. How little I have improved the many opportunities of exercising useful influence over them, in exciting to more eminent devotedness, and to closer walking with God. Ah! my loved friend! I dare not say, should my heavenly Father restore my health, how different shall my future course be, but I would rather plead, that such a sanctified result of His chastisement may be granted; that so I may act, and my desires be no longer floating imaginations only, but practical, uniform labors, to draw all within my reach to Jesus. Surely if the prayers of your—*our*—dear Maternal band ‘come up as a memorial before God,’ I shall, if not restored to bodily health, yet receive that measure of spiritual vigor, which I so much need. May the dear hearts that remember

me be ever on the heart of our adorable Intercessor before the throne, and all meet Him there, to unite in one song for ever."

In reply to some kind and anxious enquiries, she thus addresses one of her father's servants.

"December 18th, 1845.

"I am much obliged for your kind anxiety on my account. How delightful to know in whose hands my life and health are. Who can be anxious in such hands? I cannot wish any other appointment than his own. Reports from Surrey say, my illness has already been blest to many, in rousing them to more prayer and diligence. Is it not then worth while to suffer, if God be glorified by it? While others are being watered by it, pray for me that my own vineyard may not miss the heavenly shower, and perish in barrenness and fruitlessness."

A young lady, a member of one of her classes, had gathered around her a number of Jewish children, to whose instruction in useful and religious knowledge she devoted herself. Mrs. Sherman took the deepest interest in this class, first from a special love to the children of Israel, and next from the indefatigable zeal and perseverance which prompted her young friend, amidst great difficulties and discouragements, to proceed in her work of faith. She thus encourages her:—

"December 24th, 1845.

"I think you have no reason to be cast down about your dear Jews. Think what they were—what they now are—and what they are likely to become, through the influence of the prayer of faith accompanying the valuable instructions already imparted. It is neither the planter nor the

waterer, but the Spirit which you seek, that shall take the veil from their hearts. I often think the efforts for them are like one expecting the rising sun. While gazing and watching for the lovely and much-desired orb, his eyes get dazzled with the brightness of the clouds which give promise of his rising. He watches till he can watch no longer, and turns his eyes to objects less brilliant, but nearer at hand. While he is thus engaged, the sun rises, but he sees it not, till the warmth and brightness it diffuses, rouse him to turn again and look. So we wait and pray for Israel's salvation, but again and again are disheartened, because the bright promises which first encouraged us to pray and watch, yet remain unfulfilled, though the voice that spoke them assures us they certainly shall be performed; and while our unbelief leads us often to turn our eyes to more tangible and visible fruits, or prospects of fruits, the event occurs, the veil is removed from their heart, and we perceive it not, till the sweet results of Israel's turning to the Lord, gladden the whole world. You have watched long for the answers to our united Thursday's prayers for your little class, and your dear heart seems failing, just at the moment when the improvement and the remarks of the children, seem to indicate a state of mind preparing to welcome Christ, the once despised 'Nazarene,' as their Savior. Be not discouraged, dear: expect great things. One converted Jewish child may be one of the instruments God shall employ. 'A nation shall be born in a day.' Go on, my beloved girl, and expect to see those children in heaven; then I believe you will labor more diligently, and pray more fervently for them."

The following extract shows the heart of the

mother—the loving, praying, believing mother:—
“The dear children are remarkably well, and baby the very best baby that can be. I never saw so good a child. I trust she will grow up as good as she now is. Perhaps I may not live to see her a woman, but I believe she will be owned of Him, to whom she was given long before she was born; and if He ‘take her up,’ as David says, I need not fear, if I go home first, that my children will follow me in due time.”

In the month of January she returned to the Parsonage, without any material improvement. The continued violence of the cough, and increased prostration of strength, yielded only fearful anticipations of what the result must ultimately be. Still, as so much depends on using remedial measures in the early stages of pthisis, a consultation of physicians was thought desirable, and Sir James Clark, Dr. Chambers, and Dr. Latham, met on her case in the early part of February. They were united in opinion that disease existed extensively in one lung, and that a removal to a purer air was essential to improvement. They by no means thought the case hopeless, if great care were exercised and the cough could be subdued. With respect to that part of the country in which the patient might be located, the ease and comfort of her mind, as well as body, were to be consulted—if it was too far for her husband often to be with her, solitariness would be likely to destroy what good air might effect. They therefore determined that, all things considered, Ventnor offered most advantages, for its climate and proximity to London, and accordingly she went thither with her husband, youngest child, and nurse, in the first week in February.

In a small memorandum book, the following note written in pencil, after she arrived at Ventnor, exhibits the calm resignation of her spirit to the will of God, and the rich enjoyment she possessed of his gracious presence.

February 10th.—"Left dear Surrey for Ventnor, by the advice of Sir J. Clark, Drs. Latham and Chambers. Felt it a trying decree, but much relieved by the confidence that a loving Father saw it best for me; no severe chastisement of an angry God, but a Father's needed discipline. Much cheered by his dealings—taking so much trouble with me, to prepare me for the enjoyment of himself on earth, and at last in heaven, where the service and worship shall no more be impeded by disease and weakness. I would record my enjoyment in the chair on Ryde Pier; I thought, perhaps as *silently*, but *unconsciously*, I might be borne back again, no more to see my beloved earthly home, but to be laid by my dear mother's side, to await the voice of the archangel; yet felt satisfied, that if it were so ordered, it would be, and it was better, and more for God's glory that it should be so: therefore, checked the rising thought of those, whose dear hearts might desire my stay, and who seem to need it. That is not necessary which God withdraws in love."

The last private record which she permitted to be preserved, immediately follows the preceding.

February 12th.—"Dear husband left—watched the coach with its beloved passenger to the top of the hill at Bonchurch, and committed him to Him whose word is enough for his protection. Took a solitary walk to divert my mind—most lovely scenery, He who created the hills is my Beloved and my Friend. Saw a poor Jew, and longed to

speaking to him, but could not with my respirator, yet enjoyed prayer for him. 'Lord let a Savior's blood be on him, not as a curse, but as the blood of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' "

As the St. Boniface Hotel yielded so many comforts, and relieved her of all domestic care, she preferred remaining in the rooms she first occupied, during her residence in that lovely spot. The mildness of the atmosphere at first greatly relieved her cough, and favorable symptoms excited the liveliest hopes; but they alternated so much, that it was difficult to say whether real advances were made towards recovery. She believed herself better—her appetite improved, a less beauteous flush adorned her cheek—her capacity for walking increased, and the tone of general health was more vigorous—the cough, however, did not lessen its attacks, and some of its spasms brought her very low—stealing from her all the strength the change of scene and climate had bestowed.

Several circumstances contributed to render her residence at Ventnor very interesting, both to herself and some of its residents. The ministry of the Rev. Mr. Warden, when she was able to attend, was refreshing to her spirit, especially as the chief subject of his preaching was the cross, to which her heart clung as her only refuge, with even more tenacity than ever during her affliction. His pastoral visits with those of the clergyman and the Rev. Mr. Medway, tended greatly to compensate for the loss of Christian ordinances, and to sustain and exhibit the flame of piety which a weak body often conceals from the view of the sufferer. A little band of Christian mothers, whose spirits were alive to the welfare of Christ's cause, occasionally

saw her, when she was able to converse, and her entreaties prevailed with them to establish a Maternal Society, which progressed in usefulness and comfort, and continues in efficiency to the present time.

"I hope," she writes, "to form a Maternal Association in this room in a few days; I am quietly working at it. The great difficulty is to find some suitable person to superintend it. Mrs. — has been suggested, but she is neither a mother nor motherly. The tradesmen's wives are quite encouraging in their response to the proposition, and I think it would much promote union and love, as well as piety in the congregation. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may be guided and assisted in the little effort."

One day, while resting on a stile near Bonchurch, a young widow passed, and by her appearance indicated that she had not long known that mournful condition. Pity instantly moved the heart of Mrs. Sherman towards the disconsolate stranger, whose enquiry respecting her health afforded the pastor's wife an opportunity for further conversation. In the melting tones of her tender voice she expressed her sympathy for the recent loss and present circumstances of the widow; which seemed to meet the desires of a heart longing to tell its griefs to the benevolent mind, of whose kindness the soothing words that fell from those gracious lips were the evidence. This is her deeply interesting recital of the event:—

"I walked this morning alone to Bonchurch, and felt very tired; seeing a stile rather farther on, I sat there. As I rested I thought how humbling it was to be literally disabled by my respirator from speaking to any of the poor I met; while trying to get

some useful lesson from it, a widow and child, whom I had not seen before, came up, and seeing me, kindly enquired after my health; after a few general observations she was moving on, saying, as she bowed her leave of me, 'it must be a trial to you to be alone in Ventnor.' I simply replied, 'Your trial is greater than mine; but if we both know and love Him who tries us, our trials will be sweetened, will they not?' She immediately said, 'Oh! that is what I want to understand.' I asked permission to join her, as she was going home, and I shall not soon forget that walk, the eagerness with which she sought instruction, and the liberty that was given me in placing the gospel before her. I believe my respirator helped my freedom, and I seem now quite satisfied that God has given me something to do here, worth all the trial of coming. She begs that I will allow her further conversation another day, which you may be sure I will. Indeed, it seemed altogether so arranged, and so timed, that I cannot but hope an unseen hand directed us to meet. You will entreat for her and for me, that I may be assisted to guide her, for she seems very ignorant, though, as she says, 'longing to be converted;' and that her heart may be opened to receive the truth in its sweet simplicity. I am much interested in the servants, too—I hope to get at them thoroughly soon—I have had much conversation with one, and I believe she feels some interest. God meant more in sending me here, and in trials generally He intends more than individual benefit. It is for us to watch His working, that we may work with Him, and promote all the objects He designs. If I may but help another to heaven, I shall not think it so painful to be separated from my dear home."

Finding her message acceptable, she followed up this first interview by successive meetings, in which she endeavored to explain to her willing disciple "the way of God more perfectly."

"I am increasingly interested in my widow; she usually spends from seven to eight in the evening with me: think of us, then. I am endeavoring to instruct her thoroughly in the great doctrines of the gospel, for I fear unless her mind, as well as her heart is influenced, the snares around her will prove sadly injurious. Every truth is new, and she drinks in instruction with great delight."

She made this widow's case a subject of entreaty with God, that He would be pleased to compensate the loss of her creature comfort, by taking up His residence in her heart; she wrote to several of her friends to engage their prayers on behalf of the "hopeful enquirer," and commended her to Christians in the vicinity, entreating them to watch over the buddings of piety which had begun to appear. Mrs. Sherman was soon convinced, that repentance for sin, especially for neglected opportunities, and faith in Christ, though "as a grain of mustard-seed," existed in that spirit, whose previously unfriendly habits, and present hindrances to decision, rendered her, to all human appearance, a most unlikely person ever to taste of gospel privileges. A period of two years confirmed the accuracy of her judgment; and a short time before her death, she "bequeathed the widow's soul as a legacy" to a Christian friend, to be watched over and trained for God. Subsequent events have brought her to London, where she is associated as a member with the church of Christ at Surrey Chapel, and walks before God to the comfort of her pastor's heart—as a living memorial of the precious saint who won

her soul for Christ, and a striking illustration of the fact, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

Her conversation with the servants, and her affectionate kindness for their immortal interests, so won them, that they solicited the privilege of attending the family service. "I have at last found courage to allow the household to be present at family worship, when I am alone: they always unite with us when Mr. Sherman or papa are here, but till lately, I only allowed nurse to come in. We now assemble eight, including the waiter. I never, previously, prayed before a *man*, except in the cottages of the poor, and I feel it to be a great effort; but the desire on their part to be present, convinced me that I should think of no impediment."

As soon as Mrs. Sherman was informed that a small debt encumbered the Chapel at Ventnor, with a countenance beaming with benevolence and decision, she said to her husband, "I will try and comfort the dear man's heart, by attempting its removal." Weak as she was, she wrote a note every day to some liberal Christian, and pleaded with others, from whom she never had a denial, and in less than a month the whole amount required was paid. Never can her husband forget the moment when he accidentally disturbed her in her room, kneeling before a chair on which she had placed the money thus collected, begging God to accept the offerings of his servants, and thanking Him for employing her in its collection. O! it was a lovely sight, to behold both the contributions and the efforts, which were great in her state of weakness, alike consecrated to God. Let the contributors to that fund be assured that, ere this, good inter-

est has come to them from heaven, through her prayers.

She thus describes the state of her health:—
“ Well, I suppose I must say something about myself: I am decidedly stronger; I keep out, walking, standing, leaning against posts, sitting, sauntering, or riding every bright day, and we have had two days only that were not so. My cough is generally much as it was; two days this week my old symptoms of exhaustion and sickness have thrown me back, but I hope soon to regain lost ground. My heart yearns to speak to the poor invalids I see here; I long to know where is their hope, and whether I could help to point them to Jesus. My respirator is a great impediment, because it is as difficult to be heard as to speak.”

To a young friend in the North, in whose honored family she had occasionally taken up her abode, she addressed the following letter, as an answer to objections and difficulties arising from a want of assurance :

“ *January, 1846.*

“ You have been very much in my heart since I received your letter two months since; but my ability to write where any effort is requisite, has been so feeble that I have deferred, hoping for better days; but my weakness and cough remain, and therefore, in spite of an empty mind, I am going to try to answer you. A conversation only could properly respond to your note, because, like all in your state, there is a mixture of complete contradictions—not loving Jesus, yet longing to be like Him—loving sin, yet aiming at perfection, &c. Now, my sweet child, one thing is certain—that no

conflict begins in the soul till the spirit of God begins to work, therefore set this down at once, that these desires after God are not produced by your own sinful nature. To discourage you in your path to the kingdom, the enemy of souls is perpetually throwing temptations in your way, to make you stumble, and if he can succeed, to induce you to give up entirely so difficult an effort. Remember, the Christian life is one of conflict and of faith. Joyful, indeed, would any Christian be without the trial of faith; but would this glorify God? No! Christian assurance is the result of close walking with God, by simple, unshaken faith in His word. You are to commit that naked, guilty soul to Him, to be saved in His own way; you are to expect, nay, to receive salvation, because the offer of it is made to you. God has proved his entire satisfaction in the work of His beloved Son, by raising Him from the dead, and seating Him at His own right hand in glory, as the Intercessor. The work of redemption, therefore, is complete, and now the gospel is sent into the world, inviting every creature to receive it, because God is 'just, and the justifier of him that believeth.' Take God at His word, and accept salvation, and the fruits of faith must follow. You must not be discouraged because of your many falls and broken resolutions; look up cheerfully to Him who promises strength to the faint and 'help to the weak.' Keep a steady purpose, in most entire reliance on Divine strength, and 'the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ,' and do not stop to look how many times you have fallen, but pursue your way, see the exercise of constant repentance—of simple trust in a faithful friend, forget 'the things which are behind, and press forward to those which are before;' tarry not in all

the plain, but press onward, onward, onward! Thank Him for every thing you discover of a hopeful character; give Him the glory, and this will greatly encourage you. Do not be idle; you will never get on if you are. Your time belongs to God, your talents are His, and for Him they must be employed. Ask, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do, and show me how to do it; open a way for me, that to Thee I may render of thine own.' Be much in prayer, and in prayerful study of the word of God. Use God as a friend, and you will soon write cheerily. If my poor mind can at any time help you, or if I have not caught what you meant, do use me, and let me know; I may not be able to write immediately, but I will when I can. I fear I must at least wait till the spring for brighter days, but I am most happy; I love the hand that smites, and I cannot shrink at His gentle touch! With much love to your dear circle, I am,

“Your truly attached friend,

“M. SHERMAN.”

As the summer advanced, more strength was gained, the cough seemed greatly subdued, and hope was entertained that even now her life might be given to her family and the service of her Lord. “Prayer was made without ceasing by the church” for her, and all her friends were strengthened to continue in supplication by the pleasing indications of recovery. The Countess Von Reden, of Buchwald, in Silesia, Prussia, was exceedingly anxious that a change of scene and air should be tried, and sent her a most affectionate invitation to visit her hospitable mansion, and try her maternal superintendence. Her physicians thought the plan desir-

able, now her powers were recruited, and advised an immediate departure, while the brightness of the summer lasted. As she has preserved a lengthened detail of the incidents of the journey in her journal and letters, it will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY TO SILESIA AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THOSE who have been associated with consumptive patients, well know with what hope any change of residence is hailed as a means of recovery. When Mrs. Sherman was informed, that every thing was arranged for the proposed journey, and that she and her husband were to start on July 21st; she expressed the utmost confidence that the visit to Silesia, would completely restore her, and that she would return to resume her duties at Surrey, in her former vigor. Indeed, this was the impression of most of her friends; for as she had so much more strength than she possessed eighteen months before, it was presumed to be a satisfactory evidence that the disease was at least not progressing, and excited the hope that the entire change of scene which a continental tour would present might finally arrest it. She bore the journey with remarkable ease and apparent comfort—and seemed frequently less fatigued than her companion. When she arrived at Buchwald, her friends were astonished to see her look so well and appear so strong, and felt assured, that the disease was not of so serious a nature, as had been apprehended—a confidence which was strengthened by the opinion of their physician. Her husband shared at times in the expectations of others, that he should again behold her engaged in the activities of domestic life. She had once accompanied him as an invalid to

Silesia, and had witnessed with joy and gratitude, the beneficial effects of the bracing mountain air in the recovery of his fading health—he now travelled with her in similar circumstances to the same country, cheered with the probability of similar results. The interesting incidents of the journey which she narrates in the following pages, so entirely diverted her mind from thoughts of her complaint, that in addition to the natural buoyancy of her spirits, they were calculated to increase her cheerfulness and hope.

July 21st, 1846.—"We left Surrey Parsonage at noon for Ramsgate, where we slept, and at five o'clock the next morning, sailed for Ostend: we remained there till the afternoon, and then went on by railway for Ghent. An English party accompanied us to the Convent of St. Elizabeth, to hear evening vespers, where we met dear Dr. Henderson: the church was filled with kneeling nuns, the music poor, and the singing confined to the gallery: one old nun came round for our offerings; I had none to present, but prayer, that light might break through the intense cloud of ignorance and superstition.

"Next morning, 23rd, went by train to Liege, and slept in a splendid hotel, the Pavillon Anglais. Arrived at Cologne, a little too late for the five o'clock train to Bonn; we had to spend three hours in the waiting-room, were dreadfully dirty, and wishing to procure the luxury of a wash, I set out on an exploring expedition, and asked a woman, whether I could be allowed the use of a room; a look of enquiry was given by her to a man, who quickly disappeared, to make the important arrangements requisite for such an undertaking. In a few moments he appeared, and requesting me to

follow him, I was introduced to a passage, on the floor of which was a pail of water, which with a polite bow, he commended to my patronage. Thinking this blissful arrangement might yet be improved upon, he removed the redoubtable pail to one of the stairs, thus forming a choice washing-stand, on which I arranged my soap and brush; and then in the presence of some who seemed unwilling to be ejected, I commenced the delicious operation. Grateful for such a refreshment myself, I asked them to allow my husband the same privilege, but this was at once refused, and I returned, thankful only that I had not before my luxury was presented to me, known that I only was to possess it. How every enjoyment diminishes when shared alone! If it be thus felt in the perishing things of time, why not more so in the substantial blessings of eternity! At eight, the long wished for train started from Cologne to Bonn, and we soon discerned the beautiful and far-famed Drachenfels. In an hour we were in Bonn, at our old quarters Der Stern, now much enlarged and improved, and slept in the room opposite to that which dear Selina and I four years before had occupied. We intended to take the steamer at eight in the morning, but fearing the effects of the storm on my cough, we waited till the boat from Cologne arrived at half-past twelve. The thunder had ceased, but the frequent showers of rain compelled me to seek shelter below. The boat was beautifully fitted up, and our situation was far from annoying; still, the beauties of the Rhine were scarcely discernible from the windows. A slight intimation given by one of the waiters that dinner would shortly be forthcoming, sent the people down stairs by shoals. Every fresh stoppage seemed to bring new acquaint-

ances, and greatly enhanced the cheerfulness of our journey. A group of Germans are on one side of me, eating, drinking, and conversing incessantly, and a voluble English lady opposite, talking to a bachelor-looking gentleman on the ugliness of newborn babes! A gentleman lies asleep near her, lulled, no doubt, by the soft monotony of her incessant tongue. More interesting to me is my own dear husband, who is fast asleep by my side, unconscious that my pencil is employed about him. We reached Coblenz at six this evening, and took apartments at the Giant Hotel, rather fearing that no public Sabbath privileges will be ours to-morrow. While I rested, dear husband went out to explore a little, and had nearly paid dearly for it: he went much further than he intended beyond the town, and while in the field, a dreadful storm came on; it became perfectly dark, and poured torrents of rain. He had no umbrella, nor did he meet any one of whom he could enquire his way; at last a German passed him, who, through the kind Providence of our watchful Friend in heaven, accompanied and sheltered him with his umbrella nearly all the way home. I, through fatigue, was asleep, and mercifully unconscious of the lateness of the hour, still less of the perilous situation of my most beloved one. Oh! for a heart to feel my debt of gratitude for this, as well as all my mercies.

26th.—“We were much pleased to find there was English service twice on the Sabbath, but were so wearied at night, and so disturbed from half-past four, by the constant chiming for service in the Catholic churches, that we were obliged to rest as long as possible in the morning, and came down to breakfast a little after nine. A worthy looking German soon arrived, and addressing my

husband as a clergyman of the Church of England, requested him to assist in the anticipated absence of the officiating clergyman, Mr. M.; but finding he was not orthodox, he turned to a genuine son of the church breakfasting with us, who promised to assist, if necessary. We found 'the church in the house' literally, as a room was devoted to the worship of God, with two statues—one of the Pope. An invalid clergyman preached from, 'It must needs be that offences come, but wo to that man by whom the offence cometh,' a beautiful sermon as to composition, but entirely deficient of the gospel, the only thing adapted to the necessities of his hearers. We returned to our hotel, with a son of Dr. Humphreys, a minister in Kentucky. The music at dinner was excellent, but sadly unsuitable for the sacred Sabbath-day. In the evening we heard Mr. M., a good sermon from, 'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother;' but the precious truths wanted a warmer utterance. A well-played piano was substituted for the organ.

27th.—"Monday morning took steamer up the Rhine to Biberich, and breakfasted on board. The little damp encountered on entering the boat occasioned a fit of coughing, which spoilt my day, produced a distressing sense of exhaustion, and incapacitated me for enjoying any thing; no nice people on board, and happily no temptation to talk. We arrived at Biberich, the seat of the Prince of Nassau, about six, and rode to Wiesbaden, 'the city of lodging-houses.' Most quiet apartments were given us in the garden of the Hotel de Poste, where a delicious meal, to our hunger stricken stomachs, of tea, fish, cutlets, &c., was served up with great rapidity and taste. This may be taken

as a specimen of a German watering-place, where every temptation abounds to young and old, and gambling is carried on openly, with royal sanction. I slept most sweetly in our quiet chamber, and on the morning of the 28th we drove round to the various sights. The Kur Saal is a splendid saloon of large dimensions, surrounded by pillars of Limburg marble; it serves the purpose of banquet, ball, assembly, and gaming-room, and forms the centre of attraction and gaiety. It is gorgeously furnished with splendid curtains of rich brocaded satin, lined with white silk. We tasted the water of the Kochbrunnen; it is very hot, and has the taste of chicken broth. The water-drinkers receive their portion scalding hot, and walk about, glass in hand, till it is cool enough to be drank. We were astonished, as we walked along the streets, to see the vapor occasionally rising on all sides, which must make the place very hot in summer. A long avenue of acacias leads up to this spring, and is a delightful promenade. The bazaar furnished me with a most convenient travelling basket, for three and a half guilders.

“After a very pleasant survey of this enchanting place, we proceeded by railway to Frankfort, through a most richly cultivated country. This evening at eight we proceeded to Weimar, to break the journey to Leipsic, where we expect to arrive at eight to-morrow evening. We took our places in the eilwagen, with an English gentleman, whom we afterwards discovered to be a tutor at C. C., Oxford, two German gentlemen, one of whom soon left us, that he might sit where smoking was allowed. All spoke English. We had dined at five, and knowing the Germans’ eating propensities, we had no doubt of plenty of refreshment; but, to our

dismay, we were told that we should not stop till five in the morning. I slept, but was not refreshed.

“At five the 29th, the pleasant sound of rest for breakfast was responded to readily, and after sundry adventures, which are the sad, inseparable accompaniments of German travelling, I came to the tempting meal, but found little that I could eat. Coffee I relished most, still it yielded me but little support; on this, however, we were to subsist till dinner, at half past three o'clock. While changing horses my good husband ran to some shop and obtained a very excellent German vorst, which I enjoyed exceedingly, and a new loaf: on this we stayed our hunger, and fared tolerably well. It is one of the best things to take on the road, where you cannot command a good hotel or a rest at a convenient house. I persuaded him not to stop at Weimar, but continue the whole journey, as we should save but ten hours, and meet many more difficulties in proceeding to Leipsic. Though weary, yet having committed every step of the way to the guidance of our Heavenly Father, I believed this arrangement was best.

“At half-past six, on the 30th, we were rattling over the stones of Leipsic, and soon found ourselves sitting down to an excellent breakfast, in a small room at an hotel, near the railway. The meal refreshed and invigorated me; and after a good bathe, I found myself quite equal to a hasty view of the lions of Leipsic. We hired an excellent carriage, and drove to the rather fine Church of St. Nicholas. It is too overloaded with ornament to be beautiful. In a closet near the door, we saw the pulpit in which Luther first preached. A stupid woman showed us the church, who could

give us but little information. The tower of the castle of Pleissenburg is now converted into an observatory, from the summit of which we were shown the field of the battle of Leipsic. A German took great pains to explain to us the plan of the battle. It was the most awful account I ever remember to have heard. Napoleon brought 136,000 troops on the ground, and the Allies 230,000. The battle-field extended over many miles, and the battle itself lasted for three days. The carnage was indescribably dreadful. How great the mercy that our beloved country, from its isolated position, and the care of our Heavenly Father, has escaped being made the seat of war! The Rathhaus, or Town-Hall, is a fine and very ancient building. In the square in which it is situated, the allied sovereigns met after the battle. We then saw the monument erected in M. Gerhard's garden to the brave Poniatowski, who fell in covering Napoleon's retreat—and returned through the public walks, which are peculiarly agreeable and beautiful, to the table d'hôte, at one; and at four proceeded by railroad to Dresden, to the Hotel de Saxe, and soon recognized the sublime tones of the clock of the Frauenkirche, in the opposite corner of the same square. We are still with our amiable friend M——, who has joined some college men whom he expected, and we shall probably meet no more on earth. I expect that this superior young man will some day prove a second Arnold. At the table d'hôte, the music was softer and sweeter than at Coblenz, but not equal in execution.

“As we found no letters, and were unwilling to leave without them, we resolved to wait till Monday, and instead of going through the Saxon Switzerland in our journey, we took a carriage at seven

in the morning, and spent a long day among some of its choicest beauties. We crossed the Elbe in a large ferry-boat, for which nothing was demanded, although a trinkgeld was expected, to see Pillnitz, the palace of the King of Saxony. Though we left the carriage to walk through the grounds, and met it at the other end, we thought it would be wiser to relinquish this inferior sight, and reserve all our time and strength for the finer scenes before us, especially as no horse or carriage could assist us there, and we anticipated a tolerably fatiguing expedition. A luncheon was supplied at the little village of Lohmen, when, to my great gratification, the question was asked whether the lady would have a chair and bearers. Dear husband, ever alive to that which would please or relieve his wife, engaged it for five francs, which, by deceiving him with the distance, they managed to increase to sixteen. The guide went before to arrange for my chair, and after a short ride in the carriage we alighted, and sent it by the road to Königstein, there to await our return. Seated in a most comfortably-cushioned chair, a stirrup for my feet, and borne on poles by two strong men, with my shawl and umbrella strapped behind it, we started for Ottowalder Grund, husband walking. Before I was quite sure that I was actually seated, I found myself descending some hundred steps cut out of the rock, winding down a frightful depth between two immense rocks, which were covered with trees, and almost closed at the top, in one place only four feet asunder. Some huge blocks of stone in one place have fallen from the summit, and form a natural roof, beneath which you must creep along above the brook on planks. This narrow passage has the awful name of 'Hell,' and a particular

opening in the roof, from its resemblance to a chimney, is called the Devil's Kitchen. Among these remarkable rocks we wound our way for some few miles, stopping only to look at certain curious forms which they assumed. At length, after passing through a forest of firs, we came upon the Bastei, a name given to a most wonderful mass of rock. It consists of one narrow block, eight hundred feet above the Elbe, which flows at its base. Beyond the brink of the precipice, you stand and command a prospect of unexampled beauty—altogether unique. Similar precipitous blocks rise behind you; and all along the same bank of the river, little bridges are thrown across, to enable travellers to pass from one to the other, many of them so frail and narrow, that it seemed as if one shaking thunder-storm would throw them all down; I quaked as I crossed them, and hovered on pinnacles upwards of eight hundred feet high. Trees grow more or less on the summits, and in the interstices of most, and give a most delicious, luxurious appearance to the whole scene. After exploring as much as time would allow these lovely scenes, we set out in the same style for Königstein, (the only fortress in Europe which has never been taken,) built on one of the singular masses of rock which rise suddenly from the plain. We had to re-cross the Elbe, and for want of a seat I placed myself in my chair, which was conveyed with us; at the other side, the men took me up as I was, to lift me out of the boat, but one of them slipped his foot, and nearly let me fall into the Elbe; a wet foot and leg were all he encountered. For three hours more we pursued our way to Königstein, poor husband wonderfully strong and fresh, notwithstanding his long walk. Before we entered

the fortress, we sent our passports, and in the mean while took dinner at the little hotel at its base. I playfully said to the maid in attendance, referring to my chair, I am like England's Queen on her throne; she seemed astonished, and began examining my shawl and dress, concluding that I was at least some extraordinary person. We told her to get us what she pleased for dinner, and in a very short time she produced some 'Bier kalt chaale,' which we had never before tasted, and as it was served up in a soup-plate, took it to be a German soup, till we found our mistake. Some fresh trout and cutlet helped us to make an excellent meal, and we set off again for the fortress. The circuit is a mile and a half, the scenery exquisite. The well is upwards of 800 feet deep, a lamp and a small bucket were let down, and by catching the rays of the sun on a glass we saw the water rippling below. I helped to draw up the bucket; the water was delicious. We took coffee at the little inn, and entered the carriage to return to Dresden by Pirna. The sunset was most exquisite, making the Königstein, and the masses of rock around, Hockstein, Lilienstein, and Holmstein, appear to be brilliantly illuminated. From the latter Napoleon attempted to reach Königstein with the cannon, which with great difficulty he had raised up its precipitous sides, but finding every shot fall short of the fortress, and that it was naturally impregnable, he was obliged to relinquish the effort. Each of these singular mounds of rock has its own romantic legend, for the mountains of Saxony and Bohemia, are the cradles of Gnomes and Kobolds, the native country of tale-telling tradition. Russel says, 'when from some elevated crag you overlook the whole mass, and see these stiff bare rocks rising

from the earth, manifesting, though now disjoined, that they once formed one body, you might think yourself gazing on the skeleton of a perishing world, all the softer parts of which have mouldered away, and left only the naked, indestructible frame-work.' The Elbe wound its way at the feet of these rocks, through the whole lovely, rich valley; and the golden sunset produced the most striking effect on the whole scene. Then appeared the moon, which brilliantly lighted us home, where we arrived about ten. The whole day was one of singular enjoyment; my dear husband, though fatigued by the unexpected walk of probably fifteen miles, and much of it up hill and very rough, was really better for it, and my quiet way of travelling immensely refreshed me, as I had no exertion whatever, except in walking over the Königstein; the mountain air, scenery, and entire quiet, did me more good than any thing since I left home.

"Next morning, the Sabbath, August 2nd, went to the English church, and heard a good sermon, on 'If peradventure he will give them repentance,' but so abominably read that it took away all interest from the congregation. The building had been an old Lutheran church, portraits of Luther and Huss hung on each side of the altar. We remained to partake of the communion, which I much enjoyed as quite unexpected, and for the first time knelt by my husband's side on such an occasion. Here we mingled prayers, and faith, and hallowed feasting, with numbers of the same family in this far distant land. We returned to our hotel just in time for dinner, and found the band of music very uncongenial after the privileges of the morning. No letters arrived, which made me very anxious about dear papa. Our apartments looked out into

the great square through which most of the carriages passed; the noise quite bewildered me, and we were thankful to take tea in the Salle for quiet. It was the first day of some feast connected with target shooting, at which all the royal family are present; it lasts eight days, thus securing two Sundays for these worldly amusements. How can we sufficiently value our own beloved country, and the privileges of Protestantism, which discountenances what Popery encourages.

August 3rd.—"We left Dresden at half-past five, to take the train for Bautzen. The morning was lovely, and early as it was all seemed busy, even ladies were availing themselves of the cool air for walking exercise. It is a beautiful line of railway, both as to scenery and conveyances. The banks of the cuttings are turfed in ornamental squares, and looked very refreshing. In our carriage, a very polite German with an insignia ribbon in his button-hole, paid us great attention. At Bautzen, I went for shade under a sort of shed, where many tables were spread for refreshment, as the train arrived at half-past seven, a hungry time—the place was speedily filled with men and women, whose appetites were sharpened by the air of the morning. We engaged a Lohnkutscher, to convey us to Görlitz, and notwithstanding the heat, enjoyed the ride. We lunched a little after eleven at Löbau, where gathering clouds threatened thunder—we hoped to outride it, but it became thicker and darker, and when the horses had reached the larger half of their way to Görlitz, we put the carriage under cover, and anticipated the storm's approach. But He whose eye never ceased to watch over us, bid it spend itself on Görlitz, while we were waiting for it to burst over our *now* sheltered

heads. A billiard-room was all the accommodation the little inn afforded. We took some delicious coffee, for the good of the house, and I gave the coachman some, with great success, to sweeten his rather souring temper. The railway which was in the course of formation from Bautzen to Breslau, was an interesting object, as the road kept it in view nearly the whole way. Some parts over which it passes are very picturesque and its viaducts noble works of art. We entered Görlitz about four, P. M., and drove to the Hirsch Hotel, where they gave us a large apartment, but the two beds were placed in a recess, concealed by a muslin curtain, which made it as close a bed-room as any German could desire.

August 4th.—"At five in the morning, we took the coupé in the Eilwagen, with the guard as our only companion. The journey was very hot and fatiguing, but much relieved by our favorable places. At last we reached the long desired Hirschberg, where we obtained a delicious dinner, and took extra post to Buchwald. Storms were all around us, and we seemed to be going into the thickest of them, but they broke off before us, and left lovely sunshine which made the mountains and the sweet Tyrolese houses in the vale of Erdmannsdorff, look most enchanting. It seemed difficult to realize that I was on the spot, which had been a subject of such great interest to me, from the descriptions I had heard of these good people. We crossed a wooden bridge in the vale of Erdmannsdorff, and turned to the left, when the postillion's continuous blast told us we were in Buchwald, and in a few minutes more we saw the venerable old mansion. The Countess and her sister not only welcomed us, but came to the carriage and affec-

tionately embraced me. One look at them, told me they were no ordinary persons. The loveliness and dignity of their countenances and manners, with the perfect simplicity and neatness of their dress seemed to say, their worth was not merely external. Putting my arm in hers, the dear Countess conducted me, with the alacrity of youth, to two large sitting-rooms and a bed-room, each commanding a different view, which she had appropriated to our use. The first person that appeared, to uncover my boxes, was a pretty barefooted maid, with a Silesian cap. She speedily left, and I was glad to be alone, and endeavored to realize the dream that I really was at Buchwald. I had just finished my toilette, when the dear Countess herself tapped at the door, and announced that tea was ready. We entered the drawing-room, when we were introduced to 'my excellent young friend, Theophilus Reichell, a minister among the Brethren at Gnadenfrey,' who speaks English. Then we were shown the picture of our 'Surrey Chapel,' and a portrait of its pastor; then the splendid view from the 'bow window.' We were soon quite at home, and, putting together all the French I could summon, I began to talk to the dear sister, Carôlina, whose tenderness to my bad speaking encouraged me to proceed, and by the aid of German and English, where French failed, I formed a triple cord of friendship, I trust never to be broken. At nine o'clock we were summoned to the prayer-room, where we found one of the Countess's school-masters seated at a seraphine, and on one side men-servants, on the other women. The Countess took her seat at the table, and commenced with a hymn, many verses of which were sung; each hymn has its melody, and it is presumed that both

are familiar to all good members of the church; then a chapter was read, in a peculiarly sweet voice, by the Countess; one more hymn was sung, and when we were singing the last verse, all arose, the singing ceased, and we remained in silence for about half a minute. The Countess took my arm, and led me back to the drawing-room, which was a signal for all to leave. In a few moments, Colner, the butler, gave each of us a large square table mat, with a small salt-cellar, a knife, fork, and spoon, showing that supper was coming. Soup, chicken, &c., were handed. We all took what we liked, and then, being much fatigued, I retired to bed. The Countess, lighting my candle and taking my arm, led me into my room, charging me not to make my toilette in the morning, as it was not necessary. We assembled in the Hall, whence we were led to a sweet room in the garden, adjoining the orangerie, for breakfast. When the meal was finished, we were told that the little carriage, which the Count had made for riding about the grounds, would be at our service for the same purpose. It is a sort of Irish car, very narrow and light, with only one seat, hung very low, the back of which turns, so that we could sit on which side we pleased, according to the prospect, and visit places where an ordinary carriage could not enter. We were soon seated with the dear Countess, and driving through winding walks, woody hills, and scrambling rocks, went first to the tower. From the spot where the carriage stopped, to the summit, is a very easy walk, and the view greatly preferable to that of the Schneekoppe. The Tyrolese colony; the Royal Palace at Erdmannsdorff, with its delightful lake and grounds; a large cotton factory; several churches, with lovely villages and

small towns; together with an endless variety of most fantastically formed and richly-clothed hills; the whole range of mountains which separate Silesia from Bohemia, called the Riesengebirge, (Giant Mountains,) of which the Schneekoppe is the chief, nearly five thousand feet high; and valleys of exquisite beauty, well cultivated, and clothed with abundant crops, which are all seen from this elevated spot—form one of the most pleasing and splendid prospects I have seen in any country. The only defect in the panorama is the absence of any great river or large sheet of water.

“We returned and dressed for dinner at two. After dinner we heard that a party was waiting to see the Countess, consisting of the aged Count C., the Rev. J. Tippelskirche, formerly chaplain to Chevalier Bunsen, and his wife and wife’s sister, the Count’s daughters. The Countess said she could receive no visitors till she knew if her ‘dear Prince William’ was coming, and would take leave of her before he left Fischbach for Mayence, and, while in conversation, a little note came from him, saying he and Prince Waldemar would drink tea with her about seven. Knowing that it was a friendly visit, and that he had within a few months lost his pious and most devoted Princess, the bosom friend of the Countess, we intended to keep out of the way, but the Countess said, ‘by no means; he is happy to see any friends who are visiting me, though he would not like any invited to meet him; all that is necessary is a black dress, on account of the recent death, and no color.’ I soon settled this matter, most fortunately having travelled in a black satin, and was, according to the Countess’s opinion, ‘as nice as possible.’ We determined, with her consent, not to appear until called for, when tea

was ready. At seven a carriage and four arrived, with Prince William, his son, Prince Waldemar, and Count —, his aid-de-camp. The two sisters greeted them at the carriage, talked for some time with them, and then adjourned to the seat by the waterfall, where we had previously taken coffee with the party above named. When tea was ready, Theophilus came to fetch us; we were then introduced to the party in the garden, and went with them to the saloon, where we sat and chatted and drank our tea. When retiring to the mansion the Prince William expressed his hope that I had another shawl, and repeated to the Countess his fear that I should take cold, as it was damp by the water. I felt his kindness, and only regretted that I could not talk to him much, from the difficulty of commanding language. Babel has done much to mar our happiness. We returned to the house, where we sat round the table in the drawing-room, the Countess placing me next to the Prince. When the late fearful battles occurred in India, Prince Waldemar was travelling in that country, on a tour of pleasure; he offered his services, and greatly distinguished himself, for which he has since been created General. He was so kind as to bring with him, by the request of the Countess, numerous beautiful sketches, which he had made of Indian scenery, &c., which we inspected, and he in the most affable manner explained. He speaks English tolerably well, and has gained it all in India. He showed us a letter, beautifully written in Canarese, from native princes, with a translation in English, thanking him for his zeal and exertions in their rescue; it was accompanied by presents of several elegant native productions. He is a young prince

of great promise, most engaging manners, and condescending kindness. At nine they left, kindly shaking hands with us; and thus passed as friendly and chatty an evening as I ever spent with my equals.

Thursday 6th.—"The Countess drove us to the Abbey, a gothic building, which she erected in her own grounds, to receive the remains of her husband; the vault is open, and you see the Count's coffin through an iron grating. Over the vault is a beautiful chapel; a sitting-room fitted up with every suitable convenience, in which she annually spends the birth-day of her husband; rooms are also appropriated to servants who take care of the Abbey, show it to strangers, and attend on her when she visits it. The scenery is very lovely. The Pavilion is at some little distance from the Abbey. We were conducted thither by a path behind, from whence a door was opened, which admitted us to the colonade, and introduced us to one of the most enchanting and bewitching prospects the eye ever beheld. The entablature is supported by pillars of marble, and bears this inscription:—"Conjugi Dulcissimo, F. D. M. Comp. v. Reden, 1804." We then drove to the Moss Cottage, a delicious summer-house, and kept in excellent order; from the large windows of which were presented scenes of excessive splendor. After dinner, we rode to Erdmannsdorff, and went over the whole of the palace, the rooms of which are nothing extraordinary. The furniture is neat, and many things are very elegant, but the interior does not give the idea of a palace. The Duchess of Liegnitz has a large house just by the palace. She was a Count's daughter, whom the old King mar-

ried after the death of his Queen. He would not make her his Queen by marriage, but merely his companion and protector, and created her Duchess of Liegnitz. I presume the Prussian laws allow such an union, but it is not after English taste, nor according to the laws of God.

“On Friday, we set off with the Countess, to visit Wang, a village about half way up to the Schneekoppe. At Krummhübel, chairs and bearers were provided for the ladies, to carry them up the mountain—sweet, magnificent scenes opening on every turn of the path. The church at Wang is singularly pretty. It was originally a church in Norway, built of wood, and above eight hundred years old; the King heard it was to be sold for a comparatively small sum, and ordered its purchase. It was conveyed, at great expense, to this exquisite spot; the old carving restored, every defective part repaired, and beautifully finished according to the original design, and now forms a most charming and unique object. For four months in the year, the people who live at this elevation have little communication with the valley, in consequence of the snow, and the good King erected it for their benefit, has placed a warm-hearted evangelical clergyman there, to feed their souls with the bread of life, and a schoolmaster to instruct their children. The school-house and parsonage form one continuous building, which is ornamented by a fountain playing in front, and such plants and flowers as will grow or blossom at an elevation of above twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. The church has external corridors, to make it warmer in winter, but they lessen the size of the interior. I played the organ, and we had the pleasure of singing that verse,—

‘Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior’s love,
And that shall kindle ours,’

to ‘Intercession.’ At the request of the Countess and the good minister, my dear husband offered up a prayer in the pulpit, for the glory of Christ, to fill the house, while we all knelt, and united heartily with him. We then sang the Doxology to the Old Hundredth; and afterwards went to the parsonage to dine, returning with a beautiful sunset to tea, at Buchwald, after a day of great refreshment, with pious minds and cheerful engagements. O how good is my God, to prepare such a world for my enjoyment, and to give an invalid the means, without fatigue and distress, of participating with others who are in health in its abounding pleasures!

Saturday.—“The Countess drove us to Schmiedeburg, a very pretty town, at the distance of about three English miles from her seat. After making purchases, and giving orders for embroidery work, which is wrought here very cheaply, we called on Dr. Weigel, to consult him on my case. My cough has certainly been worse the last three nights, which I attribute to the quantity of water immediately around Buchwald. He examined me with the stethoscope, and pronounced that my lungs are not affected; but that the membrane which lines them is inflamed, and very irritable, and that, without great care, it is not unlikely the inflammation will spread to the lungs. He prescribed for me a powder, which I am to take repeatedly. If it please my Heavenly Father, for my children’s sake, and that of my dear husband, whose social domestic disposition would miss his wife, imperfect as she is, I should be glad to be spared; and if I can be

useful to souls, I would not selfishly wish to go to heaven; but for me, to die will be gain. In the evening, we went over one of the lakes in the Countess's grounds, to the Weissen-house, another beautiful cottage, planted in a retired and lonely spot, and returned by a winding path to tea, in the orangerie.

Sunday.—"Went to church in the morning with the Countess and family, but understood very little. It is good to be where God is worshipped, and my only joy was, that I could raise my heart for the worshippers, to Him, who is not, as I am, distracted with many languages. The singing was congregational and well sustained, but there is a great sameness in the German melodies, and breaking the tune at the end of every line is not grateful to an English ear. The sermon was not to the taste of the Countess, as it wanted heart and abounded in repetitions. Four ladies dined with us, one of whom was governess to the present Princess of Bavaria, and the Princess Elizabeth, an exceedingly intelligent and interesting woman, for whom the Crown has handsomely provided. It was truly a Sabbath meal, and Christian conversation, without formality, was cheerfully sustained.

Monday.—"Having rained hard in the night, it was too damp to take our intended tour to the Josephine. We therefore strolled in the grounds, with our dear friend Theophilus, finding new beauties in this world and the next. A Bohemian Catholic, seventy-eight years of age, has been staying here for a few days. He is undoubtedly a pious man, though he has not yet relinquished the papal errors. For circulating the Scriptures, and writing and translating tracts, to benefit and enlighten his benighted countrymen, he had been six times imprisoned by the magistrates,

and so persecuted by his Catholic family, with whom he lived, that he had eleven times previously taken refuge beneath the roof of the Countess, and this flight made the twelfth. A fortnight after, his family finding themselves greatly inconvenienced for want of him, particularly as he conducted the education of his grand-children, who were running wild in his absence, sent affectionate letters entreating his return, promising the cessation of all hostilities and the gratification of every wish. Countess Reden thought it might do his family good, and serve the venerable old man, if some of them came to fetch him. An invitation was therefore sent, which brought his daughter and two of her children, who remained two or three days, while the sweet Countess lent her carriage and servants to show them what was to be seen. It was quite overwhelming to see the love and kindness of that dear woman to this group; how earnestly she talked to them on filial duty, and strove to gain their affections for their honored parent and for Christ. Impressions that will not easily be effaced were made, and their gratitude at parting was truly affecting.

“We found groups of persons continually in the grounds, as Buchwald is one of the lions of Silesia, and the Countess allows all to come who choose; her intimacy with the King draws in many who hope to get a peep at him when at Erdmannsdorff. His Majesty recently fitted up and presented to her a beautiful half circular seat of marble, with a griffin at each corner, and steps ascending to it; one of her favorite shady walks is close by, and thus many who go to see the König Sitz, see also its lovely proprietress, who is little less an object of interest than his Majesty. The widow of General P——,

and her four accomplished daughters, drank tea with us, and afterwards united with the whole family, at the 'missionary prayer hour,' which was kept this evening, when good Theophilus gave some information about the Brethren's Missions; and every person, including the servants, contributed something to the Lord's cause.

Tuesday.—"The Countess drove us to Fishbach, the beautiful seat of Prince William; where we were heartily welcomed by his Royal Highness Prince Waldemar. After some friendly and interesting conversation on the political and religious state of the population, we went over the Schloss. It is a fine building, furnished in a princely style, with many memorials of England. We then drove to the Swiss cottage, romantically situated on the summit of a hill, with a mountain of considerable elevation in its rear, commanding most lovely and varied scenery. It has a large state-room, and a number of small rooms fitted up with every accommodation for the Court, when the Royal family are in the neighborhood. On our return home, we visited the Marian Cottage, an elegant little structure covered with roses and sweet blooming flowers, placed in a valley, but in a situation that gives the most perfect view of the mountain range. It was the spot which the late pious Princess often selected for retirement and meditation, and in which she spent many of her evenings. Nothing can well be conceived better adapted to excite devotion and gratitude, when the strings of the heart are touched by the Spirit of God. Dr. Weigel dined with us, and still gives me hope. I cannot but cherish it, and as nature and grace both incline to its exercise, it may please Him in whose hand my times are, to favor me with length of days; but I am not

anxious, my only wish is to do and suffer the will of God.

Wednesday.—"We drove to Warmbrunn, a pretty, retired and much frequented German watering-place, lying in one of the most romantic valleys of the Riesengeberge, and had the pleasure of paying our respects to Count Schaffgotsch, the princely proprietor of the district. The springs are lukewarm and sulphureous, and considered very efficacious in cases of gout and rheumatism. We saw in the Gräfliche Bath, not fewer than twenty persons of both sexes, in suitable dresses, bathing at one time. After surveying the place for two hours while the horses rested, we proceeded to a spot, (the name of which I now forget) where the good Countess had written for a chair to be in readiness, in which I rode, and richly enjoyed, without fatigue, the exquisite scenery. We went for a few miles by the side of the river Zacken, with rocks and boulders in its bed in terrible confusion. Its waters occasionally disappear suddenly, and cease to flow for several hours; after which they as suddenly appear, and assume their usual level, a phenomenon not yet satisfactorily accounted for. We ascended to the Kockenfall; picturesque, but not equal to some we have seen. We went out of our way to call at the Rettungshaus, (the house of salvation,) where orphans and children of the lowest and most miserable description are taken from evil habits and example, and clothed, fed, and educated by a pious man, who is the personification of faith and self-denial. He believed as he told us, that he had a work to do, and that God helping him, he could do it. Without any means but those which God sent him, mostly from persons he did not know, he set about building a house for his desti-

tute children, a few of whom he had already gathered. He entered it before the walls were dry, without a bed, with only one spoon for seven persons, and scarcely a scrap of furniture of any description; yet he labored on amidst incredible difficulties and hardships, till God sent supplies, and now he supports, educates, and trains to industrial habits above fifty children, precisely on the same principles of confidence in God. He is often in difficulties, but supplies are sure to come in time for relief; and the children are trained to this dependence, for they are told the circumstances of want, and assembled for devotion when it occurs, and for thanksgiving when the answer from heaven is sent by some human hand. Once he was almost in despair, no supplies in the house, every source of help drained; the children and himself had been many hours without food, but they had scarcely left the Divine throne, where in weeping and pleading they had presented their sad case, when the post brought an anonymous letter with the Berlin post-mark, enclosing a note for a thousand dollars. Such is the reward of faith and humble labor in the service of a gracious Master! We took leave of the children after my husband had addressed them by an interpreter, and dropped an offering into their treasury, deeply interested and instructed by the visit. We now ascended to the Zackenfall, far more beautiful than the former—viewed both from below and above—it exhibits as the water falls over the rocks, a species of lace work indescribably delicate. The granite rocks, not above twenty feet wide, between which the water falls, seem as if cut straight down with a saw for above 100 yards. From thence we went to the Josephine, the Bohemian glass factory, and inspected and purchased

several of their beautiful productions. Though far behind us in machinery, and rapidity of manufacture, they manage to excel us in this singular species of many colored glass. I thought we should have been jolted out of the carriage, or overturned many times by the abominable gutters across the road, so common in all the hilly parts of Germany. We returned to Warmbrunn to tea, and arrived at dear Buchwald, by half-past nine, after a most delightful and not over-fatiguing excursion.

Thursday.—"The Countess drove us to Stonesdorff, the seat of the Princess Reus, her niece. It is not in a good situation for prospect, and has nothing particularly attractive, except its honored and pious inmate, who is a blessing to her neighborhood. We chatted very pleasantly on the heavenly country, and found a heart in the Princess to love Christ's sheep wherever they are situated. Though I have no expectation of meeting her again on earth, I shall welcome her to the house, where are to be gathered all of every rank who have loved and served my Savior. After luncheon with the Princess, we visited in our way to Buchwald, the Tyrolese school, where we heard the children sing very prettily, and in good time. From the little examination we were able to make, they seemed as well instructed as children of their own age and circumstances in our own country. Their knowledge of scripture, and scripture history was exceedingly good.

"We reserved the evening of the day for a visit to two or three of the Tyrolese houses and families, which are located on land appropriated to them by the late King of Prussia. It appears that the Bible had secretly made its way to the Zillerthal, a pastoral valley in the Tyrol, and produced most

gracious effects on the minds of its inhabitants. Believing its sacred records, they of course became Protestants, and sought of Prince Metternich permission to erect a church, according to Austrian law, which allows one to be built wherever there are a hundred Protestants. But he rejected their petition, and commenced by his agents a series of persecutions against them. Thirsting for liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, they dispatched two or three trusty men of their number, who had taken the lead in zeal and sufferings, to the late King of Prussia. With great difficulty they obtained passports for the purpose, and set out, with faith and prayer, on an enterprise no less honorable than hazardous. They obtained an interview with the good King, who received the deputation with much feeling and kindness: they told him that they asked only for protection and religious liberty; would he grant them these privileges, and allow them to emigrate into his territory? Not only did his Majesty grant their request, but welcomed them among his subjects, and set apart a considerable quantity of land, belonging to his estate at Erdmannsdorff, which they were to purchase at a small sum. It was his intention to have given them this land, but it was wisely overruled by the Countess, who suggested that it might create jealousy among his subjects, if foreigners, even under such afflictive circumstances, were more generously treated than themselves. When the time came for a detachment of the families to arrive, the King solicited the Countess to undertake the oversight of them, and become a mother to them—a request which she begged the King not to press—but he insisted on its advantages to them, and urged such reasons of personal

gratification to himself, that she consented. His Majesty then wrote a letter 'to his good and kind subjects of the faithful town of Schmiedeberg,' urging them to receive these Protestant emigrants, and provide for them as well as their circumstances would permit. Above eight hundred men, women, and children, came to the town as one instalment, and every nerve was exerted by the kind inhabitants to respond to the wishes of the King, by providing them with food, lodging, and labor, till they could be temporarily settled on their land. About five hundred more came at an interval of some months; and in a town consisting of only three thousand five hundred inhabitants, such an influx was not provided for without great care, anxiety and devotedness. Every spare room in their dwellings, and every barn and out-house which could be appropriated for their dormitories, were cheerfully fitted up; provisions poured in as gifts from all quarters, and some began to fear that such a life of dependence would decrease their taste for daily labor. They soon, however, commenced building their picturesque dwellings, and in a comparatively short time were settled in their own locality, and the land brought under cultivation. After a period of not more than ten years, by industry and care, most of them are now in comfortable circumstances, and not a few of the more thrifty have accumulated property.

"The houses of the Tyrolese are large, handsome buildings, providing under one roof, rooms for the family, stabling for the horses, sheds for the cows and cattle, and all the farming stock and produce of their fields. They have large stones on the roofs at regular intervals, to prevent the high winds from stripping them in winter. The Tyrolese

generally, and especially those located at Erdmannsdorff, are a handsome race, the men tall and well formed, and the women pretty, though generally inclined to coarseness. The costumes both of the men and women are tasteful and becoming. We were welcomed into their houses, accompanied by the good Countess, whom they saluted very respectfully with 'How do you do, mother?' and seemed delighted to see her. She has been a mother, indeed, to them, purchasing large quantities of cloth, and other articles, and letting them have them under cost price; gaining for them a church, and the appointment of an evangelical minister, and extensive spiritual and temporal privileges. When my husband asked their leader if he could speak English, he replied, pointing to the Countess, 'No, but my mother can.' By her aid, he entered into a long examination of their religious sentiments and experience, and it was very refreshing to find them so well grounded in the faith and hope of the gospel. I know not when I have spent a more delightful hour. The Countess, however, seemed to think their piety had declined—prosperity had not been so favorable to its growth as persecution and suffering. I cannot help believing that though its freshness and joy had abated, its reality was manifest, and God knows how by trials of another kind, to promote its growth; but the style of ministry they hear, as far as I could judge of it, does not appear to be very quickening—I think I should soon become dead under it.

Friday, 14th.—"The Countess drove us to Bürshberg, to her shepherd's house. It has a pretty cottage attached to it, containing four rooms on the ground floor, and two above. Sir J. Riddell, with his family, resided here for four months, to

enjoy the beauties of the romantic scenery, to which he was no stranger. The Countess related to us the pleasing circumstance, which commenced a friendship, that has now endured without a breach for nearly forty years, and which illustrates her lowly character. One day, while trimming some flowers in the grounds at Buchwald, she saw her gardener accompanying a gentleman and his servant, and as they passed her, she said to him in English, 'Is this your first time in these parts?' He was much surprised to hear himself addressed in English, and replied that he had been amusing himself by taking views of the lovely scenery—the Countess inspected them, and immediately felt they were the pencillings of no ordinary genius. Her plain dress did not give him the idea that she was the Countess; yet her manners were so courtly, that he could not class her with inferior persons, and to gain the important information, he expressed a strong desire to see the lady for whom the Pavilion was built, and the gentleman who erected it, and placed that inscription over it. 'You can see him,' replied the Countess, 'if you will come and dine with him to-day'—he consented, and gave his name, 'James Riddell of Scotland.' When she returned she told the Count, who had strong partialities for Englishmen, that she had invited a Scotchman to dine with him, at which he was much delighted; but the house was very full of company of the highest rank, and as the country was at that time the seat of war, they suspected that in her kindness she might have invited a spy. The belligerent parties had concluded an armistice, that the vale of Hirschberg, which included Buchwald, should be exempted from the operations of war; therefore many families had fled to this vale,

and crowded their friends' houses for safety and comfort. However, at the hour appointed, an elegant English carriage drove up with a servant in livery—which at once silenced all objections—a hearty welcome was given by the Count to his guest, the relatives and friends soon became acquainted with him, and instead of visiting them only for a day, he stayed three weeks, and formed a friendship which has lasted to this hour in all its original freshness. Sir James has inscribed his gratitude in the rock at the back of this cottage, 'Fur Reden's Gute—Riddel's Danke.' How important is the Apostle's maxim, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' Sir James has taken twenty-nine views of the various prospects in the grounds at Buchwald, but they are by no means exhausted, and many of the improvements are owing to his taste and advice.

"The Countess Stolberg, having heard of us from Countess Reden, came to pay us a visit, and dined with us. The magnificent pair of horses to her carriage were the finest we have seen out of England. She is a very pious and charming Christian—with a simplicity and energy that quite delighted us both. Where piety does exist in the upper classes in Germany, it appears to shine with great lustre. In the afternoon she accompanied us, with good Theophilus, to the Lake, where we were rowed for an hour, and on our return found Baron Riedesel, the only brother of the Countess, who, with his wife and son, had come on a visit to his sisters. He is land Marshal of Saxe Weimar, something, as I understand it, analogous to our Speaker of the House of Commons. He is a very fine, tall man, full of cheerful wit, a most happy companion,

condescending to all around him, and, of course, a general favorite with servants and friends. I hope the example of this lovely family will not be lost upon my habits; I am sure kindness brings its ample reward, not only from others, but in its very exercise.

Saturday 15th.—"Walked with the Countess to Querl, a small village beautifully situated, and returned over the lake with her brother and nephew. In the evening we went with her to Armsdorff, to her largest farm; and took tea under an arbor, where we had an exquisite view of the mountains, different from all the others we had been favored to behold.

Sunday 16th.—"Went to church in the morning, the service was not very lively, and the sermon seemed to produce but little effect. Oh, for a revival of godliness in these parts of our Savior's territory! Lively preaching goes far to make lively hearers. My husband is gone to Wang, with the Baron, to hear good Mr. Werkentien, and intends early to-morrow morning, to commence the ascent of the Schneekoppe. May he be preserved and blessed in his journey! Affliction makes me feel more than ever the briefest separation. But we shall be united in our Father's house, and oh! precious fact, 'go no more out for ever.'

Monday and Tuesday.—"I spent in occasional walks in the grounds, and in conversation with these two lovely women; the more I see of them, the more of Christ's image appears. Did I ever expect such honor and happiness before I reached heaven, as have been granted to me in this abode of peace and holiness! If I am to be called early away from my precious family, this seems a preparation, in which God would show me what saints

can be out of heaven, and what I may expect to find them in heaven.

Wednesday 19th.—"My husband returned last evening, delighted with his excursion, and with the Baron, who has been an excellent guide, and most cheerful companion; this morning we prepared to leave this earthly paradise, endeared to me for its own beauties, but especially by the sweets of Christian love. My heart was knit closely to both, more particularly to Miss Caroline Riedesel, as I could talk to her in French, more than my dear husband could. We do love one another with pure hearts fervently. When solicited to select a spot for a seat, to be called 'Sherman's Sitz,' she said we must go together there, and so remember when absent one from the other, that there we sent up mutual prayers, for that blessing and presence which is 'better than life.' At half-past six this morning, we took coffee in our room; the dear Countess, her brother, and sister, and Theophilus all joining us. My heart was almost too full for utterance, when I pressed for the last time those dear cheeks, and said 'God bless you, adieu.' We shook hands with a train of servants at the door, and entering the Countess's carriage, were soon on our way from Buchwald to Hirschberg, where we took post to Bautzen, and had very nice apartments, but little sleep for my cough.

"We proceeded by railway, to Dresden, and after resting a while, went on to Wittenberg, the cradle of the Reformation. In the morning, we saw Luther's cell, (as they call it,) in the late University, in which he was Professor of Divinity and Philosophy. It is now a school only, as the University is removed to Halle. Here they also showed us Luther's drinking cup, and the chair and

table at which he sat. On the wall is written, 'Peter the Great,' with his own hand. We saw the graves of Luther and Melancthon, which are covered with bronze plates, and the tombs of Frederick the Wise, and John the Steadfast, the Electors of Saxony, friends of Luther and the Reformation. Outside the Schloss Kirche, Luther hung up his eighty-five arguments against indulgences. Opposite to the Town Hall, is a splendid bronze statue of Luther, engraved beneath, 'If it be the word of God it will endure, if of man then it will perish.' The spot where he burnt the Bull, by which Leo X. condemned his doctrines, and excommunicated him, is marked by an iron-railing round an oak, outside the Elster gate.

At noon we proceeded to Berlin, where we arrived a little before one, and took up our residence at the Hotel du Nord, in that superb street, the Linden. During our stay at Buchwald, the Countess stated that the King, during one of his visits to her, had seen one of my dear husband's books on her table. After perusing a few pages, and learning from the Countess something of the author, he expressed a wish to see him the next time he came to Silesia. Accordingly she wrote a letter to inform his Majesty that we were to remain in Berlin four or five days, and if his majesty wished to see him, he was staying at the Hotel du Nord. This letter was enclosed in another, to the Geheimarard, or treasurer to the King, (M. Schöning,) which my husband took to the Minister's hotel to deliver, but learning that he was at Potsdam, he put it in the post.

"Next morning, 22nd, we called on the Countess Scheffer, who accompanied us to see Gosner, the famous veteran preacher. He entertained us with

the liveliest exhibitions of the gospel, pouring out love to all the saints, and related anecdotes of the influence of truth on German minds, which were very refreshing; it was a delightful visit. From thence we went to Charlottenberg, a royal chateau of Frederick the Great; saw the Doric Temple, in which are interred Frederick William and his beautiful Queen; two lovely cenotaphs represent them, by Rauch, the sculptor. Texts of Scripture are inscribed all round the room. Seven garlands still hang there, which were presented by her seven children at her death. The building is of polished granite, most beautiful! On returning to our hotel we met one of our waiters in breathless haste, who had pursued us to say the King's messenger had arrived to invite my husband to dine with his Majesty, at three o'clock, at Charlottenhoff. We were three miles from Berlin, and it was nearly two o'clock, at which hour the train for Potsdam left. This was, of course, mortifying enough; but there was no possibility of reaching the palace by two; and, therefore, by the advice of our courier, he travelled by courier post, and arrived at Charlottenhoff just as dinner was concluded. I rested at home—scarcely rested—for I was very anxious to know how the King received him; and should have enjoyed being in some secret spot to survey the whole scene. But I prayed that his visit might not be without some gracious effect; I think God heard me, and hope events may justify my confidence. It was nearly twelve o'clock before he returned, and though my cough had driven me to bed, I could not help listening to his most interesting detail, and even when asleep dreaming about it. Lest my memory should betray me, I recorded, as soon as possible, the more

striking parts of the delightful interview. He arrived at Charlottenhoff, a beautiful summer-house, belonging to the Palace of Sans Souci, at half past four, the postillion having driven at a very smart pace. The carriage drove through a long line of equipages, belonging to the guests whom the King had invited to the banquet; a carpet was spread on the grass, under the shade of some magnificent trees, and a long table placed, at which eighteen persons were seated. He gave his card to a short gentleman, in a blue coat and red collar, who went back to the table and handed it to the King. Immediately the King rose, leaning on the arm of this official personage, and advanced to the tri-colored rope, which hung in festoons from the posts fixed on the edge of the carriage road, to prevent intrusion on the royal 'preserve.' The rope was unhooked, and he was invited to enter; the King advanced to him, and stretching out both his open hands clasped my husband's, saying, 'Oh, dear Sherman, I am glad to see you—how was it you did not come earlier?' Thanking his Majesty for his invitation and undeserved kindness, he explained the circumstances which had painfully detained him from his presence. The King expressed great anxiety lest he had not dined, and wished him to retire into the palace and have some refreshment; but not liking to lose the society of his Majesty for such a length of time, he declined, and the King ordered some coffee with a kind of rusk, to be handed to him, of which he partook. The King stood talking to him with great familiarity and condescension for a considerable time, on a variety of interesting topics. Two I specially recollect, because they show his feelings to be favorable to evangelical piety. Upon his stating that we had

that morning had an interesting visit to Gosner, the King remarked, 'Ah, Mr. Sherman, I can recollect the time when Gosner was the only evangelical minister in Berlin, and now I thank God, I have twenty who preach the gospel—that is an omen of great good to my people.' He gladly responded to such a sentiment from Royal lips, and followed up the remark by showing the advantages of the gospel in the formation of character—fitting all to be good subjects; but it must have been peculiarly refreshing to hear such views proclaimed from high places, and in the presence of some whose love to spiritual piety might be questioned.

"The other topic related to the influence of the Bible on war. The King had been describing, for his information and entertainment, the order and discipline of the Prussian army, and particularly the facility with which they could concentrate an army to the number of 200,000 men, in three or four days, at any given point, with many other interesting circumstances connected with their movements. Thinking it desirable to throw in a word for peace, he replied, 'but your Majesty has done much for peace, by circulating the Scriptures. The principles of peace must take root in the hearts which know and love the Bible, and if all the world acted upon its injunctions, we should find it difficult to raise an army any where.' 'Yes,' said the King, 'I know that; but the time has not arrived when your peace principles can be carried out. I had long conversations with that most amiable person, Mrs. Fry, on the subject, and, though I could not arrive at her conclusions, still no restrictions shall be placed on the circulation of the Bible in my dominions. I suppose you refer to the Hirschberg Bible, but you do me an honor that does not belong

to me; it was that dear woman with whom you have been staying, Countess Reden, who revised the old edition, saw it through the press, wrote the preface, superintended it, and circulated many thousand copies. I only gave it my sanction. O! my God, what should I do without the labors of that devoted person!"

"The King then entered very freely, and with great warmth and feeling, into many purely experimental topics, such, as my husband remarked, you would ordinarily hear from the lips of a person whose mind was imbued with the living truths of the gospel, and which gave him the impression that he must be one of God's own children; to this conclusion he would have arrived at once, respecting any one using the same language who had applied to him for church membership. After the King had stood thus conversing for about a quarter of an hour, he said, 'You know my nephew, Prince Waldemar,' and immediately introducing him, and left them together. The Prince then introduced him to Baron Humboldt, the distinguished philosopher and traveller, to Rauch, the sculptor, and to the four aides-de-camp who were in attendance, beside other celebrated personages, whose names I forget. After a short time the King returned, and asked my husband to accompany him to the gardens at the back front of the little palace, which were exceedingly beautiful, where, in the most affable manner, his Majesty pointed out the beauties of the place, and entered into very animated conversation, in the course of which he said, 'As you have been to Charlottenberg this morning, I presume you are fond of sculpture?' and on his replying that he was, 'then I assure you,' said the King, 'that you have not seen the best of Rauch's performances. I should

very much wish you to see those at Potsdam. Rauch, go with Mr. Sherman, and show him your exquisite chiselling;' and upon his expressing his pleasure to do so, he called one of his aides-de-camp, 'Come, B., it will be a nice exercise for you to go with Mr. Sherman and Rauch, and talk English,' which he readily did; and in a few minutes one of the Royal carriages was driven out, and the favored party of three started for the Mausoleum, in which these statues are placed, the King wishing them a pleasant journey, and commanding them to return to tea at seven o'clock, to the palace of Sans Souci. Every thing had been prepared for their reception, the old Castellan was waiting on the steps to conduct them, and a bright sunset favored the exhibition, by sending its descending rays on a pink curtain, which gives to the statues much the appearance of flesh. The figures of the King and Queen repose on marble sarcophagi. The face of the latter is one of extreme beauty, and an exact likeness. The description which Russel gives of the sculptured figure at Charlottenberg, equally applies to this, only that it is the exact size of life, and more care has been displayed in the finish and the drapery. 'The expression is not that of dull, cold death, but of undisturbed repose. The hands are modestly folded on the breast, the attitude easy, graceful and natural. Only the countenance and part of the neck are bare, the rest of the figure is shrouded in an ample and extremely well-wrought drapery. The great charm of the figure is the decent, simple, tranquil air, without any striving after effect. I observed no inscription—no pompous catalogue of her titles—no parading eulogy of her virtues; the Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of the sarcoph-

gus, announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzellern.' M. Rauch was exceedingly attentive and polite, giving every explanation of its principal characteristics, and directing observation to parts which had cost him most labor and anxiety, and which he considered superior, and rendering the examination of this, his *chef d'œuvre*, peculiarly interesting. When they left, my husband offered a handsome douceur to the Castellan, but, though repeatedly urged, he would not receive it, saying that 'the pleasure he had in showing them to a friend of his Majesty, was ample compensation;' but as I had no claim to that appellation, he did not hesitate to receive it when I visited the place on the Tuesday following.

They then drove through the palace grounds for some miles, to Sans Souci. After a few minutes, the King came to my husband in the garden, and enquired solicitously about his opinion of the sculpture, to which he could reply only in terms of deserved eulogy, and while in conversation, a band of music was heard in the distance, concerning which his Majesty remarked, 'I am glad you have happened to come and see me to-day, for it is the anniversary of my Orphan School, with which I am sure you will be gratified; that band announces the approach of the children—there are eleven hundred of them—six hundred boys and five hundred girls. They walk through the palace grounds, pay their respects to me, and then return to the village. I have ordered all the fountains to play to please them, so that you see the grounds to better advantage than on an ordinary occasion.' In a few minutes the children entered, the band composed of boys, who preceded, and after six hundred had passed, four abreast, the girls followed.

First they walked in front of the palace, in a parterre decorated with orange and lemon trees, in full bearing, with multitudes of beauteous flowers, which scented the air with their fragrance, and in the midst of which two fountains of great taste were playing—then passing by the graves of the horse and dogs of Frederick the Great, they came in front of a terrace, where the King and Prince Waldemar had placed themselves. Here they began to descend the steps of several terraces, leading down into a valley of great beauty, where a fountain shoots its waters one hundred and twenty feet high, which, caught by the wind, fall in most graceful drapery. As they passed, the King stroked one child's head, and then another, uttering the kindest expressions, either of piety or good-will—to one, 'I hope you read your Bible'—to another, 'You must love God, He has been so good to you'—to a third, 'You prayed for me, did you not?'—to another, 'Ah, you rogue, I see you are tired'—to his companion, 'You think often of your afflicted mother, I hope, who needs your affection.' To these and many other kind expressions, some of which drew tears from the bystanders, respectful replies were given. As soon as they had passed, the King said to the Prince, 'Come, Waldemar,' and immediately both descended the steps at a smart pace, going before the children, who allowed the King and Prince to precede them for some distance, and then completely surrounded them. Now a scene began which prostrated my husband's notions of the sovereign's dignity and the people's subjection—for, in a moment, one girl was seen holding the King's arm, another his hand, another hanging on his collar, another kneeling and embracing his leg, all crowding to get at him, shout-

ing and rejoicing that they had made the King and the Prince prisoners—while the perspiration poured from both through the heat and fatigue. Yet, when the King broke away from them, all returned orderly to their ranks, struck up a German air, and went joyfully through the grounds to their school. My husband describes this unexpected occurrence as one of the most interesting scenes he ever witnessed—partly from the surprise it occasioned—but specially as showing the tendency of a mind enlightened by the gospel, to please as well as teach children. As he followed the King at a distance, talking to Prince Waldemar, his Majesty turned and said, ‘Ah, Sherman! what, are you there?’ you have not surely come all this distance to see my frolics with the children.’ He replied, very characteristically, wishing, I doubt not, that he could have taken his share in the sport, ‘O, your Majesty, it is worth going any distance to behold such a pleasant scene. I shall remember it to my latest day. God will bless your Majesty for your care and kindness to orphans.’ ‘Yes,’ said the King, ‘it is very pleasant to see them snatched from misery, if from nothing worse, well clothed, fed, and evangelically educated; you see they are very happy, and have no objection to a gambol.’

“The King conversed very freely all the way back to the palace, where between the two small fountains, in the open air, a large circular table was placed, round which the party sat, and tea was served. After tea, the lamps were brought, and some German, French and English newspapers, the substance of which Baron Humboldt gave to the King in a very clever manner. A book written by an Englishman, describing the customs and habits of the Berliners, from a residence of some months

among them, occasioned great merriment from its incorrect quotations of German phraseology, its burlesque, and ignorance of the subjects of which it professed to treat ; one of the volumes, I presume, in this book-making age, which is got up to obtain money. During the intervals of reading, the King kept up a very lively conversation on the habits of the English, and exhibited very extensive information on the character of our nobility and on various parts of the scenery of our country. He described Chatsworth and its beauties with great minuteness, and sent out now and then a playful sally against some of our eccentric customs. Though several took part in the conversation, the King was the chief speaker, and with great eloquence and spirit sustained his interesting descriptions and sentiments, often appealing to my husband for confirmation and explanation, for the purpose, very likely, of drawing him out. At nine o'clock supper was announced, when the King rose and all retired into the saloon in the palace ; the provision was suited to a king's table, but nothing that could be called extravagant ; and after another pleasant hour spent in lively conversation, the time arrived when he must leave for the train. The King observed the hour, and, rising, walked to the end of the table to meet my husband, opened both his hands, and taking his hand between them, said, 'I have been very much gratified, Mr. Sherman, by your acquaintance to-day ; I hope you will never visit Berlin without informing me, and that when you do you will come to see me. One of my carriages is at the door to convey you to the train, and I have requested Count B—— to accompany you to Berlin, and see you safely to your hotel.' This most unexpected and gratifying speech com-

pletely stopped his power of utterance for a moment, but recovering himself he expressed, in grateful terms, his deep sense of his Majesty's condescension and kindness. Thus ended a visit which left the most pleasing impressions of the Christian feeling and superior talent of the King of Prussia. Had the King known my husband for years, he could not have evinced greater attention or respect; and may I not believe that it has been wholly on account of his religious character and useful writings, that such marked favors have been shown him? To God be the glory.

“Berlin is a city well worth a survey; to my taste it is one of the finest in Europe. Its museum and picture-gallery contain many very valuable and beautiful specimens, both of sculpture and painting. The Brandenburg Gate is a splendid architectural ornament to the city. The car of victory which surmounts it, Bonaparte took, in 1806, to Paris, as a trophy of war, but it was restored after the battle of Waterloo. In front of the museum is a basin of granite, twenty-two feet in diameter, cut from an isolated boulder, which rested nearly thirty miles from Berlin, and which was brought by a flat-bottomed boat, on the river Spree, to the city, and there polished, by means of a steam-engine. Statues of Blücher, Bulow, and Scharnhorst, stand near the guard-house, executed by Rauch, and all of them works of great merit. Other statues, some of them not very delicate, abound everywhere. We were much interested in the studio of Rauch, especially with the portions of the splendid monument he is preparing to the memory of Frederick the Great, which he politely showed us.

25th.—“At half-past seven, we went by rail-

road with our guide,* to Potzdam, where we breakfasted. We saw first the Pfauen Insel, or Peacock Island, where stands a pretty little palace, the hobby of the late King, but chiefly remarkable for its exquisite hot-houses, containing some of the highest palm-trees in Europe. The river Havel here expands into a beautiful lake, in the midst of which this island is situated; it abounds with the choicest trees and plants, beautifully tended and watered by pipes under ground. A miniature frigate, presented by William IV. of England to the late King, greatly ornaments this spot. Next we proceeded to Glienecke, a villa belonging to Prince Karl, and most tastefully fitted up in the English style. Potzdam was founded by the great Elector of Brandenburg, but owes all its splendor to Frederick the Great. It was the residence of the Prussian princes during the rising fortunes of the Royal house; it has four Royal residences in and around it. In the garrison church, we saw the metal sarcophagi of Frederick the Great, and his father, William I., who are interred above ground, under the pulpit. The church is surrounded with tablets, bearing the names of the brave men who suffered in the war of Liberation. We went over the town palace to see the relics of Frederick the Great, for it stands almost as it did in his days; the furniture is stained by the plates that were put for his dogs, and every cushion is almost entirely torn to pieces by the claws of these animals. A small room is provided with a table, which ascends and descends through a trap-door in the floor. When he wished to be retired, the plates and dishes were removed

* Rading, an intelligent young man, who speaks English, and is very attentive. He may be enquired for at any of the hotels.

by another trap-door: here he would dine with a friend, frequently Voltaire, without being observed, or heard, or attended. We proceeded then to the marble palace, Charlottenhoff, where my husband met the King, and I had the spots pointed out where the scenes of interest transpired. On our way to the New Palace there is a house, built after the perfect model of one discovered at Pompeii while the King was there—very lovely. The New Palace is most splendid; it was erected by Frederick, by way of bravado, at the end of the seven years' war, to show his enemies that his finances were not exhausted. One room is entirely lined with minerals and shells, but not with great taste. Going into the small library, we saw a copy of the philosophical works of Frederick; it contains many notes in the handwriting of Voltaire. The Russian colony is pretty, from its buildings and Greek church. Next came 'Sans Souci,' a fairy land, abounding with statues, and the choicest plants and trees; the vines were loaded with fruit, and suspended in festoons. The graves of Frederick the Great's dogs and favorite horse, with which he desired by will to be buried, but was not, are here. One fountain only was playing, at the foot of the repeated terraces 120 feet high, exquisitely beautiful; it was the finest of all. We then hastened through the grove, amid statues unnumbered, to our carriage, and at a quarter past nine were in our hotel.

26th.—“After taking leave of the Countess Scheffer, and some kind friends, we left Berlin for Magdeburg, at five in the afternoon, by the railway. At the station we met an historical painter, whom the King had introduced to my husband as a great genius; he accompanied us many miles on our jour-

ney, and was extremely polite and agreeable. We reached Magdeburg at a quarter to ten, and in the morning, visited the Cathedral erected between 1211 and 1363; one of the noblest Gothic edifices in northern Germany. There are the tombs of the Emperor Otho, and his Queen Editha, daughter of Edmund, King of the Anglo Saxons in the tenth century—a monument also of Archbishop Ernest, 1497, in bronze, and a beautiful alabaster pulpit, but much injured by Napoleon's soldiers, when he made the Cathedral a stable for his horses. Peter Vischer's monument of Archbishop Ernest, executed in bronze, is a work of great merit; the figures of the twelve apostles around it, are worthy of the closest examination, and that also of the Frau von Asseburg, a lady who returned home the night after her burial, and lived nine years with her husband, after this interment. Against the walls are the names of the men of Magdeburg, who fell in the war of Liberation. Luther went to school here, and afterwards sang in the streets at rich men's doors, as poor choristers still do, to earn a scanty pittance for his support. Here is an immense fortification. The awful butchery by Tilly, after seven months' siege in 1631, makes one groan for the depravity of human nature, and pray that our dear land may never be trodden by a foreign army.

27th.—“Left Madgeburg for Brunswick. The interesting vaults at the Cathedral we saw before seven in the morning; they were completed in 1194, by Henry the Lion, after his return from the Holy Land. He was one of the most illustrious princes of the house of Guelph, and from him our royal family descends. Here are his tomb, and that of Matilda his princess, daughter of Henry II., and sister of Richard Cœur de Lion: the ducal family

are buried in the vaults beneath. There lie the Duke and his son—the former fell at Jena and the latter at Waterloo—both surrounded with withered garlands brought by their attached countrymen, and two black flags presented by the matrons and maidens of Brunswick, wave over them. Between these two coffins lies Caroline of Brunswick, consort of George IV.; she dictated the inscription on the original silver plate, ‘Murdered Queen of England;’ but it was exchanged for another, having only names, dates and titles. We were surrounded with the royal dead, the gloomy place was illuminated with wax candles, and was a humiliating scene. Coffins of all sizes, containing the great of this world, now food for worms! At eight we started for Hanover, arrived at ten, and saw the royal stud—about three hundred lovely creatures. We walked in the park of the King of Hanover, and saw the exterior of his palace, and the house of Prince George, his son: they were not so grand as that of the Duke of Cumberland, in England, and did not look like the residence of English royalty. The pillar erected to the memory of those who fell at Waterloo, with their names, is a fine structure. At the table d’hôte, met Count de L——, who married the niece of the Marquis of L——; he showed us great attention, went to the railroad with us, and watched our departure. We arrived at Zelle at six, and slept there. We reached Haarburg at half past nine the next morning, whence we proceeded by steamer to Hamburg, to the Victoria Hotel.

“On Sunday, we drove by mistake to the Methodist Association, held in a small room, where we had an excellent sermon from a Mr. Walker; after service, we returned a hymn-book to one who

had kindly lent it, and who proved to be the captain of the vessel by which we were to sail, the 'Countess of Lonsdale.' He directed us to the Independent Chapel, known as the 'English Reformed Church.' In the evening we went there, and heard Mr. Smith, a former student at Rotherham, preach an excellent sermon. In conversation with him and the two deacons, we first heard that our visit to Gräfenberg had been blest to our kind friend Mrs. K——. With new feelings we anticipated our visit to her on the next day, and I could not help counting the hours till I should meet this dear addition to the happy family. Mr. K—— fetched us in his carriage. The views from the elevated ground on the road of the Elbe, are splendid. At a certain point we left the carriage, and walked through a succession of grounds overlooking the river, to Mr. K——'s house; at about a quarter of a mile from it, Mrs. K—— met us. My heart did, indeed, glow to see her; many former conversations made her an object of interest, but the crowning one was the change in her character. A little conversation elicited the fact; but the more we talked, the firmer became my conviction that the new nature was wrought in her by the Spirit of God; the time spent beneath her roof was one of unspeakable delight to me. At half past eight we went on board the 'Countess of Lonsdale' steamer. I arose early, and went into the saloon, and spent nearly an hour alone—but not alone! At breakfast, we first ascertained what companions we had for our long voyage. Among them was a daughter of Mr. Oucken, who had been recently persecuted in Denmark, for circulating the Scriptures and preaching the gospel: also a lady who was going over to be married to him,

a clergyman and his wife—not our sort, Mr. L——, Mr. and Mrs. H——, taken in at Cuxhaven, a son of Rev. F. N——, an elegant young man, and his friend, with several others; but only five ladies: so much the better for our snug cabin. While passing out from the mouth of the Elbe, where there had been a slight squall twenty-four hours previously, the vessel rolled, and made us *all* ill. I went to bed, finding the other ladies had preceded me, and slept soundly.

“To-day, September 3rd, I am full of hope in the prospect of soon reaching dear Old England—there may I testify my love to Him, who has granted to us mercies so unnumbered, by an entire, renewed consecration of my *all* to His glory.”

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO ST. LEONARD'S AND HASTINGS.

THE Continental tour and the visit to Silesia, recorded in the preceding chapter, greatly improved Mrs. Sherman's general health, which for some time after her return was sustained, to the astonishment and comfort of her friends. Hope, naturally buoyant in her cheerful temper, became lively and vigorous. Her recovery, before encompassed with uncertainty, she now anticipated with confidence, and told her husband, in cheerful accents, that as she felt better than for months previously, she was assured the Lord would again permit her to labor in his vineyard. Her cough, however, had never been effectually subdued, and as the winter advanced began to show fearful symptoms of increased violence. At the commencement of the year 1847 the strength previously gained declined, and the appetite, which had been remarkably renewed, rapidly failed. Though the Parsonage is situated very favorably for a consumptive patient, being protected entirely from the north and east, it was thought by her physician that the atmosphere of London aggravated her disease; therefore, as a change for the invalid, rather than with any expectation of permanent amendment, he ordered her for a few weeks to her father's residence at Enfield, where every attention that love could invent was paid to the precious saint. Here, spasmodic attacks of coughing, which were enough to excite sympathy for the

patient, cheerful sufferer, in the coldest heart, produced dreadful exhaustion and brought her very low. Yet she rallied again and again, and it appeared for a few days as if the symptoms had taken a favorable turn, and that, notwithstanding all she had suffered, she might hereafter again "work the work of the Lord." She was not wholly deprived of attending worship on the Sabbath—occasionally in the morning or afternoon she ventured among the assembled saints, and ate with a keener spiritual relish the bread that came down from heaven. But even a short service was more than her enfeebled strength could sustain, without increased suffering; and often has her determination to go "where God dwells," cost her the sacrifice of a night's rest and much bodily comfort; still, what relative could authoritatively interpose or resist the touching remonstrance, "Let me go—I may not worship with you long on earth, and if I do suffer a little more in my body, my spirit is refreshed with the dews which fall on Zion's hill—O, it is good to be there!"

Rather than attempt to describe the state of her mind, and its gracious employment, it will be preferable to show both in some portions of letters which she wrote at this period. These will prove how near the verge of heaven her spirit lived, from whence she derived her solid peace, and how intent she was on serving her incarnate Lord through the remaining days of her suffering existence. That she might not appear to be wholly separated from her Sabbath class, a lady who had occasionally assisted her, when necessitated to leave home, kindly undertook to superintend it on her behalf; but sickness in her friend's family compelled her absence from London for a season, and finally from

the neighborhood of Surrey Chapel. Just at this time, and when she felt her resumption of its duties was hopeless, the kindness of her Heavenly Father appeared in sending to her Miss Neele, a valued friend, with whom she had been on terms of intimacy from childhood, to take charge of the education of her two daughters. She entered the family a few weeks before Mrs. Sherman's tour to Silesia, and when she returned, undertook to instruct the class for a few Sabbaths; but her labors proving very acceptable to the pupils, at the request of Mrs. Sherman, seconded by the class, she consented to become its permanent instructress. Her Sunday class being thus happily provided for, a great burthen was at once removed from her mind, while by their teacher's residence with her she was still able to maintain communication with them.

Although her young ladies' class required an effort only once a fortnight, her failing strength would not permit her longer to indulge the pleasing expectation that she might resume its duties—and it became her anxiety and prayer, that some efficient and cultivated teacher might be found for that also. At the beginning of the year 1847, Mrs. Field, a lady well-qualified for the undertaking, cheered her heart, by signifying to the exhausted invalid her acceptance of the office. Her joy at this announcement will be best told in her own language:—

“January 9th, 1847.

“Many are the instances in which your kindness, my beloved friend, has revived my heart; but as ‘a friend in need is a friend indeed,’ you have specially cheered my mind, by its unexpected

relief from the burthen of my beloved Bible class. Long have I desired and coveted your valuable aid, but your own delicacy of health made me shrink from suggesting any plan that would make demands on your strength; but your dear, kind heart has anticipated my wishes, and I tender you the overflowings of mine in gratitude and love. My dear husband fully intended to take charge of the class when this year opened; but the state of his chest, and of his general health for some weeks, made me think it quite improper, and even perilous, to attempt any additional exercise. My grief over that dear class, so much needing assistance, and the hope of resuming my place among them being so continually disappointed by the recurrence of old evil symptoms, whenever I encounter the slightest exertion and excitement, have perhaps aggravated the trial of banishment from my loved place among them. I wish you, my dear friend, the same rich enjoyment I have experienced in meeting them—for though physically there was rather suffering than enjoyment, my nobler part has been often refreshed in the feeble, broken effort to draw them near to God. I have struggled long with my consciousness of utter inefficiency for so responsible a position; now my Heavenly Father is trying and proving me, whether I would serve Him or not. Ah, my beloved friend, none but One can sympathize with my feelings, in being thus, step by step, removed from the scenes of rich privilege, in which my whole soul has long luxuriated, and enjoyed such rich manifestations of my Father's condescension and love. Why was I permitted to taste the dear cup of hallowed joy, so utterly unworthy as I am of the least notice of my Father's eye? Why was the cup taken from me, just as I was increas-

ingly realizing the happiness of being nothing—less than nothing, that God might be ‘all in all.’ It sometimes seems as if it was a stroke of His wrath, and while I am overwhelmed that His mercy ever reached my guilty soul at all, I catch myself continually asking, ‘Wherefore dost thou contend with me?’ He has brought me so to love Him, that I am ready, I think, to feel ‘He doth all things well;’ and if He leave me without usefulness or influence all my remaining days, it must be for some infinitely wise purpose, though hidden from me, and contrary to His ordinary method: for He surely must be more glorified by the increase of my influence, if He sanctify its exercise, than by its removal. I am willing—more than willing to be entirely at His disposal, to be nothing in the esteem of others, if He be but glorified. But is it not mysterious, that in the flower of my days, and just arriving at the age when, if ever, some degree of wisdom may be anticipated, and delighting in every thing in proportion to my ability to communicate my enjoyment to others, I am thus suddenly arrested in my course? My weakness last winter prevented all such gloomy musings; but the great improvement in my general health, since my journey, seemed to encourage every hope that I might again do as in former happy days, but every attempt proves my mistake, and sends me back to my closet, to ask that resignation which surely I must want, or I could not feel so discouraged. Forgive me for thus pouring out my heart’s grief to you. I know you will pray for your unworthy friend, as well as so substantially help her.”

One of the members of the church had been most unjustly subjected to a criminal prosecution, in consequence of the person to whom his kind of-

fices were gratuitously rendered, unexpectedly dying. Weak as she was, she would send the following testimony of her sympathy to his wife:—

“Clay Hill, Enfield, February 1st, 1847.

“I fear you are in anxiety, and I must send my paper representative to assure you, dear Mrs. L——, how truly and heartily I sympathize with you and your good husband, under this unexpected trial; for though human sympathy can of itself do little, it is sometimes cheering to know, that every Christian sympathizer contributes his or her mite, to ‘open the windows of heaven,’ that ‘a blessing may be poured out;’ and you have many such sympathizers at Surrey. When God is about to answer a prayer, which has long appeared to be unheeded, He often seems to be sending only judgments and wrath, raising enemies in return for kindness, and crossing our best and most hallowed purposes. We are so slow to comprehend our Father’s methods of disciplining his children, and so unwilling to work with Him in accomplishing His designs, that we are sometimes ready in our hearts, if not with our lips to join with Jacob, in saying, ‘All these things are against me.’ But, my dear friend, this present trial, is not more mysterious than Jacob’s; all was overruled in his case for good, and I am perfectly confident that God’s design in your case, is for your advantage. How many have been led to pray for you, who but feebly remembered you before! Has it not led both you and your husband to cast yourselves more simply on Him, who has all hearts in His hands? Has not the unchangeable faithfulness of God been endeared in contrast with the malice of man? The consciousness of integrity in your husband’s mind must be very consoling; the

conviction that, however hateful the circumstances of this trial are to the Divine mind, yet that while His love permits them, he has entire authority over them, so that they cannot do more than He allows—is the sweetener of the most bitter sorrow. ‘Look not,’ my dear friend, ‘at the things which are seen’ and ‘temporal,’ but ‘at the things which are unseen and eternal,’ so, ‘our light affliction worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ Look through the dark cloud to Him that sits on His throne, who makes the clouds His chariots of love to draw you nearer to Himself; to behold Him in His ways, till you love Him, and all His dealings, however painful; confident that, ‘He that spared not His own Son,’ will ‘freely give us all things,’ whether trial or prosperity, that shall tend to our complete and final redemption. He loves too much to spare the rod when needed, and He strikes because He loves and ‘careth for you.’ In His hands leave this week’s results; He will never betray you. Excuse this note, which an anxious and sympathizing heart dictates.”

It was her habit on the return of her wedding-day, to review the providences which had attended her useful course. A note bearing date March 3rd, 1847, alludes to this event, and exhibits how well her mind was disciplined to endure, and even welcome her altered condition, which contrasted so painfully with that of former years.

“If you are in London, my dear friend, do try to come and cheer me with your presence, at the Maternal Meeting here on Monday; it always delights me to see you, but especially, when I feel unequal to exertion, and must fall back upon my kind friends. Several fresh members have joined us lately, and I am anxious to secure the assistance

of those who can speak to good purpose, which you know I think you do. I am, indeed, a poor creature now, more so than ever; and am called to give up to other and far more efficient hands, the little objects which have so intensely interested me. Twelve years of peculiar happiness I have passed this day, with my beloved husband; it is the first wedding-day that has transpired without bright hopes of increasing activity and usefulness; but I am now bidden to 'Stand still,' to wait, to submit, and to yield such hopes to others. I feel, however, it is right, and I do not in my heart desire any other appointment; my flesh sometimes does, but though a painful discipline, it is quite enough for me that I am in my Father's hands; this silences every rebellious wish, and I hope soon to recognize submission as more congenial, than that activity which I once so much enjoyed. I want to know no will but His; quietly and cheerfully to sit in silence, and learn the great lessons which He has given, to qualify me for the enjoyment of Himself, and to promote His own glory."

To another of her friends whose attentions to her diet were never failing, she thus replies:

"Again must I thank you, my very kind friend, for the repetition of your affectionate remembrance, and for its extension to my little Patty. I can only regard you as a 'ministering' body as well as 'spirit,' if I am not presumptuous in the humble hope that 'through him that loved' and 'washed' me, I am 'an heir of salvation,' to whom those blest ones are sent to minister. He who commissions them is, indeed, the source of 'every good and every perfect gift.' I bless Him for making your heart the kind well of mercy it is—you will give Him all the glory; and I bless you for the

sweet overflowings of that heart to me, which inclines you in all things to do His will, and to make others happy. I disobey you by writing, but I must thank you while I can hold a pen."

On the 3rd of April, by the advice of Dr. Roots, she left London for St. Leonard's. The little exercise she was able to take in the open air, by the facilities this lovely and quiet place afforded, and the warm breezes from the ocean, greatly renovated her strength, and reduced the violence of her cough for a few weeks; but she had now an exercise of another and more painful kind. Her mind, which, during the whole period of her sickness had been remarkably placid, and even joyous, became suddenly depressed; not that it was apparent to an ordinary observer, for, like her Savior, she seldom mentioned her mental sorrows, except to her Heavenly Father. Her great anxiety for the comfort of others, would not allow her, unless absolutely necessary, to intrude her griefs on their attention; even her husband was not made acquainted with them till after repeated enquiry, lest the tale of sorrow should diminish his happiness. The dart which the vile archer, taking advantage of her bodily weakness, cast into her tender conscience, was the base insinuation that her backwardness to converse on heavenly and spiritual topics had been a hindrance to her husband's usefulness. Never did he invent a more false accusation, for it was scarcely possible for a disciple to give a heartier response when the peculiarities of Christian experience were introduced, or to show greater delight when the tales of God's love were the subjects of conversation. It was not her habit to thrust her religious opinions on every company and season, but few opportunities escaped without some deli-

cate allusion to the best of topics, with which her heart was charged. Poor and rich, pious and profane, will confirm this testimony, and he whose ministry her clouded imagination fancied she had injured, can only lament that the charge might, with greater propriety, be brought against him, that he had not sufficiently improved the precious opportunities, now, alas! past, of spiritual communion with her during thirteen years of almost uninterrupted bliss. The description she gives of her state of mind is so mournfully beautiful, that it cannot be withheld.

“Before my marriage, my own impression of one of the most important duties of a minister’s wife was this: that as her husband’s many and varied occupations, being all on one subject, were necessarily likely, in a measure, to become mechanical, unless much time could be devoted to communion with God and his own heart in private; her duty would be, by her piety and spirituality of conversation, to help his piety, and to give it the vigor requisite to its constant exhibition in its brightest, purest form at home. Now, my beloved husband does every where show whom he serves, but that quiet influence which the wife should exert for him—not, believe me, by attempting to dictate or teach, quite the reverse—I have sought, longed for, prayed for, for twelve years, but have never yet attained. And I feel powerfully as if I had been your hindrance, by my neglect of spiritual conversation; that it is one of my wasted opportunities, and that I am to be taken away as an utterly useless being. For many weeks my heart has been deeply oppressed, and it is my relief to shed many tears. My Christian course has been a singularly happy one: my first sight of the atonement, and

the work of Christ has never lost its clearness, and my mind seems incapable of long depression, as to my personal interest in Christ, from *that* my refuge never being concealed. This is, probably, partly from my natural hopefulness of disposition. For many long weeks, I have lost much of my relish for my Bible, and but for the influence of habit and conscience, should sometimes neither open it, nor repeat any portion of it to myself, for a whole day. I have no enjoyment of the presence of God, and literally, I have gone from room to room here, almost unconsciously, trying whether my absent Lord would meet me any where; nothing affords me any pleasure; 'they have taken away my Lord,' and I can find no joy without Him. I do not feel my hope in Christ shaken; this is the bitterness of my sorrow, that I hope (unworthy as I am,) He has bought me with His own most precious blood, and, therefore, the ingratitude of neglecting His will is so base. He delights in the happiness of the meanest of his creatures, and hides not his face but in faithfulness and love, and that such a Father should have such a child, is a sorrow indeed. It amazes me, that I do not entirely doubt my adoption; it is so unlike the spirit of a child in His family, to suspect I grieve Him, and yet spare any pains till the cause is removed. He has warned me by sickness, which loosens many a tongue, but still, to my most beloved husband, I am dumb. Never have I known an habitually heavy heart till this winter, and now there seems a shade over every thing. It is not enough to hope I am Christ's, if I do not glorify him; and insensibility alone, such as mine, must be most offensive to Him who loves me, and takes such pains to teach me, and to draw me nearer to himself.

Pray, O pray, for your poor wife; it is one comfort that I may pray for you, and when unable to feel any other prayer, I do pray with my whole heart for you. Forgive me for sending you this long letter about myself, but it is such a relief to feel I have told you my burden. I can sometimes roll it on Him who cares for me, but the recollection of unforsaken sin renews it. Receive a full heart of love from your devoted wife."

Though this dark cloud continued, with some luminous apertures, for about six months, the same cheerful tone of conversation, the same efforts to help others out of their troubles, the same anxiety to save souls, as she manifested in her more joyous days, pervaded her conduct, which her letters of this period, as well as the testimony of her friend and companion, abundantly prove. The following note to her father shows that, however dark the valley through which she was walking, she obeyed the advice of the prophet, to stay herself upon her God, and encouraged him to the same blessed exercise.

"I am but a poor thing at present, and till the night perspirations cease, I cannot get very robust. Quiet, which is so very necessary for me, is perfectly attainable here, and every thing is so peculiarly comfortable, that I stand every chance of getting better, as far as means and comforts avail. But One only can heal, and till He says the word, your Patty must cheerfully yield to the little inconveniences of weakness. She can only marvel at 'the goodness and mercy' which surround her, and which gave to her the kindest and most indulgent of all husbands. How happy shall we be, if you and I, with the loosening of our little ties to earthly comforts, get more closely united to those pure and

tangible joys, which can never be grasped too firmly. The more we look, with the simplicity and confidence of children, to the riches which are treasured up in Christ, as our Father's portion, provided for us in the unfathomable depths of His love and grace, surely, the more shall we love Him and his holiness. We must 'behold His glory, till we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord : ' and is not that look, the look of simple faith,—trusting our all, in a faithful, loving Father's hand ; receiving every promise in Christ, as ' Yea and amen, ' in Him ? Oh, for more simplicity of faith, dear Daddy ! ”

Mr. Orne, a City Missionary in the Surrey Chapel district, who had shown much diligence and devotedness in his visitation of the poor, lost his wife, after a short illness. Though writing at this period occasioned great fatigue, she willingly made the sacrifice, to comfort the widower's heart, and sent him the following sympathizing letter :—

“ *St. Leonard's, April 26th.*

“ I cannot hear of the deep affliction with which our Heavenly Father has visited you, my dear sir, without writing one line, though in much weakness, to express my very deep and sincere sympathy with you in the loss of your beloved companion, especially when her maternal care was most needed. I would not, however, for a moment refer to the many dark views of this mysterious dispensation, but rather help to cheer you by the same means with which you have so often cheered many drooping, widowed hearts ; and He who has witnessed your efforts with others, fails not, I am sure, to comfort you now. Think not, my dear sir, of your

own loss, but of the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' which that emancipated spirit now enjoys, 'without spot,' 'with Christ,' 'like Him,' and no longer capable of sin. I often feel consoled under my 'light affliction,' with the confidence I have, that could our faith penetrate our Father's designs in our bitterest trials, we should welcome all, and dread as much the loss of one of his intended strokes, as we now do their approach. If His faithful love could accomplish His gracious plans without a pang, would He inflict it? His purposes of mercy are so far beyond our finite minds to comprehend that He does not reveal them to us but by their results; in heaven all will be unfolded, and the wrench that separated two hearts which helped each other in the labors and toils of the missionary's self-denying path, will be then found to have been one great proof of His unchanging love. We shall soon forget the thorny path when we reach our Father's home, and see the 'Captain of our salvation,' the 'man of sorrows,' whose deeply rugged path smoothed ours, and brought us to 'an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' I doubt not your mission is to be advanced, and your usefulness and real happiness too, by this blow; and if God be glorified—your beloved one perfected in bliss—your work promoted, and your sanctification advanced, is not this worth suffering for? God's will must be good and kind; and the 'God of all comfort' will not leave you comfortless. May He grant you the richest consolations of His Spirit, and make all grace to abound toward you, and by every loosened tie to earth draw you nearer to heaven, and present you and all your family perfect in that day—not one child missing."

Persons anxious about their salvation, in whom

there seems to be a work already begun, often multiply objections to embracing Christ and his work at once, as if an improvement would take place ere long, and thus render them better able to seize the remedy they long to enjoy. They forget that there is guilt in this delay, which is every day aggravated, and that, instead of becoming more reconciled to God's plan; the longer it is refused the more they are disinclined, and in a far greater degree God is dishonored. This difficulty had been expressed to her, in a letter from a young person to whom she had been useful in drawing her from a state of ignorance and neglect of her soul; to which she thus replies :

St. Leonard's, May 6th, 1847.

“Your former letter, my dear friend, would have been answered long since, but I have been very ill, and have been forbidden to write; I am thankful to say, I am much better since I came here, though the symptoms still continue. Night perspirations and expectoration of blood, both which symptoms I had not last winter, have much weakened me, and the progress of the disease is said to be very decided; but as in the kind Providence of God, I am so situated that I can have every possible care and no exposure to cold, there is every hope that with so good a constitution as I possess, I may yet be spared for some years; though perhaps one severe cold would speedily cut the slender thread, which binds the frail tabernacle to earth. I have all my family, and the youngest of three grandchildren here, so we are a tolerable party; but I am not excited by them, they make it cheerful for me. I wish, my dear friend, I could spend the hour between the lights as formerly, in guiding you to

‘the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;’ there I love to look, and there I find a ‘peace which passeth all understanding,’ but no where else. If I look within, I hope I see some increasing evidence of the Spirit’s work, but while I would rejoice in the smallest proof that I am a child of God, through His work in my heart, I cannot draw my peace from that, but from the completeness of Christ’s work. He is my Prophet, Priest, and King; and therefore while He lives, and my guilty soul clings to Him, I am safe; but this is proved only by my growing in meetness to dwell with Him. It is very important to keep clearly before the mind what is to be the foundation of our peace; ‘He is our peace,’ and there is no other ground for hope but His work, by which God is reconciled to man, though we are saved, only when by faith we receive His atonement and are reconciled to God, which is evidenced by our forsaking that from which Christ died to save us; we cannot have received Christ’s salvation if we continue to love sin; there is no meaning in Christ’s work, apart from the sanctification which is its necessary result. Sin separates us from God, from His favor here, and His presence hereafter; and to restore us to His favor, Christ bore our punishment and curse: to sustain the justice, holiness, and truth of God, He was obedient to the law we had broken, and to restore us to His presence in heaven, He sent his Spirit to renew and sanctify the mind, and make us fit for, and capable of enjoying it. But all these blessings flow from Christ’s satisfaction to Divine justice, so that ‘God is just and the Justifier of the sinner that believeth in Jesus.’ My dear friend, how I long for you richly to experience the two distinct fruits of Christ’s work, our justification

through his blood as the foundation of our hope, and the Spirit's work in us, as the evidence that we are building on that only foundation. Your poor mind still seems so confused and unsettled, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing; but this ought not to be. We are either converted or unconverted; and we must not be satisfied in uncertainty which of these is our state, when heaven or hell is the result. We are exhorted to give all diligence, to make our election sure; to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, not to merit salvation, but by the diligent use of every means of grace, watchfulness, humility, leaning on God, resisting sin, fighting against temptation, and above all by prayerful study of our Guide Book, the Bible, to strive for our salvation, and against every thing that would impede it. You must not rest till you are reconciled to God; for His reconciliation to man is of no avail, while the sinful heart is practically at enmity with Him. The riches of His grace and love are displayed in the amazing work of redemption, which removes the barrier to man's salvation, and how aggravated must that guilt be, which resists and trifles with such love, which can linger and hesitate to seize its rich offers.

My heart grieves to look back, and see how long I hesitated; desiring to be a Christian, but forgetting that I was a rebel and an enemy to God, so long as I was not one; I looked at my own happiness, and therefore desired to be a Christian, as the only way of being truly and eternally happy; but I thought not how I was a miracle of His forbearance while out of hell: that I deserved hell; that I had chosen sin, and rejected holiness; that I had no good thing in me, and that my utter destruction would be perfectly just and righteous. God's

mercy offered me salvation, but I did not think of it as such. It seemed a matter only between my happiness and me, quite independent of God's honor; and this, I fear, is much your own state of mind, which makes me very intensely anxious that you should pray much for your eyes to be opened by the Spirit of God. Such will be the Christian's prayer all the way to heaven, and how needful it is in first starting. Our eagerness in pursuit of any object depends upon the value we set on it, and till we know its worth, our zeal and expectation of success are not likely to be great. Look at wrestling Jacob, and do likewise, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' I was much interested in last Sunday's Collect, 'O, Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, grant unto thy people that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.' Do mark it, and use it; I refer particularly to desiring what God has promised. I think God's promises are so apt to be overlooked by the seeker, whereas we should make ourselves familiar with them all, and use them as pleas in our prayers. Do, my dear friend, search your Bible, that you may be conversant with its sweet and gracious encouragements. As you read, copy every promise you meet with, and make one or more the subject of thought and prayer through the day; we dishonor God by undervaluing His promises, for none could be offered us but through the work and mediation of Christ, and every hope and promise is the purchase of His most precious

blood. I long to see you rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and enjoying that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' because that 'shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.' God's 'peace' is not a mere sentiment, but an influential principle, 'keeping the heart and mind' from sin and in holiness. We can judge whether the peace we possess is true or false, by its influence. Whatever comes from God tends to God, and that only which separates us from sin, and conforms our will and conduct to God, comes from Him.

"Oh! be in earnest, my dear friend; you must not yield to this listlessness and inactivity. I carefully shun it while suffering pain and weakness, because I consider it my enemy; how much more should you determine against it, when it is natural to you, because the least weakness or illness would make you a burden to yourself and others. I wish I could take you out of bed; while you allow yourself to sleep, when you should be communing with God, and laying in stores of grace and knowledge to meet the circumstances of the day, you must not expect to have the evidence that you are a child of God, for you put away the means of returning to Him by self-indulgence, and, must I say it, idleness! I speak honestly, because I feel deeply anxious about you, and utter most earnest prayer and desires for your speedy decision for God."

When some, to whom she had been useful, felt their hope of her restoration begin to expire, and that they were to be permanently deprived of her services, their grief was expressed, as she thought, in too strong terms, which exhibited a want of submission to the Divine will, and reflected on the love and wisdom of God. In reply to one of her spiritual children she turns comforter, and

thus inculcates acceptance of her Father's discipline :

“Marina, May 25th, 1847.

“ I feel, my dear child, as if I had no right to the endearing title of teacher now, except from the remembrance of past happy days. I have learnt some of my sweetest lessons in my beloved class, and the last subjects we had have peculiarly comforted my mind throughout my late affliction. How delightful are the discoveries of the Divine character in the offices of the triune God, and how sweet to be permitted to say, ‘ This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.’—‘ This God is our God, for ever and ever.’ God’s greatest promise to Abraham was, ‘ I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee.’ And this also is the New Testament promise ; happy are we, my child, though every earthly joy were withdrawn. While he is our God why mourn the loss of the poor little murmuring stream, that once brought to your feet some few refreshing drops from the fountain. You have the fountain itself, unmixed with human errors and infirmities ; we ought to prize even the dew-drop, which our Father so graciously sends to refresh and help us in our weary pilgrimage, but we must receive it as a dew-drop only, not as the stream from whence we are to draw our strength for the way. Welcome every appointment of your loving Father’s hand. If you feel it a trial to be without your old friend, when I have furnished you (or rather, God has) with so experienced and superior a substitute, what must I feel, thus laid aside from all my most beloved occupations, truly, as far as I can see, ‘ a cumberer of the ground,’ panting to employ my little energy for Him who loved me and died for

me, but suffering serious relapse, directly I make an effort. This requires the full exercise of that faith I have recommended to others, to believe that all these things are working together for good, and are God's method for glorifying himself. I know He is working while I am still, and He is crossing my desires to prepare me for that perfect rejoicing in His will, which is found only in heaven, but which we must labor and pray for here. I cannot wish for any thing besides my Lord's will now, but there I shall fully rejoice in it all. Now, my child, as you know you will in heaven rejoice in this trial, seek to discern the lovely character of God more, that you may rejoice, not in the thing itself, but in God's appointments; however dark they seem now, it is because we know so little both of God and of His designs; as we grow in grace, we must grow in 'the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ;' and as we advance in the true knowledge of Him every other grace advances, and our whole life, character and example, prove whose we are, and for whom we are living. Let us keep heaven in view as our home, and then we shall prize every means our Father sends to help us on our way thither. Give my most affectionate love to my beloved friends in the class."

Mrs. Sherman had sojourned nearly two months at St. Leonard's, and her active mind, amidst much depression and weakness, had found ample employment. One of her efforts while there may be specially mentioned. The Countess S., of Weistricht, in Silesia, begged her to interest herself in finding an English lady, who would be a companion to her, and at the same time, conduct the instruction of her child. With an energy which would have honored a person in health and comfort, she

wrote numerous letters to friends, to assist her in this selection. The distance from England, and the residence in a foreign land, though presenting many advantages, were formidable difficulties, which, after some had accepted the situation, caused them to alter their minds, and decline it. In two cases, every thing was arranged for the departure, but relatives interfered, and broke the engagement. Still she pursued her task as if she was seeking a benefit to herself, and did not cease till she sent the Countess a lady, whose piety and talents have justified her hopes and efforts.

As the spring advanced, a change was again thought desirable, and she removed to London on the 4th of June, 1847. There was every reason to fear that no radical improvement had taken place in her symptoms; the visit to the sea had yielded refreshment, and the dark cloud upon her mind was not so dense as it had been; still, the disease was progressing with slow but certain steps. She bore the journey with comparative ease, and her "own dear home" was the sweeter for her brief absence. Many hearts were gladdened by her return; her very presence at the Parsonage not only delighted its inmates, but cast an air of melancholy pleasure over the congregation; for all felt that a dear friend, though an invalid, was among them. When her cough permitted her to attend worship—to catch a glance at her cheerful face as she sat in the vestry, or as she passed to the house after the service was concluded, was considered by many, especially by her classes, as an additional Sabbath joy; and as long as she was able to show herself among them, hope lingered as to her final restoration. Her weakness was, however, excessive, and on some days occasioned the most pitiable exhaustion; yet,

as soon as she rallied, some work of mercy engaged her Christlike mind.

A person who acknowledged Mrs. Sherman had begotten her in Christ, by the gospel, and concerning whose spiritual welfare she was much interested, sent her a letter, in which she attributed unchristian motives to an excellent clergyman, because he thought it best to enlarge the parish church, rather than build a district church, which she and some others of the parishioners preferred. She was not only offended at his conduct, but placed it among the inconsistencies of Christians, which kept her and others back from a more public decision for Christ. To that friend the following judicious advice was sent :

“Surrey Parsonage, June 29th, 1847.

“Your last note, my dear friend, has given me much anxiety on your account, as the spirit of complaint and judging which it breathes, is not only unlovely, but appears to interfere with your own decision for God. How I wish I could talk with you on the subject: it is so difficult to express my meaning on paper, especially in this time of weakness; but I must try what I can do, and you must have patience with me while I differ from you. In the first place, I think your impugning your minister’s intentions very wrong, as you cannot say that you are sure his motives are the love of money. I think, from what I hear, the fear of a Puseyite filling the pulpit is more correct; but this he must not announce, as it necessarily reflects on that system which involves such a possibility: there is, at any rate, much reason in his preference of an enlargement of a small church to the erection of a new one, with the possibility of error, instead

of the pure gospel, proceeding from its minister. But supposing that you really have the power to discern the motives of Mr. C., and suppose he is even worse than you represent him, what has that to do with the truth itself? Suppose ninety out of every hundred professed Christians dishonored their profession, and 'went back and walked no more with' Jesus, could their iniquity touch Him, or weaken the stability of His truth? O! how miserable would the Christian's hope be, if even the whole world, combined with Satan and his angels, could touch or shake its deep-laid, its eternal foundation! All are against God by nature, and if their enmity could weaken the efficacy of Christ's complete work of redemption, or its blest results, God would Himself (I speak with reverence,) cease to be God: if there be a greater in power, He cannot be God. Think what is involved in your being discouraged, because of an uncharitable impression against another; can you ever have laid hold on Christ as the only and the all-sufficient Refuge of your sin-ruined soul, if such a puff can blow your little bark from its safe moorings? Something is fearfully wanting, my dear friend, or it could not be: while you are judging another's motives, time is hastening you on to that moment, when the bark that is not firmly cabled and anchored on the Rock of Ages, shall be utterly destroyed in the storm of Divine wrath, which shall visit the world of the ungodly. Oh, my dear friend, I weep while I write, and fear it possible that you are yet without Christ—this impression of Mr. C.'s conduct is a test applied to your faith, and can you not bear so slight a one? How then could you bear the probable scoffs of the world, when you take up your cross and come out from it

to follow Jesus! Has His love no room in the heart? can you question its manifestation with such glorious proofs all around you? Remember our Savior's rebuke to Peter's curiosity—"What is that to thee; follow thou me;" and what would he say, when you make a stumbling block for yourself out of nothing; for even if you are correct, what can it be to you beyond Christian sympathy for an offender? You must know in whom you believe, and why you believe, or you will not only be destitute of all 'peace and joy in believing,' but bring a far more fearful dishonor on your profession than even the poor accused one. Pray, pray much for deliverance from this sad instability, which can only injure and 'never excel.' Read and 'search the Scriptures,' that your mind may be more enlightened 'in knowledge and in all love,' that you may 'adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things.'"

Country air was soon found to be necessary, and the dear invalid, at the beginning of July, repaired to her honored father's charming abode at Enfield, anticipating that in the autumn a continental tour would aid her recovery; she alludes to this design in the following extract.

"I am really very poorly, and so faint, that every effort seems almost impracticable, and though I do try to rise above it, I fear Sunday evening services must be abandoned: I am very unwilling to believe they can injure, but the oppression I feel on my chest and lungs at the time, and the prostration of strength afterwards, compel me to acknowledge I am hastening the progress of disease by attending them. My precious friend how humiliating it is, to find the tabernacle which must soon be taken down, so powerful an impediment to the

progress of its immortal inhabitant, is it not? When I can for a moment look beyond 'the things which are seen,' the beloved ones on earth, I long to be 'with Christ,' no more dishonoring and grieving him, but bearing his perfect likeness, and serving him without interruption, or weakness, or sin. But if assured that this shall at last be my joy, how light every disappointment becomes; it is even my choice sometimes, (I would it were always so,) because there are great and gracious purposes in the Divine mind, which by this means are to be accomplished, and any trial is more welcome than the failure of one of his designs; they are as his character—love, faithfulness and truth. Even if others, not myself, are to gain the benefit, it amply repays for the present trial."

The elevated state of peaceful submission and entire confidence in her heavenly Father's love, is delightfully exemplified in the sentiments extracted from a letter sent to a dear young friend in Lancashire.

"Clay Hill, July 10th, 1847.

"Though my correspondence has been, and is likely to be, almost entirely prohibited, I cannot extend that prohibition to you, my dear friend. Delay you will not interpret as indifference, and therefore when I can venture to break my rules, it shall be on your behalf. I am here! I sunk so rapidly in London, that I was obliged to take flight, though I really believe the atmosphere had much less to do with it than the circumstances and unavoidable excitements. I rejoice to hear you are better, and I almost envy you the privileges now so impracticable for me, of telling others of a Savior's love. The cough and its attendants invaria-

bly increase with talking, and, consequently, I am scarcely allowed to see any one. This I feel the severest part of my present trial, as it seems so difficult to glorify God in such perfect retirement. He sees and marks the spirit with which I bear His holy will, but I cannot stimulate others, either by passive example, or by testifying of His love, when only with my little circle of home. They see me always, and what I would tell, I have often told them before, so that I think even were my spirit all it should be, they would not gain equal benefit with others, who might only occasionally visit me; do not you think this is generally true? But though even prohibited from long intercourse with my precious children, which is a very keen trial, yet I think my heart approves of it, because my Father does it; and He has infinitely wise and loving purposes to accomplish, which, if I could see and understand now, it would make me long for the very trials from which I shrink. It is sweet to trust a faithful Father; and that exercise of mind to which He calls us, when we cannot see what He is working, is sometimes, in the hands of the Spirit of Love, the very choicest blessing to the soul. Every fresh exercise of trust and confidence in Him, strengthens and prepares for yet stronger confidence, for greater joy in the Lord, for more unbroken 'peace in believing;' and what a boon this is! to feel earthly and laudable sources of enjoyment receding from our touch, yet our happiness not only undiminished, but growing exceedingly in degree and in kind, by realizing how entirely independent it is of all created sources, how immediately from the Fountain—God—and we are so prone, after all, to cling to some earthly thing, which, even if a spirit-

ual and hallowed thing in itself, yet becomes a snare, by the tenacity with which we hold it, so that our Father's love often takes from us even this, lest a rival, though a holy one, enter the heart with Him. The fullness of His love can never be understood till no rival is there—till He has the sole sovereignty, without a thought of another; and to secure this unutterable joy, He sends trial upon trial, to wean us from the beloved, but too engrossing object, that we 'may be filled with all the fullness of God.'

"How I should love to join you at —, but I am not now well enough to bear a journey. We intended to spend part of July and all August on the Continent, but there is no prospect of my removing from Enfield. I am better, and by keeping perfectly quiet I hope soon to do comfortably again; if not, I am quite satisfied. Yes, through the riches of His grace we know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded &c., &c. Who are we that we should be thus happy, while so many in our own circle are fearing to appropriate the great salvation? What a debt we owe, and who can pay it? 'Eternity's too short to utter all His praise.'"

It was customary, when any member left her class to be a teacher, to take with her the credentials of her instructress, and often a letter of advice and encouragement. A young person, who had devoted some of her Sabbath evenings in one of the Ragged Schools belonging to Surrey Chapel, wrote to ask her sanction to become a teacher, morning and afternoon, in another Sunday-School. The following extract will serve as a specimen of such precious epistles:

“Clay Hill, August 16th, 1847.

“I have always pleasure in my dear young friends leaving the class to be teachers, as the prominent design of its formation is to qualify young persons for the office, by cultivating an increased knowledge of the Scriptures, not only in the letter but in the spirit, and by this instrumentality, accompanied with Divine influence, to form and advance the Christian character, and to fit them to be laborers in God’s vineyard, that they may tell others the way to eternal life, which they have found themselves. Now, my dear child, you are entering on new and solemn responsibilities; you have spoken, probably, for the last time to your class at Jurston Street—how will you meet those precious souls at the last day? Are you clear of their blood? Have you earnestly, prayerfully, sought nothing less than their salvation? Follow up those past efforts with constant prayer, and do not allow yourself to think you have done with them. No: there is a sort of sacred tie between the teacher and the taught which nothing can destroy, and which eternity will develope in all its solemnity. I feel this deeply myself, and naturally wish you to feel it too, but more profitably than I have done. You are now going to meet other minds, to whom you have the same message to carry, that ‘Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;’ think of all the points in which you were deficient as a teacher at Jurston Street, and direct your efforts to correct them, and with earnest prayer and never-tiring diligence, labor to be an example to teachers and scholars, and especially to your own class, of eminent practical piety; let it shine, not only on the Sabbath or in religious exercises, but at all

times, in every look and habit, whether seen by others or not. The Christian character is moulded more by little than by great things, and the habits of the Christian have much to do with his progress, either for good or evil. Cultivate habits of constant communion with God; associate them with every thing you do; this will check sinful inclinations, injurious reading, and companions, as well as other evils, and render the common things of life blessings to your soul. Thus, your real practical piety will grow, and will render you an efficient teacher of others. Let nothing tempt you to neglect preparing for your class; never offer to God that which costs you nothing; your interest in your work much depends on this, and your intelligence also; you will feel increased interest in the truth itself by applying your mind prayerfully to understand it. Ever strive to make the way of salvation clear to the mind of every child; Christ, and Him crucified, risen, and glorified, is the foundation, without which no piety can be expected to arise. He is our hope, and every motive to holiness and obedience flows from hence. 'We love Him because He first loved us.' "

One of the members of her Sunday class was called into eternity after a brief illness; this event inspired her with new strength to seize the favored opportunity to produce suitable impressions on the minds of the living. It seems written with eternity full in view, and as it was the last document which they received from the pen of their precious teacher, it will be to the members a permanent testimony of her faithful love, and continued longing for their salvation, while ability existed to express it.

“Clay Hill, August 17th, 1847.

“MY BELOVED FRIENDS,

“It seems to me a very long time since I had the pleasure of writing to you, but it is an occupation so exhausting to my strength, that though I would risk the suffering for the hope of usefulness, my dear kind friends interfered and forbade the attempt; but I can wait no longer, and therefore hoping for the best, and intending to write very little, I set to work with a heart so full, that neither time nor paper will satisfy me. Perhaps you think, I am old enough to act without the control of friends. I might do so perhaps, but our Savior, remember, ‘pleased not Himself;’ His will was not His rule, as it is with too many of us naturally; but when the grace of God renews the mind, all the principles of action are reversed, and instead of first seeking to please ourselves, and then, if it give us no trouble, or be to our own interest, pleasing others, the rule now is love, self is cast down like Dagon before the Ark, and the first enquiry is, How can I please God? then, How can I please those around me? and there is far more happiness in making a great sacrifice of our own inclinations for the pleasure of another, than the most selfish being ever gained by making every thing give way to please himself. Where love to God and man is implanted in the heart by the Holy Spirit’s blest influences, we scarcely need be reminded, that we are ‘not to please ourselves,’ for the lovely catalogue of graces described so repeatedly in the Scriptures, (and which I should ask you to refresh me by reading to me this moment, if you were by my side,) necessarily spring up one after the other, as we ‘grow in grace,’ till we bear the lovely, though, but faint image of our incarnate Lord. I

am sure, you are all too well instructed to mistake my meaning, and to suppose this touches your decision for Christ when that is opposed; No: to give up Christ to please others, would not be following the principle of love—which would make you ready to relinquish your personal ease or gratification for another. The one will make you a blessing in your family, and contribute to every one's comfort: the other would make you despicable in the eyes of those whom you seek to please at such a price, and oh! how utterly despised in the sight of God!

“My beloved friends, I believe many of you have around you those who spare no pains to draw you from Christ, and will you listen to such cruel soul-destroying *friends*, falsely so called? The apostle describes the depths of misery in which the natural mind is, by that most striking and comprehensive statement, ‘without Christ,’ ‘without God,’ and ‘without hope;’ and while He waits to be your eternal portion, and offers Himself to you, will you gratify a miserable lost fellow-sinner by yielding to the advice which must be his eternal ruin as well as yours, if followed? No; I dare not believe that you have to so little purpose heard of the ‘height and depth, and length and breadth of love’ to you—of the joys which far outweigh the crosses of His service—of the supplies of grace from Himself, proportioned to every degree of your need which He has promised so many times, and bestowed upon many whom you know—of the sense of His unseen presence here, and of His immediate and eternal presence in heaven, to which His Spirit is to be your constant Guide and Teacher; and besides these, the unnumbered supplies of blessings to even the very meanest and feeblest of His flock—with

all these so frequently brought before you, can you be tempted to forsake Him to please a worldly friend, one who is an enemy to Him, and as certainly to you? Read that beautiful hymn, beginning, 'When any turn from Zion's way,' and resolve, not in your own strength, but in His, that you will 'come out from among' those companions who would entice you from Him, either by influence or example; but if your own family, and those with whom your duty bids you live, entice—fear not, God is on your side: He knows the most minute circumstance that occurs. He has in kindness and faithfulness put you into this fiery furnace to try your love; to purge away the dross and sin which interrupt the formation of His image in your souls, and He sits by watching the progress of this refining process. It is often the means He employs to fit for eminent usefulness in His church, and when He sees His own image reflected in you, your will moulded into His, your love of sin and self eradicated, and holiness your joy, then the precious one in His sight will be not another moment in the furnace. Therefore, instead of weeping, and sometimes I fear repining, at your distressing position, rather weep that you are so slow to get the blessing He is working for you; take courage, and seek to win your persecutors to Jesus, by the heavenly and Christ-like spirit with which you bear their opposition; thus you may bring honor to your Savior at least, if not salvation eventually to them.

"I could write much more than my paper or strength would allow on this point, but I must now refer to the solemn event which has suddenly removed from your number one so young, lovely, and apparently strong and healthy. Death has rarely visited that dear class, and who shall be the next?

is an enquiry for each : or rather, How shall I meet God, should I be the next ? It is not for us to pass judgment on the dead ; perhaps, were it ours to do so, she was one more than usually difficult to describe, as to the state in which death met her. She had many struggles with a worldly heart, and through the faithful and continual efforts of one of your number, she at times seemed almost a Christian, conscious, apparently, that she could never be happy till she had renounced her vain pleasures and worldly character, yet too little affected with the awful character of sin in the sight of God, either to repent of it or to prize the great and only atonement ; had she seen these points aright, by the Spirit of God, we know she could not have wavered between Christ and the world. It is from our not feeling the awful evil of sin, that we do not prize the precious work of Christ for our redemption ; and the mind is either quite undecided for God, or if His service be chosen, piety is but a very feeble spark, bringing little or no glory to Him. Oh ! my beloved friends, bring not a divided heart to such a Friend and Savior : He demands, not only by His authority and right, but by His immeasurable love to you, all your heart ; ‘ present your whole spirit, soul and body, a living sacrifice to Him,’ and when you have given up all, even if you were called to such a sacrifice, what have you done for such a Savior ? and what have you lost, compared with what you have gained in possessing Him and His great salvation ? Oh ! aim at exalted piety, at eminent holiness, at extensive usefulness, you who bear the Christian name ; and you who are not His, oh ! think how death seized your friend, (we sometimes fear, though we cannot bear the thought,) while hesitating ; there is no middle

state before God. She was in Christ, and eternally safe, or (dreadful thought) 'without Christ and without hope;' and can you wait another moment without an earnest prayer, while hearing this letter, that you may rather be destitute of home, of food, of friends, of everything necessary to your existence, than without Christ.

"By every argument of which love can conceive, I would implore each of you to make the decision this moment, that you will 'give God no rest, until He has made you His child, and till you may call Him your Father, your 'own God.' Send your mental prayer to Him before you go home; there get by yourself, and tell Him, without disguise, how entirely insensible you are to your state in His sight, and that you do not value Christ or his salvation in consequence; tell Him how this aggravates your guilt, and that therefore you the more need His help. Remind Him that you are the very character 'He came to seek and to save,' — 'lost' — 'them that are lost;' this one word exactly describes your state, and were this the only encouragement in the Bible to seek Him, it would be enough; but you can find unnumbered passages of the same gracious character. Well, tell Him this: tell Him, His obedience and atoning death have satisfied Divine Justice, so that God can now pardon and accept you for His sake, though not for your own. Tell Him, His resurrection, ascension, intercession at the right hand of God, and His gift of the Holy Spirit, prove this blessed fact, and have done so ever since He rose. He is far more willing to save you than you are to be saved, and He beseeches you, by His ministers, and by His providences, to be reconciled to God.' How easily you yield when a fellow-creature beseeches you, and

sometimes sadly to your injury. And can you refuse eternal happiness through forgiveness, reconciliation to God, and deliverance from sin, misery, and hell? My beloved friends, perhaps we may never meet again on earth, but certainly we shall meet at that great day, when you and I must give account of ourselves to God. If you refuse and neglect the offered deliverance 'from the wrath to come,' your reason must be given, and then your awful sentence, 'Depart ye cursed.' Ask yourself now, why you are not Christ's, and compel yourself to answer; and then, surely, your madness will appear to yourself, and you will flee to Him, to emancipate you from the fetters which bind your reason, your soul, to your eternal ruin. My beloved friends, holiness is the joy of heaven: 'follow after holiness,' without one exception among you, and this shall give greater joy to the angels around the Throne, than even to her whose anxieties, hopes, and fears, have dictated this long letter.

Your ever affectionate, attached friend,

"MARTHA SHERMAN."

The last written proof of her joy at the increase of means of grace for the young, in connection with Surrey Chapel, is a note to Mr. Hadland, on the formation of a select class, meeting in the classroom on Sabbath afternoons, for the female children of respectable families in the congregation, which a young lady of eminent piety and suitable education had consented to superintend, and to which she sent her daughter as one of the first pupils.

"As writing is painful to me, I am sure, my dear sir, you will excuse me for expressing in few words, my heartfelt joy at the proposal in your note, and my earnest desire that the parents will

not allow trifling impediments or inconvenience, to deprive their little ones of the long needed privileges now offered them. Three years ago the subject was suggested by yourself, I think, and I had lamented that no practical arrangement followed. Now I trust the time is come, and God is about to answer the many prayers of His people for an increase of family religion among us, by fulfilling His word, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' "

"Clay Hill, Sept. 30th, 1847."

As the winter approached, a warmer atmosphere became necessary for her comfort, and she removed, accompanied by her family, to Hastings, where the loving kindness of her Heavenly Father was signally manifested. She now felt that the ascent of a few stairs required greater exertion than she could make, her little remaining strength declined daily; but that which gladdened the heart of her husband, and made her path to the tomb smoother, was the removal of the mental darkness, and the return of the joys of God's salvation. On Christmas day, four days after her arrival, in the last note she was permitted to write, she states her grief that her spirit was still clouded.

"As to your affectionate hope for the future, we must leave that to Him who is able to heal, if it be His gracious will; and though I strongly cling to life, I cannot desire it for one moment, if He see my removal better. I can leave it in His hands, I think cheerfully; notwithstanding the dismal doubts that harass me. My mind is really a mass of contradictions, and I cannot understand myself. Oh, how blissful will it be, if all be found right at last! but my poor spirit is much oppressed: may I not

be left to dishonor my best Friend in this time of the hidings of His blessed face from me!"

On the Wednesday in the following week, her husband, who came to London on Saturday, for the duties of his charge returned to Hastings, and found the mind of the precious invalid still overwhelmed. After she had retired to rest, he went into her chamber to commend her to God, and to comfort her troubled heart with the promises of His faithful word. It was a night much to be remembered; the spirit of prayer was poured out, and the words of Scripture pleaded in faith, were applied by the Spirit of God to her soul. After he rose from his knees, the first words from her lips that saluted his ear, were, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee, for thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." Relieved by a flood of tears, but without rapture or enthusiasm—calm as a summer's eve, after a shower of rain has refreshed the earth, and the clouds are brilliant with the glory of a setting sun—she began to trace the dealings of God with her soul, from the death of her sister to the present hour, in language beautifully simple but very affecting, and concluded her review by emphatically repeating:

"True I've been a foolish creature,
And have slighted oft His grace,
Yet forgiveness is His nature,
Even when He hides His face:
After so much mercy past,
Will He let me sink at last?"

To the enquiry whether talking did not distress

her, she replied—"Not at all; I am not excited, but relieved—my mind has never lost its hold of the atonement; all along the sufficiency of my Savior's merits has been my stay; the covenant of grace has appeared like the bow round the throne, representing God's glory and my security; but Satan, taking advantage of a weak body, has pressed a defect in my Christian conduct upon my spirit, when my faith was not lively enough to apply the blood of Christ for the pardon of that particular sin. But when you quoted that passage in your prayer, 'We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom *we have now received* the atonement,' light flashed on my mind, as if I had obtained a new idea—that while I had been recommending others to receive the atonement, rejoicing in its power to save them, and also welcoming it in my judgment as amply sufficient to remove all my guilt—I had not received it for the sin which oppressed me; and immediately, blessed be my Savior, I did receive it—saw the sin as black as ever, but the guilt gone, and I *can* now rejoice in God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Then in a celestial strain she pictured forth the glories of an unseen world, and especially its perfect holiness, and seemed borne on wings of faith and love into it. Carried away by the surprise and joy of the consecrated hour, the writer, overwhelmed as he was, found it impossible to retain in form the expressions which fell from her sanctified lips—but their savor will never be lost. When he rose to take leave, in order that she might have bodily rest, as she grasped his hand and bid him "good night," she lifted her joyous eyes to heaven, and said:

"Never let me go till I
Upborne on wings of love,

Join the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above.
Thou hast passed thy gracious word
That thou wilt bring me safely through,
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me Lord,
And never let me go."

The conversation of Moses and Elias on the Mount, concerning the things which Christ should accomplish at Jerusalem, it may be presumed was expressed in language and tones suited to the dignity of the glorious theme, and that this greatly helped to produce those emotions in the hearts of the disciples which led them to exclaim, "Lord, it is good to be here." And in this interview it was remarkably the case—with a countenance not naturally deficient in beauty, but now lighted up with intelligent persuasion of her Heavenly Father's love, her eyes brilliant by disease, now sparkling with conscious joy—her tongue, from which the law of kindness had never departed, now delivering, in tones of devotion and tenderness, and in language sublimely beautiful, descriptions of the merit of Christ's death and the glory into which it would introduce her—made an impression on the mind of the writer, of the place, the subject, and the blessedness of the righteous, which time can never efface: "Lord, it is good to be here," naturally rose from his heart, and found utterance in private, where a thank-offering was presented for the recent deliverance of the suffering disciple. It is remarkable that after an exertion so great, to one in extreme weakness, she had a better night's rest, and had more vigor for a few days than she had experienced for some time.

She was favored with repeated visits from the Rev. J. Davies, the Rev. J. Vores, and the Rev. C. D. Bell; the latter living near, was kind enough often to spend a short time with her in religious

exercises as she could bear them, and to lend his sermons at her request, parts of which were often read to her. He showed both the interest and affection of a Christian brother in her affliction: the Lord will reward him! She suggested to this excellent clergyman, the formation of a Bible class for young men, and the gratification with which she heard of the immediate adoption of her hint, was increased before she left Hastings, by intelligence that the class was increasing in numbers and interest.

On the 17th of January, 1848, she removed from White Rock to an exceedingly warm house in Wellington Square, which yielded more comforts to an invalid, and where the violence of the sea was scarcely heard or felt. Though a little revived by the change, it was clear to all, that the disease was now making greater progress, and of this she became more conscious, yet struggling against infirmity, to maintain her habits of early rising and independent action. At this crisis, the advice of Dr. Moore was sought, a physician who combines with great practical skill, a deep acquaintance with doctrinal and experimental religion, and who has a facility and tenderness of communicating it, which renders him invaluable to a pious invalid—nor less so to one who needs piety. To Mrs. Sherman his visits were blessings indeed, and his first prescription did more to mitigate suffering, and afford rest, than any medicine she had previously taken.

Few things were parted with more reluctantly than her little collecting books, containing lists of subscribers to the various societies: these she kept in her own hands till the very last; and, even when unable to write herself, notes were written by her amanuensis as her temporary substitute, either so-

liciting fresh donations, or the continuance of former subscriptions; so fondly did she cling to them, and so long did she apparently cherish the hope of again renewing active interest in them. A few days, however, before the final opinion of Dr. Moore was given of immediate danger, as if anticipating what that opinion would be, she desired that they might be brought to her, and arranging them before her, requested that letters might be written to several friends whom she named, bequeathing them as legacies to their care. A stranger entering the room at that moment would scarcely have noticed the slight and transient shade of sadness that passed over her brow as she gave this affecting commission, it was so slight, as only to be discernible by those who knew full well the inward struggle that had preceded that resolution, and so transient, as to disappear almost as soon as observed. Her collections for the Jews—the City Mission—the School for Missionaries' Children at Walthamstow, the Dorcas and Missionary Societies—were among those intended to be thus distributed, and though the sudden return of the family to London, prevented some of the letters from being written, it is believed that all to whom these several collections were transferred, consider them in the sacred light of a dying bequest. The case of an orphan for whose election into the Working School she was solicitous, and of an individual whose soul she had been instrumental in winning for her Savior, were also thus solemnly and earnestly commended to Christian friends.

The School of Industry, which Mr. Hill established for clothing and educating thirty girls, had from the commencement of her residence in London occupied much of her attentive regard, and it was

her anxious desire to resign her treasurership into hands which would sustain and advance its interests. Soon after her return to London, she sent for a dear friend and committed to her this special charge; it was accepted, and subsequent events have justified her hopes, for the continued prosperity of the school.

After Dr. Moore had paid her several visits, her husband, that he might judge better of her state, became anxious to learn his candid opinion, and enquired if he thought she had passed what was termed the second stage of the disease. His reply, in substance, instantly was, "Yes, she is now in the last stage, and may be removed suddenly and soon, though it is not improbable she may linger till April or May—home I consider the best place for her, to which she ought to return as quickly as possible." This opinion was expressed in great sympathy, but being very unexpected, it yielded to her relatives abundant sorrow.

On her husband now devolved the affecting duty of announcing to her, that the sickness was unto death. With many struggles between affection and fidelity to a promise previously made to her, he accomplished his painful task. The serenity with which she listened to the communication, and the joy with which she expressed that "it was quite a relief to her spirit," not only surprised him, but comforted his bleeding heart. She said, "Well, He who loved me, and saved my soul, can save and bless my husband and children; to His faithful hands I commend them," the tears gushed from her eyes—but recovering herself in a minute or two, she said, "Do not misunderstand my weeping, that is nature feeling the wrench from the objects of its

affection—but my nobler part says, I desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.”

Her friend, Miss Neele, thus records the circumstances which immediately followed this announcement:—“When I first saw her after Dr. Moore’s opinion of more immediate danger had been communicated to her, she was lying on the sofa in the drawing-room; as I slowly opened the door, she held out her arms to me, with a smile, as if to remove my hesitation, and though for a few moments the tear flowed silently down her cheek, she said, almost immediately, ‘When Mr. Sherman told me *all*, I felt conscious that neither heart nor pulse moved more quickly, in the least.’ I said, ‘Perhaps it was not such a surprise to you; I dare say you were better prepared to receive the intelligence than we were.’ She answered, ‘No, I was not at all prepared—I had given up all expectation of ever being well again, but I had no idea that I should leave you so soon.’ Thus, ‘perfect peace’ within, produced perfect calmness without; and as ‘Love begets love,’ so calmness produced calmness; and when she subsequently dictated, with unruffled and even cheerful composure, various arrangements which she wished made after her decease, it was scarcely possible for those around her to feel agitated, though often themselves wondering how they could be so calm, while watching the gradual decay of one so beloved.”

On February 13th, she left Hastings for the Parsonage, and arrived there far less fatigued than could have been anticipated from her great weakness; never more to leave it till carried to “the house appointed for all living.”

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

IMMEDIATELY after Mrs. Sherman's return to her beloved home, she began to set her house in order, as one expecting soon to leave it. With regard to herself, every thing had long been ready, and she but waited the Master's summons to enter into his service in the upper sanctuary; but there were arrangements with respect to others, which she was desirous of having carried into execution before her decease. Her heart was much set on seeing once more those friends with whom she had prayed and labored, and on bidding them farewell—yet her weakness was such, that her medical attendants feared the excitement which such numbers would occasion, especially as both the visitors and the invalid were likely to be much affected with the interview. She overruled the objection, by assuring them that the excitement would be trifling, compared with the refreshment it would afford her spirit, and that as her recovery was now past all reasonable hope, she could not resist the gratification it would be to herself, and to her associates and classes. Anticipating also that the Savior might call her suddenly to himself, that as her disease increased in power, her weakness would be proportionably greater, and that if the present opportunity were not seized, she might be unable to see them at all, she determined on meeting them as speedily as possible. Accordingly, on Lord's-day,

February 14th, when the Sunday afternoon class met, all its members were invited to come into the study, where reposing on a couch, she was waiting to receive them. Between forty and fifty young persons were introduced to her singly—each was welcomed with an inexpressibly sweet smile, and had a kind word addressed to her: and those among them who traced their conversion to her faithful labors, had a special sentence of warning and encouragement. Expecting to see her emaciated, and sinking almost unconscious into the arms of death, they were surprised to behold a countenance radiant with heavenly joy, and to hear words of life and salvation from lips anointed with grace. Each kissed her hand, and received from her a book as a dying gift. Her husband commended them to God in her presence, by a brief prayer.

On the next day, Monday, the mothers of the humbler class met in the school-room for their usual exercise, and were invited to come and take a last glance of the loving face, which had so oft welcomed them with smiles—cheered them in trouble, and instructed them in duty. As no previous notice had been given, they were taken by surprise, but their behavior on this occasion justified the dying saint's repeated observation, that only let the pious poor feel you take an interest in their welfare, without abridging their independence, and they will honor and love you. It was delightful to witness their tenderness, respect, and gratitude—the subdued tones in which they spoke to their benefactress, and the delicacy which they exhibited during the sad interview. Shaking the hand of each, and receiving the kiss of charity upon her own, she bade them farewell with a look of affec-

tionate regard, that will not be easily forgotten. Where special circumstances required, she addressed a few words suitable to the state of the mothers before her, which melted many hearts. Her husband delivered to them the dying charge of their friend and leader—to adhere to Christ and his service, to maintain their Maternal Association, and to meet her in glory! and then in a short prayer commended them also to God.

On Wednesday, the ladies, who had been accustomed to meet at her house once a month to talk over their common hope, and the best means of training their children for heaven, assembled by appointment for a similar purpose. When told that they were waiting to be introduced to her, and asked if she had any message, as she could with difficulty speak to them herself—she said, “I am afraid to say all I feel on the subject of these Maternal Associations, lest I should seem to undervalue any other society connected with the chapel, but I do think them of the first importance, and though I trust all will continue to flourish, I would rather any should decline than these.” She then added with energy, “Oh, tell the ladies never, never, never, to forsake the Maternal Associations.”

A record of this meeting and interview having been preserved by the secretary, it is here given.

“The members of the ‘Surrey Chapel Maternal Association,’ met in the Library on Wednesday, the 16th of February, 1848, and commenced worship by singing the two following verses:

“It is the Lord enthroned on high,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

It is the Lord. Should I distrust,
Or contradict His will?
Who cannot do but what is just.
And must be righteous still."

"One member read part of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel; another entreated the Savior's blessing on the solemn interview, a third read the forty-sixth Psalm. The secretary then supplicated a blessing on their beloved friend, and read the following address:

"We are met under circumstances of deep and solemn interest, every heart is sorrowing; a cloud is overshadowing us, which is but partially dispersed, by reason of our weak faith, only dimly discovering the bright light beyond us. It would be out of season and trifling, at such a moment as this, to dwell on the excellencies of our beloved and cherished friend, at whose request we have met. Her 'meekness of wisdom' has written on our hearts what words can but feebly express. We have often 'taken knowledge of her,' that she had been holding communion with her Savior, the fragrancy of His grace upon her spirit diffused itself around, and the refreshment made us glad. Now, it appears she is going home to her Lord, whom 'unseen' she has loved, and while our hearts must rejoice at her heavenly prospects, we can but be in heaviness at the chilling thought of separation. How difficult it is to resign her! How fondly we have cherished the hope in past days, when we thus met, that she would be restored to our prayers, and that we should have been permitted the 'dear delight' to journey on with our lovely companion a little further through the wilderness. It seems it must not be. She has summoned us to attend her (as we suppose,) on the banks of Jordan; she is

unrobing herself of mortality, and we look by faith over the deep, dark waters, and see the 'shining ones' on the other side, beckoning her across to the shore of blessedness. Shall we wish to detain her? O! selfish that we are, we would not trust our hearts to decide the question. It is, however, the privilege of the Christian, in the midst of expiring joys and scattered hopes, to extract treasures of experience and consolation. Let us, therefore, endeavor to gather some improvement and comfort even from the present solemn dispensation. Let us unite in fervent prayer, for a sanctified use of it. May we sincerely renew our covenant with God, and afresh consecrate ourselves to His service, particularly in our engagements in this society, so dear to the heart of our beloved friend. May we solemnly engage, as God shall give us grace to bring down blessings on her dear children, promised to believing prayer. Let our beloved pastor share our best sympathies, and our fervent supplications. We have reason to glorify God for His abounding goodness to His much honored servant. He has, indeed, drawn large consolations from the Fountain of all comfort, who has comforted him in all his tribulation, and has enabled him to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith he himself is comforted of God. Let us also continue to praise our Heavenly Father for His unabated mercies to our beloved friend, in keeping her mind in 'perfect peace,' and enabling her, in every changing scene, to trust in her unchanging God. What remains for us now but to pray that 'so an entrance may be ministered to her abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ;' and in the event of this being our final farewell on earth, how cheer-

ing is the thought, that though our best Friend has determined that we must part for a little season, He 'will leave our bond of union unbroken,' for ere long every member of the redeemed family shall be gathered by the Savior's call, and in accordance with His prayer, 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.' 'In His presence is fullness of joy,' and there shall our friendship be perfected, no infirmity there to impede its full exercise, or check its growth, for we shall be 'without fault, before the Throne of God.' Let us, therefore, 'comfort one another with these words.'

"After our dear friend Mrs. S—— had closed with prayer, we retired to the adjoining house, endeared to all of us by many sacred and sweet associations. Can we ever forget our interview in that chamber? 'Privileged,' indeed, it seemed, 'beyond the common walk of virtuous life, just on the verge of heaven.' The calm and heavenly expression of our lovely friend hushed our agitation; we beheld her taking firm hold of that 'anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil, whither our Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.' Yes!—

'Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure holds fast
The Christian's vessel, and defies the blast.'

Thus we parted with our dear friend, and after having received from her, through our honored

pastor, what she called her 'legacy,' to the band of Christian mothers, that is, her charge and trust of the Maternal Association, which she had formed, supported, and in which she had always expressed the most lively interest, to their care; our dear pastor commended us all to the care and guidance of God, and we 'returned,' we hope in a more prepared state than ever, 'to bless our households.' "

On Thursday, between thirty and forty of the young ladies belonging to the select class came also, to utter their adieu to their loving teacher. One of them wrote to her after the interview—"The legacy you have bequeathed to me, your 'collection for the Jews,' I receive with a heavy heart, not unwillingly or murmuringly, I hope, but with a consciousness of unworthiness and unfitness for the task. I consider you have conferred a great privilege on me, and I shall prize very highly these parting proofs of your affectionate regard. The meeting on Thursday can never be forgotten: may it have a lasting and beneficial effect on all. We then saw that true religion was not merely a profession, but a reality. My prayer has ever been, 'Lord, spare her,' yet the wish seems selfish to detain you from going home to your heavenly Father. The cheering thought that Jesus is the resurrection and the life, strengthens my faith, and enables me to look beyond the silent tomb, to the blissful state of those who are for ever with the Lord, knowing that if I am among his believing children, but a few years at most will separate us, and then we shall meet again where partings are unknown. May you have your heart's desire in meeting all your beloved class there! Many will then appear among the children whom God has given you, and though since you have been laid aside from active

usefulness, the thought may sometimes have arisen that you have been useless, God has in many instances, though perhaps unknown to you, blessed your instructions to others. Many a kind hint thrown out by you has been received, and the advice attended to. No one could ever mistake your earnestness and affection—your constant desire to win our souls to Christ. ‘We remember your sayings,’ and in looking back on the past, desire to feel grateful that we have been privileged with your example and kind instructions so long. Accept, my dearest friend, my best and sincere thanks for all your kindness to me; I have indeed been a favored child. I have always considered myself as one of your children, for it was in your class, ten years ago, that I first felt a desire to be the Lord’s. I owe much to you in other respects—in any difficulty, you were the first to encourage me; in undertaking any new and untried duties, the knowledge that I had my friend’s prayers, stimulated me to exertion when I began to feel weary and despair of success; and especially in winning the timid disciple, by setting forth religion in its sweetest aspects, and by the lovely exhibition in yourself of the Christian character. Farewell, dearest friend, may you still continue to enjoy much of your Savior’s presence and perfect peace in the prospect of death.”

The refreshment of a spiritual exposition of scripture, and a brief prayer, to an invalid, is well known by those who have been in a state of suffering. It was the privilege of her husband to be her daily minister, and morning and evening to seize the most favorable opportunities to conduct her tender spirit into the green pastures of the good Shepherd; but it was suggested to her that a visit

from some man of God might cheer and help her. She immediately said, "I have no special wish for any one—if Mr. George Clayton could spare a few minutes, I should like to hear his voice in prayer; his gentle manner would suit my weakness, and he is sure to say something to me about Christ, my gracious Master, and his salvation." An intimation of her wish was enough; the Rev. G. Clayton was with her the next day, and continued his kind attentions till prayer was exchanged for praise. The comfort she derived from these visits was indeed great, and she felt deeply her obligations to her sympathizing friend. The elders of the church, with whom she had for twelve years walked in harmonious co-operation, and who had ever shown a readiness to aid her in all her works of love to souls, were entreated by her, each in his turn, to come and commend her spirit to God. The Rev. Dr. Harris and the Rev. Newman Hall, also favored her with their counsels and prayers. The constant attentions and invaluable spiritual aid of her old friend, Miss Neele, were unspeakably delightful to the invalid. She often remarked how gracious her Savior had been to provide her such a companion in the season of sickness. To her memoranda the following pages are indebted for many circumstances and observations, which must otherwise have been wholly lost.

The Bible was the only book which she cared to hear read, except occasionally a hymn from the Invalid's hymn book, or her husband's selection, with which she was most familiar. At first she was guided as usual in her reading by the "Scripture Calendar," which she preferred to any other, because it arranged for the perusal of the New Testament and Psalms twice, and the Old Testament

once, in the course of the year; but now she said, "I think I may be allowed to pick and choose a chapter suited to my state," alluding to a remark which she had often made, that the whole Bible should be regularly read. The first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians might be called her favorite; she asked for it to be read more frequently than any other; the first and second chapters of Ephesians, and the eighth of Romans, with the thanksgiving Psalms, were also often selected.

After being in bed a short time, one evening, she said, "Oh! I am so comfortable—in perfect peace—I *do* realise that promise, 'Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee.' Now for a chapter—that sublime one which speaks of the hope laid up in heaven." When it had been read, she exclaimed, "Oh! I want a distiller, to distill all its sweetness—my poor mind cannot dwell long enough upon it to extract the joys it affords." Those words being quoted, "Ye have need of patience," she said, "That does not seem applicable to me—I mean I have so many mercies that my patience does not seem tried." On the next day, hearing the merriment of her children, in another room, her eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed, "Oh, that sweet prattle—those enchanting voices to a mother's ear." Thinking they were too noisy, her friend was leaving the room to induce them to be quiet, but she said, "Oh, don't check them, I love to hear their joyous notes when I can bear them; but I cannot help feeling a little anxious, because I fear there is some danger of the little one being spoiled—she will be such a pet." Of another, she said, "Oh, for some hopeful sign before I die!"

February 21st.—Was a day of comparative ease,

which allowed her to have a little more conversation with her husband and friend than her cough usually permitted. Her spirit seemed on the borders of the heavenly Canaan, looking in and returning every now and then to tell those around her of its blessedness. "I want to mention one subject," she said to her friend, "though I hardly like to do so, as perhaps such a thing may never be contemplated, but as there was an Obituary of dear mamma in the Evangelical Magazine, perhaps, as a minister's wife, there might be one of me, and it is so repugnant to my feelings." "Had you not better," said her friend, "leave that to the judgment of others—it will not hurt your feelings then." "Well," she replied, "there are no papers—not one. I kept a diary once, but I destroyed it, as the possibility of its ever being made public so completely spoiled the profit and comfort I derived from it, that I would not keep it—I felt it was no longer *only* between God and my own soul. It was chiefly a record of my sentiments before I was decided, and was very useful to me then. If there should be one, Oh, pray for a spirit of wisdom and judgment on the writer—else it will be such a partial account, dictated by a heart overflowing with love." On repeating that verse to her, "For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous, with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield," she remarked, "What a comfort to have no opposition from man, to have no human enemy, and even Satan seems hardly able to get at me, I have so many praying friends; but specially my Savior interceding for me."

Her husband read to her the following quaint, though beautiful hymn, of good Mr. Berridge:

"The Lord of the earth, to Adam allied.
Sends messengers forth to fetch Him a bride:

To many He chooseth His love to impart,
And none He refuseth who give Him their heart.

Strange marriage, indeed, for Heaven's fair King,
Yet Jesus will wed with any poor thing;
He liketh the maimed, the halt, and the blind,
The poor and defamed, the lowest in kind.

So, after the banns are publish'd below,
Comes joining of hands, with joined hearts too;
Then debts are discharged, though heavy they be
And she is enlarged, from bondage set free.

A rich wedding suit is to the bride brought,
Of love the sweet fruit, and by the King wrought;
With this he does cover her nakedness quite,
And deck her all over, as fair as the light.

A ring for the bride is from the King sent,
With jewels beside, to deck her heart meant;
With these she grows loving, and modest, and mild,
In good works improving, and seemeth a child.

Now, Christ is her song, her joy, and her hope;
She for Him will sigh, and long to look up;
And He from His tower peeps on her e'erwhile,
And tells His love to her, and drops her a smile.

At length the approach of wedding is come,
And, lo, a state-coach to fetch the bride home;
Kind angels are bringing her fast as she list,
And up she goes singing, Hosanna to Christ."

"Oh, that is exquisite—read that last verse again."
"But you did not expect to go up *singing*, did you?" "Yes, I did, though I was under a cloud—heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning—I know I shall go up singing—read it again."

On another evening, after much pain and exhaustion, "Oh, it is hard to get into bed without prayer: but He knows I would pray, if I could—my knees, in health, have bent with cheerfulness before him, my most hallowed joys have been in

the devotions of my closet—and the savor of that communion is not lost yet—but I can now only mentally cry, in brief sentences, for His help and favor.” Again, after a little pause, “I fear I do not feel that love to immortal souls which I ought—surely the nearer I get to heaven, the more I ought to feel for souls. If one scheme fails, love devises another, till it accomplishes its object—but I seem to do nothing for Christ and souls now. I am obliged to resolve all my difficulties into this appeal, ‘Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.’”

On the evening of February 24th, she fell asleep on the sofa, but was continually awaked by the cough. Upon being suddenly aroused by a distressing fit, she said, “Is it not strange, that no sooner do I drop asleep than the cough awakes me;” but added cheerfully, “it is only a trial of patience—I sometimes think my patience is not exercised, but the poor body does need it sometimes.” To a request that she would not destroy the notes of her class subjects, as she wished, and as she had almost all her other papers, she replied, “Oh, they are so defective, they contain little explanation of the great doctrines of the gospel—a reference and a hint were quite enough for me as a guide while speaking; my heart was so full of them, I knew I should not forget them—but I should not like my children, when they grow up, to think they were omitted by me. It is not the gospel if they are left out—it may be truth, but not ‘the truth as it is in Jesus’—not ‘glad tidings of great joy to all people.’ Usefulness to souls, which consists in biassing the mind of the hearer to heavenly things, so that they become natural to him, will never be effected but by the motives, doctrines, and in-

fluences of the gospel. This I conceive is what Christ means, when He says, 'Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.' "

February 25th was a day of extreme suffering—but during an interval of ease, her husband uttered a few words on Christ, as the way to the Father, and how safely and cheerfully afflicted spirits might take advantage of that appointed access. "Yes," she replied, "Old Berridge just describes my feelings on that very subject—

'Of Christ I chirp and sing,
And when He casts an eye,
I flutter up with brisker wing,
And warble in the sky.

Such is my pleasant task,
To sing of this sweet road;
And if the cause a stranger ask,
It is my *way* to God.' "

When laid down for rest at night, being asked what chapter she would like read, she whispered with all her remaining strength, "one of the beautiful psalms of praise."

March 2nd.—Her exhaustion was so great, that she thought death was approaching. The next day, when a little recovered, she said, "I thought it surely must be death; it was a solemn moment—a solemn moment indeed, but I was not agitated: I felt even then, that I had nothing to do but to commit myself to Christ, and it seemed quite easy and natural to do so." When a little refreshed by sleep, she began speaking of the illness from which her husband was at that time suffering. "It is such an unexpected trial, however, I must roll that on the Lord." Being reminded of the command, "In every thing by prayer and supplication, with

thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God," she replied, "Thanksgiving seems even more congenial to me, or perhaps I should say, more spontaneous, than prayer; I feel it specially on first waking. Just now, when I awoke, my heart seemed to go forth in praise, and I felt such confidence in God, when I thought of my dear husband's illness."

The next evening, her husband repeated a hymn which he had seen in the collection of the Rev. J. Gauntlett. On hearing it, she remarked, "That is sweetness itself—the most comprehensive hymn I ever heard for a dying Christian. You must repeat it to me till I can go through it without a mistake;" after a third repetition, she mastered the four verses, and almost every day, till her death, quoted the whole, or some verse. The hymn is as follows:—

"What is it for a saint to die,
That we the thought should fear?
'T is but to pass the heavenly sky,
And leave pollution here.

True, Jordan's stream is wondrous deep,
And Canaan's walls are high;
But He that guards us while we sleep,
*Will** guide us when we die.

A parting world, a gaping tomb,
Corruption and disease,
Are thorny paths to heaven, our home,
And doors to endless bliss!

Eternal glory just before,
And Jesus waiting there;
A heavenly gale to waft us o'er—
What have the saints to fear?"

* The word in the original hymn is "can," but she always used "will," and corrected others when they repeated "can."

It was found necessary, for the last three or four months, to administer an opiate almost daily, to procure rest at night, and she sometimes expressed a fear lest it should occasion her mind to wander: "Should I become irritable, or be permitted to say any thing inconsistent with the Christian profession, I hope all who know me will remember it is an infirmity, the effect of disease or medicine. Entreat my friends to pray, that if it be the will of God, my intellect may be preserved unclouded to the last." Her desire was fully granted, for just at this time God was pleased to direct her friends to Dr. Maclean, of Montague Square, who, in conjunction with her ordinary medical attendant, Mr. Newth, so judiciously administered the necessary opiates, and so carefully watched their operation, that, while unexpected relief was often obtained, the dreaded evil was never experienced. She frequently said how deeply she was indebted to her physician for his skill and kindness, and how earnestly she would have recommended him to others in similar circumstances, had her life been spared.

As she had for several months been denied the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper, she wished to have it administered to her privately, in communion with her own family and a few chosen friends; but in so large and affectionate a circle, it was found difficult to reduce the number sufficiently, as she was unable to bear the excitement of a large assembly. It was therefore determined to confine the little company to the members of her family, the elders of the church, the Rev. J. S. Eastmead, and the kind friend who had undertaken her young ladies' class. On March 16th, they assembled in the study, where she lay on a couch, and the visitors, seventeen in number, sat around

the room. That "upper room," no one who was present will ever forget. She had often expressed a desire to "hear that sweet hymn sung once more"—

"There is a happy land, far, far, away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.
Oh! how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring, praise, praise, for aye.

Come to this happy land, come, come, away;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
Oh! we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,
Lord we shall live with thee, blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land beams every eye,—
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
On then to glory run, be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun, reign, reign, for aye."

It was therefore suggested that some of the children from the Infant School should sing it, before the commencement of the sacramental service. They were placed in an adjoining room, whence their infantine voices, softened by distance, and subdued by the solemnity of the occasion, cheered without exciting the spirit of the precious invalid, so soon about to enter that "happy land," of which they so sweetly sung.

The address of dear Mr. Clayton, and his mode of conducting the whole service, were peculiarly appropriate, edifying, and affecting, and the delight she experienced, from the refreshment of soul, and the sensible enjoyment of her Savior's presence at the celebration of this feast of love, was much increased by the addition to the number of its guests, for the first time, of two of her servants, one of whom attributed her decision, to the exhibition of the power of religion to sustain and cheer in the hour of sickness, which she had witnessed

in her beloved mistress. When asked what arrangement she wished to be made, she answered, "Let that be left to Mr. Clayton, but there are two parts of the communion service which I should like to hear again; the prayer commencing 'We do not presume to come to this thy table trusting in our own righteousness;' and the anthems, beginning 'Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven,' and 'Glory be to God on high,' " &c., she added, "I hope all will join—I will, if I am able," and this she did in as audible a whisper as her weakness would allow. Her countenance was lightened with the sunshine of heaven, and she seemed (as she said after the service concluded,) as though she was but echoing the joyous notes of the angels and the spirits of the just made perfect. After a collection had been made in the room by her special request for the Lord's poor, which amounted to about twelve pounds, to be afterwards distributed by the elders among some objects which she especially selected—the little company separated to meet no more unitedly till they sat down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

March 18th.—One of her young friends who came to take leave of her, expecting only to shake hands without speaking, being surprised to find her looking so cheerful and animated, said, "I am glad to see you so well." The dear invalid answered with a smile—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

March 19th.—Was the Sabbath. After hearing the notes of the morning sermon, on 2 Sam. xxiii. 5,

read, she remarked, "Yes, I know the covenant is sure, and it is sure to me, and though I cannot always realize it, that does not alter its security. All these glorious things seem to carnal reason a dream, but they are not; I feel them to be heavenly realities."

March 26th.—The symptoms were very alarming, and immediate danger was apprehended, but towards evening she revived, and was cheerful as usual. When the family were at chapel she said, "I wonder whether I shall be here next Sunday. I am come to this point now—anticipation; whenever the message comes it will be welcome. The pins of the tabernacle must be taken out, and they are being removed very gently; how I shall rejoice when the last is pulled up and the tabernacle falls." Her friend replied, "What a blessing to meet the last enemy without fear." She immediately said, with great composure, "I have no fear, he is not an enemy, at least he has no power to hurt me." A friend remarking, "Well, there is not much to live for," with quickness she observed, "Oh, but I have much to live for. I have no sympathy with those who talk thus. I suppose I have had fewer crooks than they; my path has been such an unusually happy one; but should it not be a Christian's desire, if it be the will of God, to live, and glorify him by the spread of his truth? Since I have felt there was no hope of recovery, I have been wonderfully relieved from anxiety respecting the dear ones left behind. I cannot suffer myself to think much about them, but I know that He to whom I have committed my soul, will take care of them. My early removal is indeed a blight upon all our plans—is it not? I may say, 'I am cut off in the midst of my days,' we were so happy." Thus

showing that her composure did not arise from insensibility.

April 19th.—An old friend and former play-fellow called to take leave of her; in childhood and youth they had spent many, many happy days together, and the sight of him filled her eyes with tears; but she soon recovered, and said, “Oh, J——, tears are not often seen in my eyes, but I am so weak in body and mind now, I am scarcely able to speak to you; but I shall soon be where my tongue will be unloosed, and I shall serve my God without weakness, either of soul or body. Mind—be sure you meet me there.” Then, giving him “Christ on the Cross,” as a parting memorial, she added, “The Cross of Christ is all my support and hope. Oh, that I had a tongue to urge all to seek refuge there! Is it not a comfort to feel the sting of death removed?” The intelligent and manly traveller whom she thus pointedly addressed, was quite overcome, giving evidence by his emotion, that neither her words nor manner of uttering them had been lost on him. May all her wishes be realized. When he was gone she said, “I did not convey half my meaning—I wanted to exalt my Master more.” She usually dropped a word in season to each of her visitors and attendants, and when unable to do so, it was one of her greatest crosses. “I know,” she said, “I can say little worth being remembered, but a word which at another time might be thought little of, spoken by one under my circumstances, may make an impression and be remembered hereafter.”

21st.—Was Good Friday; when she awoke, perceiving her nurse standing by her bedside, she said, “Ah! this is a memorable day—our blessed Savior was crucified for us on this day. By His death He

has taken away the sting of death from me, and now it is a pleasure to look forward to it." She asked one, who had not seen her for several days, if she saw any alteration in her, receiving for answer, she did not; with a very significant nod and smile, she replied, "there is a very material alteration, I am so many days nearer home."

27th.—This being a day of increased pain and weariness, there was an expression of distress on her usually placid countenance which was very affecting to witness. A promise being whispered to her, immediately a sweet smile (the only sign of pleasure she was able to give) confirmed the beautiful sentiment of Cowper:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear."

On her friend expressing a wish that some resting-place could be contrived for her back, as she sat up wearied on the sofa, afraid to lie down, on account of the irritation of the cough, she replied, "I shall soon have one," and then looking up joyfully asked, evidently hoping to be answered in the affirmative—"Do you not think I *am* sinking now?"

28th.—She had often said, that the time which she most enjoyed was just before going to sleep, when the cough which was usually very troublesome, after first lying down in bed, was beginning to subside a little; but this afternoon she called her friend to her, and said, "I have had such a delightful time for thinking, so unusual during the day. My communion with my Lord, was sweet indeed. Who says that religion is not a reality? Oh, if they had enjoyed the precious promises of God, the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, and

the certainty of dwelling for ever in a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, because purchased by my Redeemer's blood, and prepared by his glorious residence—as I have done this day, they would say as I can, 'that which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled, declare we unto you.' I must say I was glad to hear that the expectoration was unfavorable, because I know it is a sign that the end is near. Do you think it is wrong to feel so? I have been examining, and I do not think it is. Oh, the thought of being soon freed from sin—it is too much—too overpowering. I do not think I wish death, to be released from suffering; though the flesh will shrink from that."

29th.—Was a day in which extreme weakness was experienced. When she heard the voice of her youngest child, she called her, and had her placed for a moment on her knees. Looking at her with inexpressible tenderness, she said, "Mamma is going to heaven—will my precious child meet me there?" The dear little creature replied with energy, "Yes, mamma," the answer awoke strong emotion, and prevented her from saying more.

May 10th.—The Annual Sermon for the London Missionary Society, was preached at Surrey Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Candlish. When her friend went to her in the morning, she was much exhausted for want of rest; after a little refreshing sleep, she said, "Read me about the covenant with Abraham and his seed, that I may feel encouraged about my precious children"—"Yes, there is my hope, 'I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee.' Surely, He has been a God to me!—Who, but He could have borne with me and helped me

till now—I will trust him for mine.” When that text was repeated, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,” she whispered something, which her friend thought was asking for a hymn, and went to fetch the book; but she repeated in a loud whisper, striking the bed to intimate a feeling she was unable to express—“He *never* will forsake me.” In the course of the morning, Toplady’s hymn was read, beginning, “When languor and disease invade,” &c. On coming to that verse:

“Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will bear my spirit up
To my eternal home.”

She said, “Ah! angels carried Rowland Hill’s spirit from this room. Will it not be an honor to be escorted into my Savior’s presence from the same spot?”

After the service, she expressed a wish, “to see dear Mr. James, of Birmingham, he was the instrument of bringing my husband to Surrey Chapel, his piety has always appeared to me very eminent, and God has signally owned his treatises, which have but one object, the winning of souls to our Divine Lord. I should like to shake him by the hand and hear his sanctified voice in prayer, before I meet him in heaven.” Mr. James came in, and thus describes his impressions.

“The interview which I was privileged myself to hold with Mrs. Sherman, about a week before her dismissal, was a scene to which I recollect no parallel, and which it is quite impossible for me either to forget or describe. Her countenance,

beautiful even in death, was lighted up with a smile, that looked rather like the joy which we can conceive illuminates the soul emerging from the cold stream of death, as a dreaded event that was over, than of one who was looking forward to it, as just at hand. It was not only a smile *in* death, but it was a smile *at* death. It was the morning of the Missionary Sermon in this place; when she could hear the sound of the organ, and the chorus of praise rising from the congregated host, and which in by-gone times she had helped to swell; she could hear the hum of voices, and the sounds of recognition and gratulation beneath her window, of the tribes that had come up to Zion; and there was she, in the chamber of sickness, on the bed of death, contrasting her situation with the gladsome circumstances of multitudes in all the vigor of life and the joyousness of health. If a momentary cloud, a passing gloom, had come over the spirit from such a contrast, who could have wondered? yea, who does not wonder that it did not? But it did not. The Sun of Righteousness in cloudless splendor shone upon her soul, which reflected his beams, in that—I repeat—most heavenly smile that I ever saw upon the countenance of any human being in life or death. She seemed standing within the precincts of glory; and the only thing that reminded me of mortality, was the wasted form, and the natural tear she dropt—but wiped it soon—which, though it glistened in her eye, still sparkling, did not for a moment interrupt the ineffable joy. I felt—yea, I said to her, ‘If this be dying, who would not lie down, and die with you, if they could die like you?’ She would have talked, if the strength of her body had been equal to the vigor of her soul; but every syllable she uttered was de-

scriptive of a 'peace that passeth understanding,' a 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Could such a scene as that be witnessed in public—as it must be witnessed to be known, for no words can describe it—Christianity would, one should suppose, then appear to all men a Divine reality, a heavenly plant, an eternal substance, and no man would have power or heart, except he were a demon, to say aught against it. Before that scene, the loftiest philosopher must be humbled, infidelity turn pale and silent, and folly and vice, for a brief season, become serious, and disposed to say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers.' "

May 14th.—One of the elders who visited her, stated that he could never forget the peculiar and inexpressible unction which accompanied the few sentences she was enabled to utter, which gave him the impression that heaven had indeed come down to her, and that she could not be far from it. One, he particularly records;—looking at him, as Mr. James describes—she said, "I am now lying at the foot of His cross, I shall soon stand before His throne." A cloud, though a bright one, seemed in the evening to rest upon her spirit—she was however able to converse with her husband; but how can he describe the interview—she was the comforter, and he the mourner. Her tongue dropped sentences like sweet-smelling myrrh to his afflicted spirit—her faith grasped the promises; and twice or thrice, adapting the action to the metaphor, she put some of them, which she repeated, into his hands, as a wife's legacy—"the words of a living and faithful God." Then looking forward to the "rising growth" of her children—she described Christ as taking first the eldest, and guiding her as

a lamb into his fold—saw her useful in teaching and gathering others to her Savior: then the little one, who, by her docility and tenderness during her affliction, had greatly endeared herself to her mother's heart, following her sister in the same happy course, "blessed and a blessing." A pause ensued—she appeared full of thought—the tears gushed from her eyes, and in tones of tenderest sympathy, she exclaimed, "O God! my son, my son—convert, save my son!"

Recovering herself and resuming her heavenly smile, she took her husband's hand, saying, "Thirteen years of more bliss has been granted to us than ordinarily falls to the lot of most, even of the children of God; we have had much to do for Christ, and that has made us happy; we have talked of His grace, united in His ordinances, and loved His service; my work, feeble as it has been, is done; but yours—the Lord lengthen your term of labor, for the sake of my babes!—may be extensive. Forgive a wife, if with her dying breath, she say, preach Christ and his salvation more fully, more conspicuously, more feelingly than ever. It has been, I know, your aim to exalt him all your life; but let your remaining efforts in the pulpit extol him and make him very high. I am sure I am very near death, and fearing I may not be able to speak when he comes, it has comforted me to tell you my heart. Do not weep—cheer up; Christ your Master will give you strength and grace, and we shall meet after a few short years to dwell in the full blaze of glory and immortality."

May 15th.—The Members of the London Missionary Society met at Surrey Chapel, to celebrate the death of Christ by partaking of the Lord's Supper; after the service, the Rev. D. J. Smith, of

Dublin, prayed with her, but her exhaustion was so great that she lay apparently unconscious to all around. About an hour afterwards, the Rev. James Parsons, of York, saw her; she had by that time so far recovered as to be able to whisper a few words in answer to questions which he proposed, and to attend to the petitions which he kindly offered. The next day she said, "the last hymn which they sang in the Chapel reminded me how they were engaged, and I felt I could join in spirit with them. Afterwards such joy was diffused through my soul that I cannot describe the sensation it produced. I seemed to be holding communion with a dear friend, whom I had not seen for some time, and the moments were so precious that even the presence of those good men was, at first, an interruption." Being told that the Rev. Mr. Smith concluded the service with a very impressive prayer, in which she was specially mentioned, she replied, "Was not the joy I felt at that very time, an immediate answer to that prayer? That promise was fulfilled in this instance, While they are yet speaking, I will hear."

On the 17th of May, it was evident that death was approaching, but to the surprise of all, she rallied again, and slept tolerably well during the night.

About twelve o'clock, on the 18th, no doubt could remain what the result must soon be. The first intimation of the actual approach of death, was given by the precious invalid herself. She took the hand of the nurse, smiled, and shook it, and beckoned the cook to come and receive the same token of affection. Then looking round for the housemaid, in whom for four years she had taken the deepest interest, she grasped her hand

when she entered the room with great emotion, and pointed upwards. The struggle for breath, the excessive pain in the side, and the convulsive agony of the whole frame were fearful; but the celestial joy within, surpassed the expectations of all the family, every member of which was present, except her venerable father. To the last, her intellect was unimpaired, and her speech sufficiently loud to be heard. The hour of death is always solemn—it was specially felt to be so on this occasion; and the fear was, lest any intrusive conversation should interrupt the communion, which it was evident her sanctified spirit was holding with her Redeemer. None doubted her safety, if she had not uttered a word, yet for the conviction of some, and the comfort of all, a few questions at intervals were put, the answers to which showed the stability of her hope. “The long looked-for hour is come, my dear,” said her husband. “It is,” she replied, “blessed be my Savior!” “You have long professed that Christ was precious—is He precious to you now?” Lifting up her almost fleshless arms and hands, like the wings of a bird ready to fly, she let them fall on the bed, and exclaimed, “Infinitely, infinitely!” “Have you, my precious one, any consciousness of the *immediate* presence of Jesus Christ?” Pausing for a moment, she replied, “No; I do not know what that is—my consciousness is the consciousness of faith. I know that He is with me, by the support and ineffable consolations He pours into my soul; but I shall soon know what it is, for I shall be with Him, and be like him.” “Then, like David, you can say you fear no evil in the dark valley.” She replied, “The valley is very long, but not dark—for He is with me in it—His rod and His staff com-

fort me!" "Then you can bear testimony to your children, that a life spent in the service of God is a most pleasant and profitable life?" As if making an effort beyond her strength to say something which her heart dictated, but finding it impossible, she again raised her arms as before, and replied with energy, "*I can! I can!*" "What now, when earth is vanishing, is your sole dependence for acceptance with God, at the great day?" "Only the perfect and finished righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ:

‘Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling.’”

Many other precious words and sentences fell from her lips; but these will suffice to show the fullness of her joy, and what an abundant entrance was given her into the kingdom of her God and Savior. At a little after three o'clock, she requested to be left with the servants, but in a few minutes the family were summoned to witness the last convulsive struggle with the enemy, which had just commenced, and at twenty minutes to four o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, May 18th, 1848, in the 42d year of her age, she fell asleep in Jesus.

Although the painful event had been long expected, its announcement produced general and sincere sorrow throughout the congregation and neighborhood, and to a large circle of friends, who evinced the tenderest sympathy for her bereaved husband and family. The funeral was appointed to take place on Thursday, May 25th, at Abney-park Cemetery, where the family vault is situated, and in which the remains of her beloved mother are deposited. A large number of persons, especially of the poor, assembled in the chapel-yard to wit-

ness the departure of the mournful procession, which left the parsonage at eleven o'clock. The hearse was followed by twelve mourning coaches, which contained the relatives of the deceased, the officiating ministers, the trustees, the elders of the church, and many of the most devoted friends connected with the congregation, next to these were four private carriages, sent by their owners, to show their affectionate esteem for the pastor's wife, in which were seated her children, a few female friends, and the servants of the family. As a mark of respect, many shops in the line of the cavalcade were closed, and tears were dropped from many spectators who had once witnessed her devoted zeal, or received help from her kind hand. On the arrival of the body at its earthly resting-place, the scene was peculiarly affecting: the poor women of the Maternal Association, over which the departed saint had presided, and the young people of her classes dressed in respectful mourning, lined the pathway to the Cemetery chapel, deeply sorrowing that they should see her face no more. Friends from the congregation and from various parts, amounting it was computed to not fewer than 2000 persons, assembled in the Cemetery, to show by their presence and habiliments, a last token of affectionate regard. When the body was placed in the Cemetery chapel, the children of the School of Industry surrounded the earthly remains of their treasurer, and showed by their youthful sorrow, that they felt they had lost a friend. The Rev. S. A. Davies, of Enfield, Mrs. Sherman's former pastor, commenced the solemn service by reading part of the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians, and the ninetieth Psalm, and after the congregation had sung the suitable hymn of Dr. Watts, begin-

ning "Why do we mourn departing friends," he sought by prayer the benediction of heaven on the weeping assembly. The Rev. George Clayton, in compliance with the wish of the deceased, then delivered a most solemn and appropriate oration, applying the event by sanctified eloquence to the consciences of all present, and, it is believed produced impressions time will never efface. When the body was conveyed from the chapel to the tomb, the elders of the church bore the pall, and as the procession slowly advanced, the gentlemen of the choir, the children of the school, and the congregation sung the hymn of Dr. Watts beginning,

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust," &c.

Arrived at the place of sepulture, the funeral service of the Church of England was read by the Rev. J. S. Eastmead, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. George Clayton. The whole assembly closed the solemn service by attempting to sing—which was accomplished with difficulty—the two following verses :

"Farewell, dear saint, a short adieu !
Thy soul is gone beyond the spheres ;
Our eyes thy radiant path pursue,
While rapture glistens in our tears.

Farewell, blest saint, a short farewell,
Till soon we meet again above,
In the bright world where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love."

"The whole scene," remarks a friend, "was one of unusual interest. Devout men and women followed our departed friend to her burial, and made great, but sincere lamentation over her. 'The

widows stood by weeping,' and the young people of the classes testified, by their presence and tears, what had been done for them 'while she was with them.' The language of every heart that witnessed these solemnities appeared to be, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'"

About a week before the sainted spirit entered into rest, when familiarly anticipating the event, and making her own arrangements to send dying tokens of love to her friends, her husband ventured to ask what minister she would prefer, to improve her decease to the congregation. "I would rather," she replied, "it should pass with only ordinary observation, but as I suppose the congregation will expect, from the situation I occupied, some special attempt to benefit others—if Mr. James could preach in the morning, to the church, and Mr. Parsons in the evening, to the young and to my classes, my death might yield some fruit; the hope of usefulness alone induces me to consent to any arrangement of the kind." Her wish was communicated to those honored servants of Christ, and on the Lord's-day, May 28th, they most kindly carried out her desires—the Rev. J. A. James preached to the members of the church in the morning, from Hebrews vi. 12, "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises;" a sermon characterized by fervent piety and powerful application of the principles of the gospel, which the deceased adorned, to her surviving fellow-believers. The hearts of the hearers felt its spiritual power, and were melted by its tender and faithful appeals. In the evening, the Rev. James Parsons preached to the young

from Job xiv. 2, "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." The sermon was full of earnest persuasion, and being delivered under a full sense of the responsibility of the hour, produced a remarkable impression, the saving fruits of which have already appeared. On the same occasion he asked what message he should carry to the people when she was taken from them; her brief answer was, "Tell them to love Christ and one another—to labor for souls and exhibit holiness—then they must be happy."

Thus terminated the career of one whom God had graciously endowed with "largeness of heart" for his service on earth—whose removal in the prime of life has excited the sober luxury of sanctified grief—and whose eminent piety shed a lustre on her character, and left a beautiful example of female devotedness for others to imitate.

The following description of the funeral scene, and the right method of improving it, was written by her valued friend, Joseph Payne, Esq.

MRS. SHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

BY ONE WHO ATTENDED IT.

The sun look'd glorious from the heavens—the sky
Was bright, serene and cloudless; and the day
Seemed fitter for a bridal, than the gloom
Of funeral arrangements, when the good,
The gentle, the lamented, the admir'd,
Was "carried to her burial."*—Crowds were there;
Eager to testify the love and grief
That fill'd their friendly bosoms;—rich and poor,
The charioted in splendor, and the lame,
Supported by a crutch, were mingled then
In anxious emulation;—old and young
Vied with each other; shops were partly closed;

* Acts viii. 2.

And busy tradesmen silent stood, and gaz'd.
 On as the funeral procession went,
 Group after group it passed of friendly forms,
 All hastening to the body's resting-place.
 The Sabbath scholar—and the teacher, too—
 The mother, with her infant in her arms—
 Her little one beside her (round whose waist
 Was tied a faded sash, which once was black,)
 Trudg'd on, regardless of the scorching heat,
 And of the choking dust:—their hearts were full;
 And so their bodies were not delicate!
 And, as it farther went, the numbers grew;
 And sighs were heard, and eyes with tears were wet;
 And those who in the sombre coaches rode,
 As they look'd forth upon the stirring scene,
 Said to themselves, and to each other said,—
 "Truly, 'the memory of the just is blessed!'"*
 And when at length they reach'd the destin'd spot,
 And in the small and crowded chapel stood,
 THE WORD was read, the voice of prayer was heard,
 The hymn of praise arose, and the address,
 Solemn, instructive, eloquent, sincere,
 Gush'd forth from feeling and from friendly lips.—
 There sat THE WIDOWER, binding to his heart
 The consolations, "neither few nor small,"
 He oft had preached to others:—there THE CHILD,
 Of many hopeful feelings, by the hand
 Of sisterly affection kindly held.
 There, too, THE FATHER look'd, in deep dismay,
 On the last broken link of love's sweet chain,
 Which bound him to the earth; yet sorrowing not
 As one who has no hope!—Awhile they paused,
 Then slowly sought the tomb, and to its walls
 Resign'd their sacred trust; and softly sang,
 "Farewell dear saint!"—and then the mourners left,
 Took off their sable robes, and homeward turn'd,
 To "go about the streets"†—as heretofore!
 But *one* look'd back, and in his fancy twin'd
 A wreath for the departed; tun'd his harp,
 And thus express'd the feelings of his heart:—

Mourn for *the living*, mourn;

But weep not for the dead;

They need your tears from whom is torn

Their pattern and their head.

* Proverbs x. 7.

† Ecclesiastes xii. 5.

But she, the suffering saint,
To whom release is given,
No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,
Her joy and peace in heaven !

Mourn for *the living*, mourn
For they have lost a friend.
Whose spirit is by angels borne
Where unions never end.

The young she lov'd to teach,
For whom her heart was mov'd ;
Her bright example aim'd to reach,
And while they failed, improv'd

When desolate and sad,
The wretched sought her care ;
A kind word and a smile she had
E'en for the meanest there.

And by her goodness mov'd,
They loudly spoke her worth ;
Comparing her to Him who prov'd
The sinner's friend on earth.*

"Like Jesus Christ"—what joy,
To hear such praise bestow'd
By those for whom, in love's employ,
She sought each sad abode !

Long to the couch confin'd
Of sickness and decay,
Her form grew weaker, but the mind
Was strengthened, day by day.

And now and then it seem'd
As if her glance had gain'd,
Some glimpse of glory where it beam'd,
Which on her soul remain'd.

* A lady, one Friday morning, heard some poor women speaking of Mrs. Sherman. One of them said—"There she is, the dear creature—she is like Jesus Christ." "What do you mean?" said another, "I know she is very good; but why is she like Jesus Christ?" "Because," replied the first, "she never despises any one, and has always a smile and a kind word for the poor."

And then such words she spoke
Of comfort and delight,
That clouds of gloom dispers'd and broke;
And all around was bright.

Pray for *the living*, pray;
Besiege the throne of God,
That all may seek the upward way
Her careful footsteps trod.

Let faith and hope to birth,
In every heart arise;
That those who mourn her loss on earth
May join her in the skies!

CHAPTER XIV.

SUMMARY AND APPLICATION OF HER CHARACTER.

THE foregoing pages have furnished materials for the reader to form his own opinion of the character of the deceased, and they might, without injury to her memory, be left to work their own impressions: yet, as she lived to be useful, the writer will be pardoned if he aim to press those graces, which were so eminently conspicuous in her, as forming a bright pattern of female excellence. The lives of many individuals are published, whose intellectual greatness checks every hope of attaining to their exalted stature; the sublimity of their views on divine subjects—the novel and important light in which they place ancient doctrines, so as to commend them to the judgment of unbelievers—the daring which they exhibit in carrying out new schemes for the furtherance of truth and righteousness in the world—and the hold which their writings and influence gain on the population, fit them to be leaders. But while multitudes read the lives of such moral heroes, the majority, from conscious inferiority, have no intention to imitate their exploits. Some attempt to follow in the same track; but as it soon becomes evident to themselves and others, that they have not the requisite mental resources, very few attain a similar elevation; the greater number fall ere they have reached a less exalted position, and demonstrate they were never designed to occupy it. But the life of Mrs. Sherman presents no proofs of

mighty intellect: her conduct, letters, and journals, only show the Christian lady carrying out her principles into practical operation, and therefore leave footsteps in the common walk of life, in which any one may safely tread.

Nature had done much for her in her lovely person and attractive manners, but grace much more. Her scriptural knowledge, and ability to communicate it, either orally or by letter, were not natural, but acquired. Her position demanded exertion to obtain information, and she gave it; she felt unequal to her solemn duties, and she prepared accordingly: thus, by the ordinary operation of industry in the study of the Scriptures, and in prayerful preparation for spiritual engagements, she acquired acceptableness and usefulness to which few have attained. It will be no disparagement to her, to put on record, that, previous to her marriage, no member of her family believed her to possess the qualifications which she afterwards exhibited. Her sister, had she been spared, bade fair, by her mental endowments and literary acquirements, to have taken an influential position in the world, but the amiable, loving, merry Martha, was thought capable only of gracing a drawing-room, binding friends to her by affection, and benefiting the poor by generosity—such duties as those, in which she so peculiarly excelled, were among the last for which she was supposed to be fitted.

Now though few, comparatively, are placed in her position, yet the world and the church are in such circumstances, that it behooves every female to enquire how she can best use her powers, for the honor of Christ and the salvation of her sex. Many satisfy themselves by pleading that they have no

talent for teaching, for the visitation of the poor, or for collecting on behalf of religious and charitable objects; yet they show no deficiency of talent on any other subject, and it is rational to suppose, if ordinary means were employed to qualify them, they would be capable of these services as well as others.

The ancient excuse, I am married, and cannot come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, is applicable to both sexes. Though chiefly used by males, it is lamentable to see many females who, before marriage, were the ornament and hope of the community to which they belonged, become inactive and indifferent afterwards; as if their new relation exempted them from exertion on behalf of those objects in which they formerly took such deep interest. Far be it from the writer to manifest a want of sympathy in the increasing cares of a mother with a rising family, or to intimate that domestic duties are to be neglected for the sake of public services—no, attention to home is a part of her religion, and must be considered her first and highest claim, which, if acknowledged and improved, her husband shall praise her, and her children rise up and call her blessed: but a mother whose zeal for God is according to knowledge, will, by a little early rising, by a wise regulation of the duties of the day, and by a sense of her responsibility to her Savior, make such arrangements as will secure a portion, if a smaller portion, of her time for assisting the operations of the church in the world.

Firmness and perseverance were strong peculiarities of her mind, and gave stability and decision to her religious character. Her opinions were not hastily formed: it often required much reading and

argument to convince her; but when once convinced of the truth of a theory, or of the duty of undertaking any work for God, however laborious and difficult, she was immovable. This feature of her disposition remarkably contrasted with her naturally amiable temper, which, on inferior matters, in which conscience was not affected, readily yielded at any sacrifice of feeling to the opinions, and even to the selfishness of others, while she would not give up a point in argument to the dearest friend, if unconvinced. Hence fickleness, inconstancy, and love of change were almost unknown to her. Hence her perseverance with any thing she undertook—it was not commenced till she felt its importance, nor was it abandoned for unforeseen difficulties. Hence her punctuality to the time appointed for committee, class, or other meetings, and the constant inculcation of this grace on others. And how important is this feature in any who attempt to do good. “Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,” may be applied to some Christian females, as well as to Reuben. They readily engage in every new effort, but after attending a few meetings of committee, the zeal cools, and they absent themselves; a new theory has them for advocates, but only long enough to abandon it for another more novel—thus neither the church nor the world are benefited. It is better to pursue a system of usefulness in which some known defects exist, but which is understood, and by which some good is done; than to be perpetually changing times, instruments, and measures, with the uncertainty of their effective operation.

Few have exhibited a more entire exemption from selfishness. “If all the world were like her,”

said a friend who had known her from infancy, "malice and uncharitableness would become obsolete words. If I were to describe her, I should do it negatively, by saying that she had none of the disagreeables of so many other persons." Her politeness would have made her courteous without grace; but that regulated and refined it, so that it was the result of principle obtained from the Cross, and she "thus judged, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but to Him that died for them and rose again." This unselfish feeling ran through the whole of her conduct: it was not reserved for state occasions, when its exhibition would have elicited applause, but was spontaneous and natural. The comfort and ease of all within her house were preferred to her own, and a beggar would be as readily served as a prince. Often has she called forth the remonstrances of friends, while standing to hear the tale of woe from a poor person in the hall, whose dirty condition forbade introduction into a room, when her weakness rendered it dangerous for her to be in such a situation. Her sleep, her meals, her dress, her personal comforts, were relinquished with satisfaction, if any one, especially of God's children, required such help as they would afford. And this is the test by which we are to try our discipleship, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself; let him take up his cross daily and follow me." By some it would be considered that the subject of this Memoir presented this feeling in excess, but how short—how far short did she fall of the example of Jesus Christ, "who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made

rich." Let Christian females study this characteristic of our Divine Lord, and be assured that it is one of the principal preparations for usefulness.

No grace shone more conspicuously in her than humility. Every thing she undertook was begun with trembling and prosecuted with fear; she had no confidence in herself, nor any leaning to her own understanding; the most childlike spirit of dependence on her Heavenly Father, characterized her entire course of life. When a letter was read to her, a few weeks before her death, containing an allusion to the bright example she had set, she remarked "I cannot understand what they mean. They have drawn a picture in their imagination of what they think I ought to be as a minister's wife, and then have persuaded themselves that I resemble it, because they do not know me." Such language in the lips of some, would be a hint for flattery, but in her, the transparent sincerity with which it was uttered, was visible to all, and her whole conduct demonstrated, that she believed the lowest place suited her best. On an occasion when a similar remark was made by a friend, she replied—"Alas! that any one should think my imperfect walk, every step of which needs cleansing in my Savior's blood, suitable for imitation. I can only answer in the sentiments of Cowper.

"Since the dear hour, that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine;
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleans'd in thine own all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;

I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee;
While struggling in the vale of tears below
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now."

The apostle lays emphasis on this grace as a special ornament of the female character—"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price." She that would do good must be content to stoop to the humble and needy, must condescend to their position, and sacrifice feeling and habits to get at their prejudices, and convey truth to their minds. O, how condescending was Jesus Christ—how readily he talked to a leper, listened to the domestic trials of parents, or took the children of the poor in his arms. Let us imitate him; for a proud heart, like a high mountain, is sure to be an unfruitful place.

"Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," she adopted as her motto, and exhibited in her conduct. Her house, her table, her purse, were open to all who bore the likeness of her Savior. She dared not refuse communion with any whom the Master had received, on account of denominational peculiarities. Of all such, she could say—

"Whate'er their country or their name,
With them when privileged to meet,
Kindred and fellowship I claim,
And converse hold communion sweet;
For still my heart will truly move,
Towards all who love the Lord I love."

Never can the writer forget her joy, when a

native Chinese convert, with Dr. Medhurst, from China, Tzatzoe, an African chief, and Stoffels, a converted Hottentot, Dr. Cheever, and Mr. Kirk, from America, and others from the continent of Europe, dined together at the Parsonage. She observed to Dr. Medhurst, "This party not only prefigures the Millennium, but is an epitome of it. Here are native representatives from the four quarters of the globe, all converted to Christ, and supporting his kingdom in their several countries. Heaven itself will only be an enlargement of such a group." And they who would be useful must cultivate this spirit. Denominationalism has ruled too long. Reading only the books written by one sect, or meeting only the friends who think exactly with us, enfeebles the mind and cramps its energies. There are men of God in every division of the Christian church, at whose feet it would become any of us to sit, and we lose that enlargement of heart, that love of the Spirit, which embraces "the whole family in heaven and earth," if we do not cultivate acquaintance with all, and extract what is good from their several modes of worship, their Christian intercourse, and their exertions for the conversion of the world, and insert them in our stereotyped forms and habits.

But, after all, the great secret of her power with her classes and the church, lay in her fervent piety, a faith that embraced, and fed upon the living truths of the gospel, and intimate communion with God, which no engagements were suffered to curtail. Details have been furnished, which sufficiently prove this fact, and her family are witnesses how constantly her spirit seemed filled with the fullness of God, and what sacrifices of bodily ease she made for the continuance of that heavenly fellowship.

This gave her influence—unconscious influence. Though her exertions were great, she accomplished more by what she was, than by what she did. Her spiritual character gave an element of silent power to her efforts, which was the chief cause of their efficacy. An influence, unconsciously to herself, was always operating on others with whom she came in contact. They felt, they saw, they heard that influence, and fell under it, but probably were, equally with herself, unconscious of its exercise, and quite unable to describe its character. As the light, which gives no shock, and utters no roar, silently but effectually chases away the darkness, and restores the world to beauty and cheerfulness, stealing on us gradually and almost insensibly, so the Christian, who shines the brighter from sitting in heavenly places, where he may more fully catch the beams, and reflect the light of the Sun of Righteousness, will disperse the darkness of prejudice, command the homage of respect, and excite the desire for imitation in those by whom he is surrounded.

The testimony of one to the practical power of this silent influence, may illustrate and confirm these remarks. “I felt,” said a young lady, “the importance of religion, before I entered Mrs. Sherman’s class; but it was not till I saw the happiness she diffused around her, that I was led to ask myself the question, ‘Why cannot I be as amiable in my family as Mrs. Sherman, and make others as happy as she does?’ and to form the resolution—‘I will try’—and if I have at all succeeded, the effort and the success are entirely owing to her lovely example.” All therefore who would be blessings must settle it in their hearts, that they must first seek to be blessed. Station, education,

talent, are allowed to have certain influence, but not so great as is generally supposed. Had our Savior thought much of them, He would have selected a higher class than fishermen to proclaim his gospel, and lay the foundations of his kingdom. "Knowledge is power," has become a household phrase, but it is feebleness itself, compared with piety. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Therefore, the renovation of the most degraded of our species, and the sanctification of the unholy, which the scientific have failed to accomplish, have been effected by the humble Christian. Oh, ye females, who are the ornaments of our churches, and the most powerful helpers in establishing the kingdom of Christ, suffer the word of exhortation. You cannot speak like men—nor rule like him "who was first formed;" but you have influence of your own, which all acknowledge—the more mighty, because the more gentle—the more efficacious, because the less visible. The most potent agents in nature are the most simple and noiseless—the least seen and the most mysterious—yet they are in constant and mighty operation. And if by walking in the light as He is in the light, you have fellowship one with another and can declare, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?"—if from continued application to the fountain opened you can with confidence avow, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin,"—if from repeated experience of His gracious assistance, you can invite troubled minds to your friend, saying, "Behold, God is my helper;"—if from daily meditation on the "mystery of godliness," you become rooted and built up in Christ, and established in the faith of the gospel and can affirm "I know whom I have believed, and am

persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him,”—if under conscious weakness and infirmity, as Asa, you know not what to do, but the eye of your faith is cast up to the mediatorial throne, and your heart and lips avow, “I will go in the strength of the Lord God, I will make mention of his righteousness, even of his only”—then, like Deborah, you will accompany the Lord’s servants, and share their honor in fighting his battles—like Hannah, you will exalt the Lord’s “anointed”—like the Shunamite, you will plead for the society of the prophet in your house, and see his prayers answered in your children—like Mary, you will rejoice in God your Savior—like Elizabeth, you will walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless—like Susannah, the wife of Herod’s steward, you will minister to Christ of your substance—like Martha, you will receive Him into your house, and who can tell? have your brother raised to spiritual life, and sit at the table with Him—like Phœbe, you will become the servant of the Church, and like Tryphena and Tryphosa, labor much in the Lord. “Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

